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Biographical and Historical Sketches.

EDITED BY

H. W. PIERSON, A.M.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

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C O N T E N T S.

	Page
INTRODUCTION	ix
1. ORIGIN OF AMERICAN FOREIGN MISSIONS.	
By REV. S. M. WORCESTER, D.D.	1
2. ORDINATION OF THE FIRST AMERICAN FOREIGN MISSIONARIES.	
By REV. ASA D. SMITH, D.D.	29
3. REV. GORDON HALL.	By REV. BENNET TYLER, D.D. 41
4. REV. JAMES RICHARDS.	By REV. BENJAMIN C. MEIGS 55
5. MRS. HARRIET NEWELL.	By REV. AARON WARNER..... 75
6. REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D.	
7. MRS. ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON.	} By REV. S. S. CUTTING 95
8. MRS. SARAH BOARDMAN JUDSON.	
9. REV. GROVER S. COMSTOCK.	By REV. PHARCELLUS CHURCH, D.D. 149
10. MRS. SARAH D. COMSTOCK.	By REV. S. F. SMITH 163
11. MRS. HARRIET L. WINSLOW.	By REV. WILLIAM A. HALLOCK, D.D. 185
12. REV. JAMES McEWEN.	By REV. JOHN BURTT 211
13. MRS. CATHERINE H. SCUDDER.	By REV. M. S. HUTTON, D.D. 231
14. REV. PLINY FISK.	By REV. ALVAN BOND, D.D. 245
15. REV. LEVI PARSONS.	By REV. MILES P. SQUIER, D.D. 263
16. MRS. SARAH L. SMITH.	By REV. E. W. HOOKER, D.D. 279
17. REV. DANIEL TEMPLE.	By REV. WILLIAM GOODELL 299
18. REV. AZARIAH SMITH, M.D.	By REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR. 315
19. REV. DAVID ABEEL, D.D.	By REV. T. E. VERMILYE, D.D. 329
20. REV. FREDERICK B. THOMSON	By REV. A. V. WYCKOFF 345
21. REV. SAMUEL MUNSON, AND }	
22. REV. HENRY LYMAN.	} By REV. G. B. CHEEVER, D.D. 365
23. REV. WALTER M. LOWRIE.	By REV. R. W. DICKINSON, D.D. 397
24. MRS. JANE ISABEL WHITE.	By REV. M. J. HICKOK 417
25. REV. MELVILLE B. COX.	By REV. W. P. STRICKLAND, D.D. 431
26. REV. LAUNCELOT B. MINOR.	By REV. C. M. BUTLER, D.D. 449
27. REV. WILLIAM B. WILLIAMS.	By REV. GEORGE PECK, D.D. 463
28. REV. G. W. SIMPSON, AND }	
29. MRS. ELIZA P. SIMPSON.	} By REV. JAMES M. MACDONALD..... 473

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ENGRAVED BY LOSSING AND BARRITT, FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

	Drawn by	Page
1. Closing Scene in the Life of Gordon Hall	<i>Wallin</i> . .	40
2. Portrait of Harriet Newell	<i>Wallin</i> . .	74
3. Portrait of Mr. Judson	<i>Wallin</i> . .	94
4. Portrait of Mrs. Ann H. Judson	<i>Wallin</i> . .	102
5. Mrs. Judson's Visit, with her Infant, to her Husband in Prison	<i>Doepler</i> . .	121
6. Baptism of Karens	<i>Doepler</i> . .	135
7. Portrait of Mr. Comstock	<i>Wallin</i> . .	148
8. Portrait of Mrs. Comstock	<i>Wallin</i> . .	162
9. Portrait of Mrs. Winslow	<i>Wallin</i> . .	184
10. Portrait of Mr. McEwen	<i>Wallin</i> . .	210
11. Portrait of Mrs. Scudder	<i>Wallin</i> . .	230
12. Teaching the Heathen through an Interpreter . .	<i>Doepler</i> . .	241
13. Portrait of Pliny Fisk	<i>Wallin</i> . .	244
14. Portrait of Levi Parsons	<i>Wallin</i> . .	262
15. The Jordan	<i>Wells</i> . . .	271
16. Portrait of Mrs. Smith	<i>Wallin</i> . .	278
17. Gethsemane	<i>Wells</i> . . .	287
18. Portrait of Mr. Temple	<i>Wallin</i> . .	298
19. Portrait of Azariah Smith	<i>Wallin</i> . .	314
20. Portrait of David Abeel	<i>Wallin</i> . .	328
21. Portrait of F. B. Thomson	<i>Wallin</i> . .	344
22. Mission Station, Karangan, Borneo	<i>Wells</i> . . .	352

	Drawn by	Page
23. Portrait of Henry Lyman	<i>Wallin</i>	364
24. Portrait of Walter M. Lowrie	<i>Wallin</i>	396
25. Portrait of Mrs. White	<i>Wallin</i>	416
26. Portrait of Melville B. Cox	<i>Wallin</i>	430
27. African Camp-meeting	<i>Oertel</i>	443
28. Portrait of L. B. Minor	<i>Wallin</i>	448
29. Mission Station, Mount Vaughan, Cape Palmas		453
30. Portrait of William B. Williams	<i>Wallin</i>	462
31. Portrait of G. W. Simpson	<i>Wallin</i>	472
32. Portrait of Mrs. Simpson	<i>Wallin</i>	478
33. Boat-race	<i>Oertel</i>	495

F A C S I M I L E S.

	Page
1. From Constitution of first Missionary Society in Williams College, in Cipher.....	17
2. From Letter of Gordon Hall.....	41
3. From Journal of Mrs. Newell.....	75
4. From Karen Tract of Mr. Judson.....	95
5. From Letter of Mrs. Ann H. Judson.....	103
6. From Letter of Mrs. Sarah B. Judson.....	127
7. From Letter of Mr. Comstock.....	149
8. From Letter of Mrs. Comstock.....	163
9. From Letter of Mrs. Winslow.....	185
10. From Letter of Mr. McEwen.....	211
11. From Letter of Mrs. Scudder.....	231
12. From Letter of Mr. Fisk.....	245
13. From Letter of Mr. Parsons.....	263
14. From Letter of Mrs. Smith.....	279
15. From Letter of Mr. Temple.....	299
16. From Letter of Dr. Smith.....	315
17. From Letter of Mr. Abeel.....	329
18. From Letter of Mr. Thomson.....	345
19. From Letter of Mr. Lyman.....	365
20. From Letter of Mr. Munson.....	367
21. From Letter of Mr. Lowrie.....	397
22. From Journal of Mr. Cox.....	431
23. From Letter of Mr. Minor.....	449
24. From Letter of Mr. Williams.....	463
25. From Letter of Mrs. Simpson.....	480

INTRODUCTION.

DETAINED by ill health from the Gaboon Mission, West Africa, to which I was appointed, and unable to engage in the work of the ministry, I have thought that I might perform an acceptable and useful service in the cause of missions by collecting the materials for the volume which is now offered to the public. If I were permitted to indulge in a poet's license, I could adopt the language of another, and say of this work, "I have gathered a nosegay of culled flowers, and brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them." But, though humble and laborious, this has been a most delightful work. It has been delightful to go back and trace in detail the history of those plans and movements which have since resulted so gloriously to the cause of Christ. In the earlier efforts in connection with the work of foreign missions in this country, there was an ardent faith, a self-forgetting, self-consuming zeal, that were truly heroic and sublime. It has been refreshing to go back and live over again those eventful scenes.

In tracing the history of the missions of the different denominations, it has been delightful to mark the *oneness* of the people of God of every name, as illustrated in their spirit and labors for the conversion of the world. In coming to a decision to devote themselves to the work of missions among the hea-

then, there has usually been the same struggle. At first there has been an earnest panting for a higher consecration; then an abasing, overwhelming view of their deep depravity and wretched helplessness; followed by such joy-imparting, soul-subduing views of the fullness and freeness of the pardoning power and love of Christ, that the soul has exulted to make any sacrifice, to endure any toil for the honor of such a Savior. And having entered upon the missionary work, to which, in such a spirit, they had devoted themselves, the same oneness characterizes them in all the labors of their life, and in the hour of death. The last moments of Abeel, Comstock, Cox, Minor, and others, dying in different parts of the world, and representing different denominations of Christians, are marked by the same devotion to their work, the same entire renunciation of self, the same confident trust in Christ. Verily, there is but one Calvary, and

“One family we dwell on earth.”

During the seventeen months in which I have been engaged upon this work, I have been obliged to correspond very extensively with the friends of missionaries, clergymen and others, in order to procure the *portraits, fac similes, illustrations, and sketches* that compose the volume. Nothing but actual experience could give an adequate idea of the extent and difficulty of this labor. I will give an illustration. I wished to procure the portrait, autograph, etc., of one of the most honored men connected with the origin and organization of the American Board. I applied to the distinguished author of his Memoir, but without success. I then wrote to the friend and associate who was with him when he died at sea, but he was not able to furnish what I desired. I then, by referring to the minutes

of the General Association of the state in which he was born, learned the name of the clergyman of his native town, to whom I next wrote. He kindly replied to my note, informing me that the male branch of the family was extinct, but gave me the address of other relatives, to whom I wrote, and from whom I learned that there was no portrait in existence, and that the letters and manuscripts in question were in the hands of relatives, now missionaries in the Sandwich Islands. Time would not allow me to prosecute the matter further.

One of the portraits in the volume is from a copper-plate engraved nearly thirty years ago, now in my possession, which had carelessly been sold as old copper for twenty-five cents.

In connection with this work I have received nearly two hundred letters, and written a greater number. This correspondence has been, to a large extent, with strangers, scattered widely over the country, and connected with different religious denominations. I would here express my grateful thanks, not only for the kind consideration that my communications have uniformly received, but for the words of approval and encouragement that have so often and so freely been extended to me. My thanks are also eminently due to the distinguished clergymen, the authors of these sketches, to whose accomplished pens the work is so largely indebted for whatever of interest and value it may possess. They have been written in the midst of numerous and pressing engagements; and as, to a large extent, they are portraits of intimate personal friends, they have been written *con amore*. I can not doubt either the usefulness or the public estimate of these labors of love.

I am also happy to acknowledge my indebtedness to the secretaries and officers of the American Board of Commissioners

for Foreign Missions, the American Baptist Missionary Union, the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church, for their kind advice and co-operation. To them, and to all who have in any manner contributed to aid me in these most congenial and delightful labors, I cheerfully offer my heartiest thanks.

I had hoped to include in this work biographical sketches of several other missionaries, but have been disappointed in the arrangements I had made. This disappointment is the more regretted, as, on this account, I am unable to give memorials of those representing different missionary Boards as fully as I had designed. In procuring the portraits in this volume, no efforts have been spared to obtain those which were authentic. By personal visits or by correspondence, I have (with a single exception, where this was impracticable) obtained copies of those which the relatives or immediate friends of the missionaries have regarded as the best in existence. I am greatly indebted to these friends for their kindness in allowing me to take copies of these portraits and daguerreotypes; and while I offer them my own thanks, I feel assured that the numerous friends of missions, to whom the names of these devoted missionaries are as "ointment poured forth," will also be grateful that they are thus allowed to look upon the lineaments of those whose names have been among their most cherished household words.

A work like the one that is now offered to the Christian public has seemed to me eminently desirable. Our national love for the name of Washington has caused the publication of a fac simile of his entire *accounts* during the war of the Rev-

olution, and the patriot regards the volume with a just and honorable pride. If love of country and of the name of Washington invests with such interest a fac simile of such records as the price of horses, equipments, food, etc., will not the love of missions, and of the memory of those good men and women who have given their lives to this work, invest with a deeper interest *fac similes* of passages containing some of the loftiest sentiments of their consecrated hearts?

If the *portraits* of patriots, statesmen, warriors, and others are preserved and contemplated with such care and interest, should not the Christian Church preserve and cherish as a most precious legacy the form and lineaments of those who in the work of missions "have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ?"

If *scenes of patriotic and classic interest* are emblazoned by the artist's skill, are not scenes and incidents in the domain of missions—of higher bearing and more enduring interest—entitled to a like memorial? In a word, *should not the ARTS, with all their acknowledged power, be made to subserve the cause of missions?* To accomplish, in some measure, this result, has been one object of this "Memorial."

The call is imperious upon every follower of Christ to do all in his power to promote the work of missions. Although a great work has already been accomplished—so great as to constitute it the crowning glory of the present century—yet a greater work remains to be done. It is a melancholy fact that, though eighteen hundred years have rolled away since the command was given to "preach the Gospel to every creature," so large a portion of the world is still under the profound and awful reign of heathenism. What though the earth was rent,

and the heavens veiled, when the Son of God bowed his head on Calvary ! To this day millions are ignorant of those scenes, and of their interest in them. During all the intervening centuries, these vast multitudes have not known that that was the day of their redemption—that, in all their wretchedness and beggary, they were heirs to wealth above the wealth of kingdoms.

Poor heathen ! As yet they are unawakened, and unconscious of their birth-right. To them time is cheerless and eternity hopeless. Overwhelming as this thought is, it can not be denied. “Other foundation hath no man laid than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.” “Without *faith* it is impossible to please him.” “Faith cometh by *hearing*, and hearing by the *word of God*.” These and similar passages seem conclusive. After the most diligent search, I can not find that the Bible affords one ray of hope for adult heathen who die without a knowledge of Christ. The pall of darkness that envelops them is the pall of eternal death, and under its gloomy folds these millions must continue to sink to their changeless doom, as for centuries they have sunk, until we who have the Gospel go to their relief. Such is the Divine arrangement. Such was the work committed to the Christian Church by her ascending Lord. To her is committed, *in trust*, this only Divine provision for the “healing of the nations.” She alone can dispense it. Angels, the redeemed, and all the holy in heaven, are debarred from this work. They must wait the slow movements of the Christian Church for occasions of “joy in the presence of the angels of God” on account of repenting heathen ; and also for that grander chorus, when the head stone shall be brought forth with shoutings, Grace—grace unto it !

To labor for such a consummation is not less a duty than a priceless privilege. Grateful to God for strength and ability to complete this work, it is most cordially dedicated

TO THE FRIENDS OF MISSIONS,

with the humble and earnest prayer that it may contribute to hasten the day when the "kingdom, and the dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to the people of the saints of the most high God."

H. W. PIERSON.

New York, November, 1852.

A M E R I C A N
M I S S I O N A R Y M E M O R I A L.

ORIGIN OF AMERICAN FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. S. M. WORCESTER, D.D.,
SALEM, MASS.

WHATEVER reason may be assigned, the history of the Church and of our country has been too little known among us, or too little regarded. This remark applies to some whose reputation for general intelligence should denote "a perfect understanding of all things from the very first." We may thus explain the very illusive views and erroneous opinions of many, as it respects the introduction of the MISSIONARY ELEMENT into the spirit and character of our institutions and our times.

Some appear to be well satisfied by doing honor to a few more recent names. Others may find it sufficiently agreeable to exult in the advanced position which it is our privilege to have reached. It is not very strange, perhaps, since, as compared with the early part of the present century, the objects and anticipations of Christian philanthropy have so entirely changed the prevailing habits of thought and modes of expression. The minds of the people are not now absorbed in watch-

ing the progress of the Revolution in France; nor is the word "march" applied, with a thrill of military sensation, to every political and moral movement. At the present day, the language of literature and popular eloquence has not a more favorite or acceptable term than the word MISSION.

This is a truly auspicious token of progress in the right direction, and is of itself a volume in proof of such progress. But there were "days of old," which are not now to be "despised" as "days of small things." And there is "a record on high," we may be grateful to believe, which "Time's effacing fingers" can never touch, and which it is wise in all to consider, if they would

"Share a glorious part"

in the recompense of "works of faith," and "labors of love," and "afflictions accomplished in brethren," "of whom the world was not worthy."

In the Protestant and Puritan settlement of New England before the Jesuits had made the conquest of the territory, God's hand is to be adoringly acknowledged, as also in preserving the secret of the vast American Continent until the approaching struggle of the Reformation. The enterprise of 1620 was not of human device or worldly policy. From Him, who is "wonderful in counsel and excellent in working," the sublime conception of a Commonwealth, to be founded in the North American wilderness by a few exiled Puritans, must have originated. And by his favor only, in sovereign election or preference, were those institutions established by our forefathers, which, in less than fifty years from the commencement of the Massachusetts Colony, afforded such occasion for the admiring and rejoicing testimony of the fourth President of Harvard Col-

lege: "I look upon this as a little model of the glorious kingdom of Christ on earth. Christ reigns among us in the Commonwealth as well as in the Church, and hath his glorious interest involved in the good of both societies respectively."*

For a long period, America was to Christians of Europe the great field of *missionary* effort. It is even maintained that the inspiring idea of Columbus was derived from the prophecies; and that Isabella, his patron, made the conversion of the heathen an object "paramount to all the rest." When our fathers came hither, these were all "*foreign parts*:" it was all *heathen* ground. Long after their coming, the churches in England were accustomed to pray in their songs,

"Dark *America* convert,
And every Pagan land."

And in some places, these lines are still sung, strangely as they sound to the ear of a New England man who may chance to hear them. So vast is the change; so accustomed are we to our Christian institutions, that we are all in danger of forgetting that we live upon the soil that has been rescued from Paganism. *Never, never should it be forgotten!* And never should it be forgotten that the settlement of New England was in reality, though not in name, a Missionary Enterprise. Or, if any prefer to call it by other terms, it may be called a *Mission of Evangelical Colonization*; and it may be proclaimed in every language, as the sublimest mission of modern times.

Those persecuted and exiled Puritans had no such purpose in coming hither, as has often been ascribed to them, even by some of their favored descendants. It was not for political immunities nor republican institutions. In the "love of Christ

* Election Sermon of President Oakes, 1675.

constraining" them, it was for the advancement of that *Reformation*, which, a century after it had moved all Christendom, was still but in part accomplished; for they were not satisfied that the "Prince of Life" should only be acknowledged by the Church in his prophetic and priestly offices. It was that, as "the Lord's freemen," they might give him his KINGLY RIGHT, and thus be "complete in him, which is the Head of all principality and power." It was that, in the "liberty" "wherewith the Son makes free," they might enjoy the Gospel, without "human mixtures and temptations," and worship in peace "while worshipping in spirit and in truth." It was for the holier and surer training of a consecrated progeny, at the distance of a "nine hundred league ocean," from the corruptions of the Old World. And not least of all in their desires and hopes was the salvation of the benighted heathen, while in every way which should be prepared before them they would toil and pray for the enlargement of the kingdom of "the Lord of all."

These were their motives and ends in separating themselves from the Church of England, which originally adopted the Reformation from paramount purposes of state policy. Above all things, it was in their hearts to call no man master, but to obey HIM as their King, whose inspired word was their sun, and whose atoning blood was their eternal life. For *this* it was that, in the pure and undying "love of their espousals," they "went after him in the wilderness, in a land that was not sown." And in their own graphic expression, it was in a "wilderness world" that they built their habitations and their sanctuaries. For an object holy and sublime as ever angels celebrated, they lived here in hunger and in cold, and toiled and

watched in weariness and in painfulness; where, when the bullock lowed, the wild beast answered him; and where, at the rustling of a leaf, the fond mother clasped her infant closer to her bosom. All the charters enjoined upon the colonists the duty of instructing and christianizing the Pagan aborigines. The seal of the Massachusetts Colony is a true exponent of the aims and aspirations of our fathers. In expressive harmony with their benignant desires, they adopted the figure of an aboriginal, with the memorable words of the "man of Macedonia." Nothing, therefore, was further from their hearts than the wish or the thought of colonizing an immense "howling wilderness," and redeeming it for "a goodly heritage," at the price of the blood of the children of its forests and its streams.

If the venerated Robinson had occasion to write to the Governor of Plymouth, "O that you had converted some before you had killed any," it was not because these were wantonly destroyed, or hunted down as "tawny and bloody salvages;" nor because their moral ignorance and wretchedness were not distinct objects of early and intense solicitude. In less than two years, one of the Plymouth settlers was specially designated to promote the conversion of the Indians; and as early as December, 1621, Elder Robert Cushman made an appeal to his friends in England in behalf of "those poor heathen." In 1636, the Plymouth Colony provided by law for the "preaching of the Gospel among them."

In the labors of Eliot, the Mayhews, and others of no less renown, it may be, in heaven; and in the contributions and personal sacrifices of those who, out of their "deep poverty," sustained them—the first generation of New England furnished examples of as pure missionary zeal as has ever yet found

a record or a grateful notice in the uninspired annals of redemption. And to all human appearances, far distant is the day when the "thousand" of thousands shall "become" as the "little one" was, and the "strong nation" as "the small one," in the all-pervading and ennobling power of such zeal for the salvation of the perishing.

The honor of the first plan in England for sending missionaries to the heathen has by mistake been given to that wonderful man whose character is now at last receiving a just and brilliant vindication against the atrocious calumnies which have prevailed for two centuries. But the magnificent design of Cromwell, which contemplated the establishment of a Council for the Protestant religion, in opposition to the Jesuitical combination at Rome, and which was intended to embrace the East and West Indies in its fourth department of operation, was more than thirty years later than the manifesto of the Pilgrims, declaratory of the "great hope and inward zeal they had of laying some good foundation for the propagation and advancement of the Gospel in these remote parts of the world!"

A society had been formed in England, and collections had been taken, in aid of the missions of Eliot and his associates. It is beyond a doubt that the *first settlers of New England* were the *first Englishmen* who devised and executed a mission to the heathen!

As early as 1646, the Legislature of Massachusetts passed an act for the propagation of the Gospel among the Indians. From that day onward more or less of legislative provision has been made for their religious instruction, as well as their social comfort. And with all the changes that have passed over the "fathers" and the "children's children," there never has been

a time when they have not furnished some laborers in the heathen part of this Western World.

For almost two hundred years, the condition of our country and the state of the world at large very naturally defined, and, it may not be too much to say, very properly circumscribed the missionary field of these churches. They were poor, and there were "many adversaries." They may not have "done what they could," but they did a great and marvelous work. And the spread of the Gospel throughout the earth was ever in the minds and the supplications of many "faithful men in Christ Jesus."

To pray for the conversion of the whole world, in the concert of prayer recommended, the year previous, by the churches of Scotland, was, in 1747, the dying injunction of David Brainerd to his beloved Christian Indians. But the time had not really come, until the last generation, when a Gordon Hall could reasonably be expected to take up the mantle of Brainerd, and, leaving the heathen of our own territories, go forth to the far distant Gentiles. And it is very wide from the truth, to assume or believe that any who first went from these shores to the heathen of the Oriental Continent and islands, or that any others, who, like Nettleton and Mills, so ardently and early desired, without ever enjoying, a foreign field of personal toil and trial, are entitled to an emblazoned remembrance; as if the conception of the arduous and glorious work to which so many are now consecrated had never entered the minds of the fathers, who had not yet fallen asleep, or of brethren in the Lord, who, in some domestic locality, were bearing the burden and heat of the day.

In the midst of the alarms occasioned by the French Revo

lution of 1789, "they that feared the Lord spake often one to another," and on both sides of the Atlantic there was a concert of supplication for the outpouring of the Spirit, the discomfiture of the foes of the Gospel, and the enlargement of Zion over all the earth, even to "the uttermost parts of the sea." As early as 1792, there was a cheering earnest of the extensive revivals of religion, which, at the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, exerted a powerful influence, and gave an extraordinary though legitimate impulse to the work of American Missions. After the London Missionary Society was formed, in 1795, the movements and appeals of Christians in England had an electrical effect upon our churches. Missionary publications awakened an interest which, in our present circumstances, it is difficult to appreciate.

New settlements were now rapidly extending in Western New York, the valley of the Ohio, and the Mississippi. The religious privations and moral dangers of the emigrating children of the Pilgrims and Puritans of New England were regarded by their friends at home as but little less than those of the heathen tribes, whose wigwams and manifold abominations were, in some places of the wilderness, not distant from them "a Sabbath-day's journey." Hence plans for new evangelical exertions, and for new organizations adapted to the exigences of the times, were anxiously and devoutly considered.

Before the independence of the colonies, there were several attempts to form missionary societies that should be independent of those in England, Scotland, and elsewhere, to which the colonial churches were accustomed to make liberal contributions. But such attempts were discouraged in the mother country. Missionary organizations in Massachusetts, for ex-

ample, were denied the royal seal of approval or consent. This was doubtless owing to the desire and policy of preventing an increase, both of Congregational and Presbyterian elements of antagonism to Episcopacy.

In 1787, a "Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America" was incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts. In 1789, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church "passed an order requiring the churches under their care to take up collections for a Missionary Fund." *A mission from this Church to Africa had been contemplated in 1774*, the same year in which the Connecticut General Association resolved to send missionaries to the northern and western wilderness. In 1798, this association became *the Missionary Society of Connecticut*. The New York Missionary Society, for "sending the Gospel to the frontier settlements, and among the Indian tribes in the United States," was formed a little earlier, November 1st, 1796.

After much consultation, in 1797 and 1798, and not without much opposition from various causes, the Massachusetts Missionary Society was formally instituted, May 28th, 1799. The object was "*to diffuse the knowledge of the Gospel among the heathens, as well as other people in the remote parts of our country, where Christ is seldom or never preached.*"

This society, like those which had already begun to operate with auspicious tokens of the divine blessing, may be said to have been born and baptized of the Holy Spirit, while thousands of new converts to righteousness were animating the hopes of the tried and faithful in Christ Jesus. Those great revivals, to which allusion has been made, carried forward and

signalized the work of missions in our churches far beyond what many among us, at this day, appear to have ever known or imagined; although the knowledge is quite essential to any just view of the origin of our present foreign missionary organizations.

The first address of the Massachusetts Missionary Society breathes the genuine spirit of the charge from Mount Olivet. The society was at once brought into fellowship and correspondence with the London Missionary Society, and others in Great Britain. Among the founders were the worthy and honored men who afterward had the leading influence in the formation and establishment of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; and it was while laboring in the Massachusetts Missionary Society that they were trained for their higher responsibilities and more memorable services. For twenty years before the first missionaries went from America to Asia, the good hand of God had been wonderfully working in the churches of New England and the Middle States, and all over the country; hastening and completing the fullness of time for their consecration and departure.

Establishments precisely similar to those which we now sustain in foreign lands might have been undertaken by the Massachusetts Missionary Society. But as some of the members wished to leave no room for a doubt of their *constitutional powers* to extend their operations to any other land, it was explicitly voted, in May, 1804, that "the object of the society is to diffuse the Gospel among the people of the newly settled and remote parts of our country, among the Indians of the country, and *through more distant regions of the earth*, as circumstances shall invite and the ability of the society shall

admit." The Constitution was amended accordingly. If the men, therefore, could have been obtained, and the money secured, missionaries could have been sent to Bombay, Ceylon, and the Sandwich Islands, as they were afterward by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.*

After the formation of the Massachusetts Missionary Society in 1799, there was a constant progress of the spirit of missions. In the Annual Missionary Sermon before the General Assembly in Philadelphia, preached in May, 1805, Dr. Griffin said, "The Christian world, after long contenting itself with *prayers* for the heathen, and with saying, *Be ye warmed and filled*, is awakening to more charitable views. Men, warmed with apostolic zeal, have abandoned the comforts of civilized life, and are gone to the ends of the earth to bear to benighted nations the first tidings of a precious Savior. Numerous societies have risen into existence on both sides of the Atlantic, under whose patronage missionaries are now employed from India to the American wilderness, from Greenland to the Southern Ocean. Some of the first-fruits of their labors, I hope, are already gathered into the heavenly garner." * * *

"In the awful hour when you, and I, and all the Pagan nations, shall be called from our graves to stand before the bar of Christ, what comparison will these objects bear to the salvation of a single soul? Eternal mercy! let not the blood of heathen millions in that hour be found in our skirts! Standing as I now do, in the sight of a dissolving universe, behold-

* For a full account of the rise and progress of the spirit of missions, preparatory to the formation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in 1810, the reader may be referred to "The Life and Labors of Rev. Samuel Worcester, D.D." Published by Crocker and Brewster, Boston, 1852.

ing the dead arise, the world in flames, the heavens fleeing away, all nations convulsed with terror, or rapt in the vision of the Lamb, I pronounce the conversion of a single Pagan of more value than all the wealth that ever Omnipotence produced. On such an awful subject it becomes me to speak with caution; but I solemnly aver, that were there but one heathen in the world, and he in the remotest corner of Asia, if no greater duty confined us at home, it would be worth the pains of all the people in America to embark together to carry the Gospel to him."

In his Sermon before the Massachusetts Missionary Society in May, 1809, Dr. Worcester affirmed, that "the extensive dissemination of the word of God, the unlocking of the treasures of divine truth to all the families of the earth, the general diffusion and nurture of a missionary spirit, and the establishment over all the world of missionary stations, are most important preparations for the glorious scene in due time to ensue. Ere long the Lord will give the word, and great will be the company of the publishers. Light will break forth in all directions, and the whole earth will be filled with the knowledge of the glory of God."

"Yes, my brethren, the oracles of God are sure, and the expanding hopes of the Church are not vain. The Lord is on his way; and the day, the long expected, prayed for day of his promise is at hand."

Others, also, were at this same time intently watching the indications of Providence, and devoutly praying that laborers might soon be furnished and sent forth to the perishing Pagans of other continents. Indeed, the days had now nearly arrived when the American churches should send forth to the "utter-

most parts of the earth," not their sympathies, supplications, and supplies only, but their servants for Jesus' sake, to gather sheaves of glory to the Son of God. The young men were ready, and the hour at hand for the fathers to give them the guidance of their wisdom, and the guardianship of their care.

Before the expiration of another year from the time of Dr. Worcester's Sermon in May, 1809, there were, as it is now known, about twenty young men who had been examining the question of duty in regard to preaching the Gospel to the heathen of Asia, Africa, or the Islands of the Sea. And with the life of some of these in particular not only begins *a new chapter, but a new volume in the history of American missions.*

It would seem impossible that so much missionary intelligence, with the influence of such revivals of religion, from 1797 to 1807, could have failed to arouse some of the youthful converts to consider the question of personal duty to the distant heathen. There is probably but a small part as yet known of the searchings of self-examination, and of the ardent longings for the foreign missionary service, like those of Asahel Nettleton and Samuel J. Mills. Born on the same day, April 21st, 1783, they were "born of the Spirit," as they were permitted to trust, in the latter part of 1801; Nettleton perhaps two months earlier than Mills.

"About this time," says his biographer and much-beloved friend, "he became exceedingly interested in the short accounts, which were published in the Connecticut Evangelical Magazine, of the operations of the London Missionary Society, and of the Baptist Missionary Society in England. These awakened in his breast a strong desire to become a missionary

to the heathen; and he decided to devote his life to the missionary service, if God, in his providence, should prepare the way. This purpose was afterward greatly strengthened by the perusal of Horne's Letters on Missions. The feelings which Samuel J. Mills expressed to his father, soon after his conversion, were precisely the feelings of young Nettleton at this period, viz., "*That he could not conceive of any course of life in which to pass the rest of his days, that would prove so pleasant as to go and communicate the Gospel of Salvation to the poor heathen.*"

This observation of Mills was made, it would seem, some time in 1802, probably in the early part of the year. It was when he had returned home from Litchfield Academy, and was "the first idea," we are told in his Memoir, that "his father had of his change of mind," after the agonizing disclosure of his feelings, as he parted from his mother in November, 1801. "His attention was directed to the subject" of missions to the heathen, "by remarks which, in his childhood, he had often heard from the lips of his mother. She was a *missionary woman*, and frequently spoke of Brainerd, and Eliot, and other missionaries; and as she dwelt upon the glorious cause in which they were engaged, he once heard her say, respecting himself, '*I have consecrated this child to the service of God as a missionary.*' This remark made an impression on his mind that was never effaced. Thus early did a sovereign God set apart Samuel J. Mills for a missionary. And it is somewhat remarkable that from the hour of his conversion he never lost sight of his darling object. Though but a youth of nineteen, he discovered a zeal in the missionary cause, an eagerness in the pursuit of missionary intelligence, and an en-

largement of thought in his plans, to become acquainted with the true state of the unevangelized world, which left little doubt that he was chained to his purpose by a superior power."

"It was a heart yearning over the miseries of perishing millions that first led him to think of acquiring an education with a view to the Gospel ministry. Having consulted his parents and unfolded all his purpose, which, should God permit, was no less than to devote his life to the cause of missions in foreign lands, and having received their approbation and their blessing, he resolved on measures for changing his course of life. Though the determination of the son gained the joyful approbation of his parents, it was not without feelings of self-denial; for when he told his mother of his determination to go to the heathen, with the feelings of a mother she replied, '*I can not bear to part with you, my son.*' But when he reminded her of what she said to him when a child, she burst into tears, and never after made the least objection." * * * Having put his secular concerns into other hands, Mills became a member of Williams College, in Massachusetts, in the spring of 1806.

There were those in whom the same desires and purposes, "in respect to foreign missions," was originated and cherished, without the slightest knowledge of the designs or the persons of the young men at Williams College, and upon whose minds the same Holy Spirit was operating as upon them, with ultimate reference to the new era of American missions. And there were thousands more or less consciously and simultaneously moved, in the providential preparation of instrumentalities for the great change which was about to be revealed in the faith and action of the churches. But no one appears to

have been more signally favored in this work of preparation than Samuel J. Mills.

"It was not," says his biographer, "until he became a member of college that his spirit of missions came out to view. It was then that the subject of missions fastened upon his attention, engrossed the meditations of his serious hours, took deep hold of his feelings, and became the burden of his prayers. It seems to have been a peculiar visitation of the Spirit of God that turned all the solicitude and affection of his heart to this object. He reflected long and prayed much before he disclosed his views; and when he determined to unburden his mind, by conversing with two or three of his more intimate fellow-students, it was in a manner that deserves to be related: he led them out into a meadow, at a distance from the college, to a retirement probably familiar to himself, though little exposed to observation or liable to be approached, where, by the side of a large stack of hay, he devoted the day to prayer and fasting, and familiar conversation on this new and interesting theme; when, much to his surprise and gratification, he found that the Spirit of God had been enkindling in their bosoms the flame which had been so long burning in his own. The reader will not be surprised to learn, that from this hour this endeared retreat was often made solemn by the presence, and hallowed by the piety of these dear young men."

Such, doubtless, was the origin of the society of missionary candidates in Williams College, to which allusion has so often been made. Through the kindness of the present highly esteemed secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, a very important part of the "secret" history of that society, and of the missionary spirit of Mills, Hall.

Richards, Rice, and their associates, is now given to the world. A fac simile of a part of the original constitution is presented, with the names of the first signers, and a translation of the entire document.

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CONSTITUTION OF A SOCIETY OF BRETHREN.

Williams College, September 7th, 1808.

Article 1st. This society shall be distinguished by the appellation Brethren.

Article 2d. The object of this society shall be to effect in the persons of its members a mission or missions to the heathen.

Article 3d. The government of this society shall be vested in a president, vice-president, and secretary, who shall be annually chosen, and shall perform the ordinary duties of their respective offices.

Article 4th. The existence of this society shall be kept secret.

Article 5th. The utmost care shall be exercised in admitting members. All the information shall be acquired of the character and situation of a candidate which is practicable.

No person shall be admitted who is under an engagement of any kind which shall be incompatible with going on a mission to the heathen.

No person shall be admitted until he express a firm belief in those distinguishing doctrines commonly denominated evangelical.

No person shall be permitted to see this Constitution until, from personal acquaintance, it is fully believed, by at least two members, that he is a suitable person to be admitted, and that he will sign it; and until he is laid under the following affirmation :

“You solemnly promise to keep inviolably secret the existence of this society.”

Article 6th. Each member shall keep absolutely free from every engagement which, after his prayerful attention, and after consultation with the brethren, shall be deemed incom-

patible with the objects of this society ; and shall hold himself in readiness to go on a mission when and where duty may call.

Article 7th. Any member, on application, shall be released from this society ; and the society shall have power to dismiss any member, when satisfied that his character, or engagements, or situation render it expedient.

Article 8th. No alteration shall be made in this Constitution without the concurrence of two thirds of the members of the society.

SAMUEL J. MILLS, 1808.

EZRA FISK, 1808.

JAMES RICHARDS, 1808.

JOHN SEWARD, 1808.

LUTHER RICE, 1808.

The Constitution and the records of the society's proceedings, which had been kept in the same characters, were translated from the original by Pliny Fisk, October 8th, 1818, agreeably to a vote of the society.

“The reason why the Constitution and records were written in ciphers,” writes Dr. Anderson, “and why a knowledge of the society was withheld from the Christian public, are thus stated by Dr. Fisk,* in a letter dated Goshen, New York, June 24th, 1829.

“The reasons for secrecy were the possibility of failure in the enterprise, public opinion then being opposed to us ; in accordance with which good men often said, the enterprise of foreign

* Dr. Fisk was prevented from going on a mission by the failure of his health.

missions, of which we talked, was the result of overheated zeal, and would be soon forgotten; there was enough to do at home, &c. Under these circumstances, *modesty* required us to conceal our association, lest we should be thought rashly imprudent, and so should injure the cause we wished to promote. These were the general reasons. Besides these, Mills always desired to be unseen in all his movements on this subject, which, I am well persuaded, arose from his unaffected humility, never desirous to distinguish himself, but to induce others to go forward."

"The Rev. H. G. O. Dwight states the following facts, based on an interview with Dr. Fisk in the year 1829. Mills was the founder of the society at Williams College. He first unboresomed himself to Gordon Hall, then to James Richards, then to Ezra Fisk. These talked together and prayed over the subject from the fall of the year 1807. The first object of the fraternity, organized the following year, was to so operate upon the public mind as to lead to the formation of a *missionary society*."

In carrying forward their benevolent designs, the members of this society republished the sermon of Dr. Griffin before the General Assembly, &c., and that of Dr. Livingston before the New York Missionary Society. They wrote to distinguished clergymen, among whom "were Drs. Worcester, Griffin, Morse, and Dana. These individuals they visited repeatedly, and with some of them spent their vacations, laboring among their people, and at the same time pressing their suit."

In his work on missions, Mr. Tracy, with his usual felicity of discrimination, has commended the course of the society at Williams College. "They showed at once the soundest prac-

tical wisdom, the most rational confidence in the goodness of their cause, and the modesty which is becoming in young men. Had they at first carried their yet crude and ill-digested plans, in a style of fervid declamation, before the more ignorant and excitable part of the churches, they might have raised up a violent and angry party in favor of rash and impracticable schemes; and thus they might have thrown off the more steady and permanently efficient part of the Christian community from participating in their enterprise. Instead of this, they went to men whose characters were established as safe advisers; men capable of appreciating their motives and their arguments, and detecting their errors, and of supplying their defects; men in whom experience had taught the Christian public to have confidence, and whose sanction would secure to their cause a favorable hearing. Of these, the prudent, the cautious, the deliberate Dr. Worcester, who, because he was such a man, would no more reject a plan than he would adopt one without knowing its value, was the first to become zealously interested in the enterprise."

It is not the design of this article to trace in detail the history of this "society of brethren," until it had effected "in the persons of its members a mission or missions to the heathen." By visits to other colleges, by correspondence, personal conversation, and other means, they did much service to their cause. On leaving Williamstown, several of them entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts, where they labored with diligence and success in promoting a spirit of missions.

Such was the state of inquiry on the subject, that "I thought, at the time," says Dr. Ide, "and have thought since, that God then sent his Spirit into the seminary to convert the students

to the subject of missions ; for seldom have I seen a more evident movement of the Spirit upon the minds of sinners, to awaken, to convince, to convert them, than was manifest in the Seminary, in turning the attention and hearts of the students to the condition of the perishing heathen."

The Rev. Samuel Nott, Junior, now the sole survivor of the first band of American foreign missionaries, has recently said, in reference to this period, "It has never seemed to me of any consequence to settle the matter as to who was or who was not the leader of the movement, unless it were to show that no *man* was ; and that it must have been, that like influences of like circumstances, which divine Providence, and, I trust, divine grace, turned to this account, preparing for a combination above any device of man. In my own mind, at least, the starting-point and early progress, the essence of the whole, was without any knowledge of the existence even of those who were so soon to be my associates ; and on such a principle as possessed a solemn and independent power."

It is not supposed that the purposes of these candidates for foreign missionary service were at all known to the preacher of the annual sermon before the Massachusetts Missionary Society, at their meeting, May 29th, 1810. However this was, it is evident that he was much impressed with the idea of a new development of the missionary spirit.

"Is the expectation, my brethren, visionary and unfounded, that the time is not far distant when, from the United States, missionaries will go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature ? Yes, my brethren, when men, in the benevolent spirit and with the holy ardor of an Eliot, a Brainerd, a Tennent, will, under the patronage of the Massachusetts Mis-

sionary Society, go forth into every region of the habitable globe, with the everlasting Gospel in their hands, in their hearts, and upon their tongues, accompanied with the fervent prayers of thousands for their success?"

Such were the sentiments of no small number of clergymen and laymen connected with one or more of the many missionary organizations. But to support missions in countries separated from us by thousands of leagues of ocean, annual contributions were needed, and an available credit in the commercial world, which it would have been presumption to expect, unless there could be an organization enlisting in its support a much greater number of the friends of Christ than any existing missionary society in the United States could claim as its members or supporters.

Hence neither the Directors of the Massachusetts Missionary Society, nor those of any kindred institution, could have been justified in sending forth the young men whom Providence had been preparing. The counsel of the wisest, therefore, was needed. By concerted arrangements, Dr. Spring and Dr. Worcester met the professors, at Andover, with a few others, for consultation.* It was a meeting never to be forgotten. Advice was given to Mills and his associates to submit their case to the General Association, which was to meet the next day at Bradford, and which Dr. Spring and Dr. Worcester were expecting to attend as delegates.

The association was organized at Bradford, Wednesday, June 27th. From the minutes it appears, that on Thursday, P. M., "four young gentlemen, members of the Divinity College, were introduced, and presented the following paper,"

* At the house of Professor Stuart, Monday, June 25th, 1810.

which was drawn up by Mr. Judson.* “The undersigned, members of the Divinity College, respectfully request the attention of their reverend fathers, convened in the General Association at Bradford, to the following statement and inquiries :

“They beg leave to state, that their minds have been long impressed with the duty and importance of personally attempting a mission to the heathen ; that the impressions on their minds have induced a serious, and, they trust, a prayerful consideration of the subject in its various attitudes, particularly in relation to the probable success and the difficulties attending such an attempt ; and that, after examining all the information which they can obtain, they consider themselves as devoted to this work for life, whenever God in his providence shall open the way.

“They now offer the following inquiries, on which they solicit the opinion and advice of this association. Whether, with their present views and feelings, they ought to renounce the object of missions as visionary or impracticable ; if not, whether they ought to direct their attention to the Eastern or the Western World ; whether they may expect patronage and support from a missionary society in this country, or must commit themselves to the direction of a European society ; and what preparatory measures they ought to take previous to actual engagements ?

“The undersigned, feeling their youth and inexperience,

* The editor has been favored, by the Rev. Dr. Stow, of Boston, with the perusal of a letter, now in his possession, written by Mr. Judson to his father, on his return from the meeting at Bradford, in which this paper is copied, and he says, “At the suggestion of Dr. Spring and Dr. Worcester, I wrote the above memorial.”

look up to their fathers in the Church, and respectfully solicit their advice, direction, and prayers.

“ADONIRAM JUDSON, JR.,

“SAMUEL NOTT, JR.,

“SAMUEL J. MILLS,

“SAMUEL NEWELL.”*

After hearing from the young gentlemen some more particular account of the state of their minds; and their views relative to the subject offered to consideration, the business was committed to the Rev. Messrs. Spring, Worcester, and Hale.

The committee on the subject of Foreign Missions made the following report, which was unanimously accepted.

“The committee to whom was referred the request of the young gentlemen, members of Divinity College, for advice relative to missions to the heathen, beg leave to submit the following report :

“The object of missions to the heathen can not but be regarded by the friends of the Redeemer as vastly interesting and important. It deserves the most serious attention of all who wish well to the best interests of mankind, and especially of those who devote themselves to the service of God in the kingdom of his Son, under the impression of the special direction, ‘Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every

* The name of James Richards was withheld from the paper, and even that of Gordon Hall, who, “in case all other means of getting to the heathen in Asia should fail, was ready to work his passage to India, and then throw himself, under Providence, upon his own resources, that he might preach the Gospel to the heathen.” It was feared that the names of six would embarrass, if not defeat, the measure contemplated.

creature.' The state of their minds, modestly expressed by the theological students who have presented themselves before this body, and the testimonies received respecting them, are such as deeply to impress the conviction that they ought not to renounce the object of missions, but sacredly to cherish their present views in relation to that object; and it is submitted whether the peculiar and abiding impressions by which they are influenced ought not to be gratefully recognized as a divine intimation of something good and great in relation to the propagation of the Gospel, and calling for a correspondent attention and exertion.

"Therefore, *voted*, That there be instituted by this General Association a Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, for the purpose of devising ways and means, and adopting and prosecuting measures for promoting the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands. * * * * *

"*Voted*, That fervently commending them to the grace of God, we advise the young gentlemen, whose request is before us, in the way of earnest prayer and diligent attention to suitable studies and means of information, and, putting themselves under the patronage and direction of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, humbly to wait the openings and guidance of Providence in respect to their great and excellent design."

Pursuant to the report of the committee, the Association proceeded to institute a Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and the following gentlemen were chosen: His Excellency John Treadwell, Esq., Rev. Dr. Timothy Dwight, Gen. Jedidiah Huntington, and Rev. Calvin Chapin, of Connecticut; Rev. Dr. Joseph Lyman, Rev. Dr. Samuel Spring,

William Bartlet, Esq., Rev. Samuel Worcester, and Deacon Samuel H. Walley, of Massachusetts. * * *

“On the fifth of the ensuing September, the first meeting of the Commissioners was held, and the Board was fully organized. But what individual who took part in those inchoative deliberations and proceedings had any adequate anticipations of the magnitude and importance to which they would grow?”

After the most careful and devout deliberation, the Prudential Committee resolved, in January, 1812, to commence a mission of the Board. Five ordained missionaries, three of them with their wives, left this country in the ensuing month of February. It was a time of almost unexampled *distress of nations with perplexity*.

The first letters from the missionary companies, after their arrival in Calcutta, were awaited with an intense expectation. Their various contents awakened no common emotions of mingled joy and grief, gratitude and anxiety.

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.”

He was now trying the friends of the new enterprise, *as gold is tried*; was preparing the way for new developments of the missionary spirit and life; and was bringing rapidly forward great accessions of strength to the cause from other denominations of American Christians.

The change of sentiment in Messrs. Judson and Rice, on the subject of baptism, led to the formation of the American Baptist Board of Missions in 1814. Other associations followed; and but a few years had elapsed before “the fact was practically and openly admitted, that no sect or denomination of

Christians can sustain a reputation for Christian consistency without laboring to extend the Gospel to Pagan lands." The importance of this admission, now so general, if not universal, it would be scarcely possible to exaggerate.

Let an intelligent Christian look back to 1812. From that signalized era in the history of modern missions, let him begin to trace and contemplate the movements, scenes, and results of the last forty years. What amazing progress! How inspiring to the hopes and aims, the prayers and exertions, the sacrifices and endurances of all the true and faithful followers of the Creator and the Crucified! "NOT UNTO US, O LORD, NOT UNTO US, BUT UNTO THY NAME GIVE GLORY, FOR THY MERCY AND FOR THY TRUTH'S SAKE!"

"Come, then, and, added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one—the crown of all the earth—
Thou who alone art worthy!"

*ORDINATION OF THE FIRST AMERICAN FOREIGN
MISSIONARIES.**

BY REV. ASA D. SMITH, D.D.,
NEW YORK.

THE scene thus indicated is to the friend of missions one of deep historic interest. Slowly but steadily had the spirit of enlarged Christian philanthropy been gaining ground in the churches; more and more had they been coming to feel that "the field is the world." The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions had been formed. Five young men, SAMUEL NEWELL, ADONIRAM JUDSON, SAMUEL NOTT, GORDON HALL, and LUTHER RICE, had been formally appointed as missionaries to Asia; and on the 6th of February, 1812, an ecclesiastical council assembled in Salem, Massachusetts, to set them apart to their high and holy work.

This council, called by the Prudential Committee of the American Board, was composed of the Rev. Samuel Spring, D.D., of the North Congregational Church in Newburyport; the Rev. Jedediah Morse, D.D., of the Congregational Church in Charlestown; and the Rev. Samuel Worcester, D.D., of the Tabernacle Church in Salem, with delegates from those churches; together with the Rev. Edward D. Griffin, D.D., pastor of the Park Street Church in Boston, and the Rev. Leonard Woods, D.D., professor in the Andover Theological Seminary. The Rev. Professor Moses Stuart was also invited,

* See Frontispiece.

but was unable to attend. Of those who participated in the ordination scene, but two are now numbered with the living, the Rev. Dr. Woods, and the Rev. Mr. Nott.

Great was the interest awakened far and near in the services of the occasion. Now was to be realized what some had regarded as a dream of wild enthusiasm, and others had cherished as a conception divinely originated. That day was to form, as was well said in the Panoplist by the heavenly-minded and clear-sighted Mr. Evarts, "a new and important era in the annals of the American churches, the era of Foreign Missions." Though the weather was intensely cold, not Salem alone, but all the surrounding region, was largely represented in the gathering crowd. From the Theological Seminary at Andover, some sixteen miles, students walked to the place, and returning when the service was over, deemed themselves well repaid by the new and elevating impressions and impulses of the occasion.

The preliminary examination of the candidates accomplished, and the decision made to proceed to the ordination, the service commenced in the old Tabernacle church. An appropriate place it was, the scene of the labors of him who, from the origin of the new missionary movement, had been among the foremost in urging it on. The house was thronged by a congregation deeply solemn, and tenderly and powerfully impressed by all the exercises.

The great heart of the Rev. Dr. GRIFFIN was poured out in the introductory prayer. The sermon was by the Rev. Dr. Woods. His text was nearly the whole of the LXVII. Psalm: "God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us. That thy way may be known upon earth, thy

saving health among all nations. Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee. Let the nations be glad and sing for joy. Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee. Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our God, shall bless us. God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him." The object of the discourse was to present the chief motives to earnest and incessant effort for the conversion of the world. The considerations he urged were, the worth of souls—the plentifulness of the provisions of the Gospel—the command of Christ—the conduct of those who received that command, and of the early Christian missionaries—the adaptedness of Christianity to be a universal religion—the announcements of prophecy—and the operations of Divine Providence at the present time. The discourse was in Dr. Woods's happiest manner—simple, direct, weighty, earnest, persuasive—the utterance obviously of one who had caught fully the spirit of the occasion. From his address to the candidates we quote the following paragraph:

"Dear young men, I will not break your hearts and my own by dwelling on the affecting circumstances of this parting scene. If you *must* go, I will animate and comfort you. Remember, then, though *we* must leave you, He whom your soul loveth will not. The God you will worship on the plains of Hindostan will be the same God whom you have here worshiped in our seminary, in the sanctuary, and in the closet. The Savior whom you will adore and trust in *there* will be the very Savior whose glory you have seen, and of whose fullness you have received *here*. Go, then, dear missionaries, with the partners of your life, the objects of your tenderest affection; and may

God Almighty be your Preserver. Go, and remember you are not your own. Go, and 'declare the glory of the Lord among the heathen, his wonders among all people.' Esteem the *reproach* of Christ greater riches than all the wealth of India. The parents and friends you leave behind will never, never forget you, till their hearts are cold in death. Our earnest affections and prayers will constantly attend you. We shall share with you in every peril you will encounter by sea and by land. All the success you obtain, and all the joy you partake, will be *ours*. Every sorrow that melts you, and every pang that distresses you, will also be *ours*. We shall often meet you at the mercy-seat, where you and we may find grace to help in time of need. You will be as dear to our hearts, and as near to God and to heaven, in Asia as in America. If we are friends of God, our separation will not be forever. At the glorious appearing of the Son of God, we hope to see you, dearly beloved, and those whom your labors may rescue from Pagan darkness, *at his right hand*. The God of mercy grant that we may then join with you, and with a great multitude which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, who will stand before the throne and before the Lamb, and cry with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God, who sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb. With this joyful anticipation, I do, my dear friends, cheerfully and most affectionately, bid you farewell."

Then came the consecrating prayer, offered by the Rev. Dr. MORSE. At this, the culminating point of the whole scene, the engraver's art comes to our aid. We behold the interior of that old sanctuary, so endeared to the lover of missions by the hallowed memories which must ever cluster around it.

The crowd are there, filling pew and aisle below, and gazing eagerly from the gallery. They have reverently risen, according to the old Puritan custom; and what a mingled multitude do we see—the man of gray hairs, and the little child; the grave matron with the air of wealth and social elevation, and the mother of humbler condition, who, that she may not lose so rare and precious a privilege, has brought, through the winter's cold, her babe from its cradle. There is no exaggeration, we are sure, even in the fanciful filling up of the picture. The five clerical members of the council stand before us, drawn to the life—the Rev. Dr. Morse on the left; then the Rev. Drs. Griffin, Spring, Woods, and Worcester, in the order in which we have named them. Before them, in devotional posture, are the five young men whom they are solemnly setting apart to the missionary work. It is always a touching sight to see a youthful candidate for the ministry kneel amid the Presbytery for “the laying on of hands.” What a work is that he assumes! What mingled hopes and fears cluster in his heart! What momentous consequences, both as to himself and others, are connected inevitably with the step he is taking! Well may he say, “Who is sufficient for these things?” But what superadded pathos is there in the sight of those five kneeling missionaries! Not to a quiet New England parish are they to go, but to those dark places of the earth where “Satan’s seat is.” From the prospect of comfortable and successful labor here, moved by compassion for the perishing, they have turned away. The ties of kindred they are to sever—they are to bid farewell to all the goodly and pleasant things of their native land—over the great and wide sea they are to pass. Yea, they are to go out like Abraham of old, not knowing whither; like the great

Apostle of the Gentiles, ignorant of the things which shall befall them. Amid strangers in a strange land, they expect to breathe their last, and to find for all that is mortal of them a final resting-place. Nor turn the sympathetic hearts of that vast audience to them alone, armed for trial as they are, not by faith merely, but by the vigor of stalwart manhood. With the lot of those missionaries the gentle heart of woman is linked. HARRIET ATWOOD is there, and ANN HASSELTINE. They who have long been bound together by the ties of affectionate companionship, who, on the banks of the Merrimack, have communed often with each other concerning their common Savior; *they* have come, in the bloom of their youth, to behold the consecration of the chosen companions of their future lives—to make anew their own consecration to the service of Christ in a Pagan clime. From home, and friends, and native land, they too are about to part; the perils of the ocean they are to meet, and the more appalling perils of the region of the shadow of death. They have no long line of precedents before them; pioneers they are—the first-fruits unto God from our land of missionary zeal in the gentler sex. It is no wonder that one well qualified to testify speaks of “the solemn grandeur” of the occasion, of “the irrepressible sighing and weeping aloud of many,” and of the “tears which could not be wept.”

The “charge,” by the Rev. Dr. Spring, was eminently appropriate, solemn, and impressive. We make the following extracts from it:

“We need not remind you that the object and the consequences of your mission are inestimably important, both to you, the Church, and a multitude of souls. No enterprise comparable to this has been embraced by the American Church.

All others retire before it like the stars before the rising sun. The success of the mission, we know, depends upon the general aid of divine Providence and God's special grace. If this is the appointed time for Christ to have the heathen of Asia for his inheritance, or only to prepare the way for his glory in that extensive region of Pagan darkness and ignorance, the mission will probably be crowned with success. But you know, my friends, from your intimate acquaintance with the history of missionary exertions, that much depends upon the wisdom and fidelity of the missionaries. Though the conversion of heathens is the special work of God, yet we must remember that he expects the concurrence of faithful and able ministers of the Gospel. God does not operate alone; and as no miracles are expected, the poor ignorant heathen will be lost, unless seasonably instructed with line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, by faithful and discreet missionaries. How vast, then, your obligations to help the Lord with all your might! The object you have embraced is unspeakably great; you feel the pressure of it when you lie down and when you rise up; but the motives to encourage and support your trembling hearts are answerably great. God has already begun his glorious work in the East. The morning-star has appeared, and indicates the near approach of the rising sun. *God will*, his praying children *believe*, succeed and prosper the mission. You will go under the guidance of Christ, the Almighty Savior, and will be supported by his right hand. God will not forsake you, unless you forsake him.

* * * * *

“Go, then, with the tender companions of your bosoms, like pilgrims and strangers, and lay your bodies by the side of Zie-

genbalg and Swartz, that you may meet them, and Eliot, and Brainerd, and all other faithful missionaries, in the realms of light, and so be ever with the Lord. We, in the mean time, will pray that the salvation of souls may be your joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord."

The "right hand of fellowship," by Dr. Worcester, was marked by his characteristic felicity of diction, comprehensiveness, and tenderness. One or two extracts will not only show the spirit of this particular exercise, but, in connection with the quotations already made, will aid in giving a just and vivid impression of the whole service :

"Go, then, beloved brethren, as 'the messengers of' these 'Churches, and the glory of Christ'—go, carry to the poor heathen the good news of pardon, peace, and eternal life. Tell them of the God whom we adore ; of the Savior in whom we trust ; of the glorious immortality for which we hope. Tell them of Him whose star was seen in the East, and point them to that blood with which he will sprinkle many nations.

"We participate with you in this great undertaking ; our hearts are joined with yours, and by the right hand which we give you we shall hold ourselves inviolably pledged, as God shall enable us, for your help. We are not insensible to the sacrifices which you make, or to the dangers and sufferings to which you are devoted. You stand this day 'a spectacle to God, to angels, and to men.' You are in the act of leaving parents, and friends, and country, 'for Christ and the Gospel's sake.' A land of darkness and of the shadow of death is before you ; and you are to erect the standard of the cross where Satan has long held his cruel and bloody empire. Your eyes will be pained with sights of revolting impurity and horror ; your hearts

will be wrung with anguish for immortal souls in the most dreadful bondage ; and while you strive for their rescue, you will have to contend, not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers, with the rulers of the darkness of this world, with spiritual wickedness in high places. But you go, we trust, in the strength of the Lord ; and the weapons of your warfare ' are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong-holds, casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God ' This is our confidence, this is our consolation respecting you.

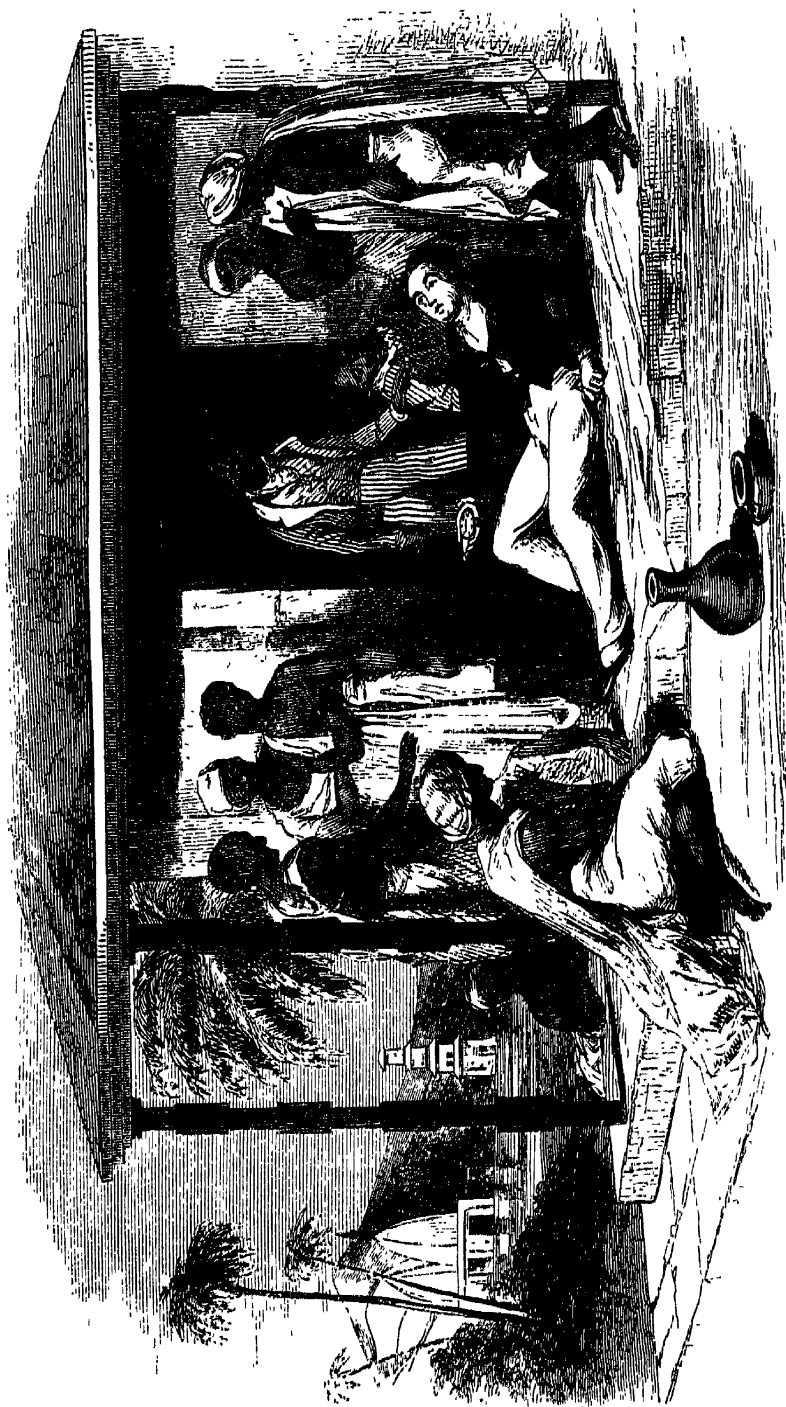
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"Beloved brethren, be of good courage ; go in peace ; and may the Lord God of the holy apostles and prophets go with you. We commend you to him, and to the word of his grace ; and devoutly pray that, in the day of the Lord Jesus, we may have the happiness to see you present many of the heathen before the throne of his glory with exceeding joy."

Never, perhaps, were ordination services in more perfect keeping with the occasion. Nothing was commonplace—nothing merely perfunctory. Every thing had an air of conscientiousness, directness, and earnestness, indicating most clearly a deep sense of the seriousness and magnitude of the work in hand. We feel ourselves, as we read, carried back to the heroic ages of the Church—to the patriarchal times, and the days of martyrdom.

"The events of that day," says the Rev. Dr. Woods, "stirred up the feelings of our religious community from the depths of the heart. The intense excitement spread rapidly through New England, and all the states, and extended to other lands. But strong as the excitement was, it would have been im-

measurably increased had we in any measure foreseen to what results that day of small things would lead; had we anticipated that, before the lapse of fifty years, our foreign missionaries would have been raised to so large a number, and would occupy so many stations in different and far distant countries, and that our hearts would be comforted and rejoiced by so much success." Higher still, we may add, would have been the gladness of all the participants in those solemn services, could they have foreseen the results which are yet to be developed—results reaching to all nations, and stretching over the whole course of earth's coming history—of that first ordination of American Foreign Missionaries.



THE CLOSING SCENE OF REV. GORDON HALL'S MISSIONARY LABORS

[See page 47.]

REV. GORDON HALL,
AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. BENNET TYLER, D.D.,
EAST WINDSOR, CONN.

GORDON HALL was born in that part of Granville which is now Tolland, Massachusetts, April 8th, 1781. His parents removed from Ellington, Connecticut, and were among the early settlers of the town of Granville. Though in the humble walks of life, they were highly respected for their industry, sobriety, and correct moral habits. They seem, however, to have lacked the one thing needful till somewhat advanced in life.

Young Hall did not enjoy the prayers and pious counsels of godly parents ; but it is believed that his morals were strictly

FAC SIMILE, FROM LETTER TO SAMUEL J. MILLS, DATED BOMBAY, JULY 12TH, 1816.

Every thing may be effected by exertion - exertion - exertion with the blessing of God.

G. Hall.

guarded ; and it is not known that he fell into any vicious habits. While a child, he was remarkable for his activity and enterprise. His talents and independence of mind commanded the respect and deference of his associates, and he was always the leader in their various sports. In early youth he manifested quite a taste for mechanical employments, and exhibited no small degree of ingenuity in the construction of various kinds of machines. In this way he spent many of his hours of leisure and relaxation from the labors of the farm.

He early discovered a taste for reading, and also for writing ; in the latter of which he greatly excelled, considering his age and the disadvantages under which he labored. He is said to have possessed in a high degree a talent and taste for sarcastic writing, and to have indulged in it quite freely in college before he became pious. Afterward this propensity was kept under due restraint.

He labored on his father's farm till the nineteenth or twentieth year of his age, when, at his earnest solicitation, his father consented that he should attempt to obtain a liberal education. He fitted for college under the tuition of his pastor, the Rev. Mr. Harrison, and entered Williams College, February, 1805, at the beginning of the second term of the freshman year. He took a high stand as a scholar, and graduated in 1808 with the first honors of his class.

His attention was seriously called to the concerns of his soul near the close of his second year in college ; but he did not find peace in believing till the commencement of his third year. From the time of his conversion, his piety was of a very decided character. It was the testimony of one of his fellow-students, that "as a Christian he was uniform, con-

sistent, decided, and influential. He took a leading part in the religious exercises of the students in the Theological Society and prayer meetings."

Soon after he became pious, he formed an intimate acquaintance with Samuel J. Mills, who was two years his junior in college. It was to Gordon Hall and James Richards that Mills first unbosomed his missionary purposes, and in both he found a spirit congenial with his own. It is not known, however, that Hall openly avowed his purpose to become a missionary to the heathen till after he left college.

In the autumn of 1808, soon after he graduated, he commenced the study of theology under the instruction of the Rev Ebenezer Porter, then pastor of the church in Washington, Connecticut, afterward President and Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts. He was licensed to preach in the autumn of 1809. He was soon after invited to supply the pulpit in Woodbury, Connecticut. He continued here several months, and received a call from the Church and society to become their pastor. The place was an eligible one. The unanimity and strong attachment of the people gave great promise of usefulness. But "then," as was remarked afterward by his theological instructor, "the heart of the missionary came out. Then was revealed the secret so long cherished between him and his beloved brother Mills. To many it seemed a visionary thing in Mr. Hall, that he should decline an invitation to settle attended with so many attractive circumstances and so much prospect of usefulness. But I can never forget with what a glistening eye and firm accent this youthful pioneer of foreign missions, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, said, 'No—I must

not settle in any parish in Christendom.'” He afterward received a call to settle in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, which he promptly declined, as he had done the one at Woodbury, and for the same reason.

In the spring of 1810, he joined the seminary at Andover, where he spent three months. There, with Mills, and Richards, and other kindred spirits, his missionary plans were more matured.

In the course of this year, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was organized. The first missionaries sent out by this Board were Messrs. Hall, Newell, Nott, Judson, and Rice. As some time was needed to make suitable preparations and obtain the requisite funds, they were not sent till February, 1812. They were ordained at Salem on the 6th of that month. Messrs. Judson and Newell sailed from Salem on the 19th, and Messrs. Hall, Nott, and Rice from Philadelphia on the 18th of the same month. What would be the particular field of their labor was uncertain. The Prudential Committee, in their instructions, said, “From the best views we have been able to obtain, our desire is that the seat of your mission should be in some part of the Burman Empire. After your arrival in India, however, you will make it an object to avail yourself of information relating to that empire, and also to other parts of the East; and after due deliberation, you will be at your discretion as to the place where to make your station.”

Messrs. Newell and Judson arrived at Calcutta on the 17th of June; Messrs. Hall, Nott, and Rice on the 8th of August, 1812.

• Soon after their arrival, Messrs. Newell and Judson received

an order from the government requiring them to return to this country by the same ship in which they came out. But through the influence of friends this order was modified, and liberty was granted them to depart to any place not within the jurisdiction of the East India Company.

On the 4th of August, Mr. Newell and his wife sailed for the Isle of France, expecting that Mr. Judson would soon follow them. Four days after their departure, Messrs. Hall, Nott, and Rice arrived at Calcutta. Not being permitted by the government to remain, they too resolved to return to the Isle of France. They were, however, detained till the latter part of November. During this interval a painful separation occurred among the missionaries. Messrs. Judson and Rice, having adopted the sentiments of the Baptists, withdrew themselves from the care and direction of the Board which had sent them out. This event, though trying in itself, was overruled for the furtherance of the Gospel. It led to the establishment of the Baptist Board of Missions in this country, by which great good has been accomplished.

Messrs. Hall and Nott, instead of going to the Isle of France, as they had intended, embarked for Bombay. They were induced to take this course by the fact that the new governor of Bombay, Sir Evan Nepean, was understood to be a friend to Christian missions. They arrived at Bombay, February 11th, 1813. Here they met with embarrassments which would have appalled and utterly discouraged the heart of almost any man but that of Gordon Hall. The Governor of Bombay, although personally friendly to them and their object, felt himself compelled, by peremptory orders from the Governor General at Calcutta, to send them to England; and it was not till after

they had presented several memorials to the governor that they were permitted to remain. These memorials, which were written by Mr. Hall, exhibit great talent and wisdom. The last, in particular, is a very able document, and evinces a spirit allied to that of apostles and martyrs. It contains an appeal to the governor's conscience which he was unable to resist, and which induced him to repeal the order which required them to depart for England. Being permitted to remain, they commenced their missionary labors, in which Mr. Hall persevered with untiring diligence until his death.

On the 19th of December, 1816, Mr. Hall was married to Miss Margaret Lewis, an English lady, who had been some years in Bombay. By her he had two sons and two daughters. The youngest son is the only surviving child, and is now pastor of a church in Northampton, Massachusetts.*

In July, 1825, Mr. and Mrs. Hall were called to a severe trial. The health of their two sons was such that, in the judgment of skillful physicians, the preservation of their lives was impossible in the climate of Bombay. It was concluded, therefore, with the approbation of all the brethren of the mission, that it was expedient that Mrs. Hall and her two children should embark for America. It was her expectation, after procuring some suitable place for her sons, where they could experience parental care and receive a Christian education, to return as speedily as possible, and join her husband in the labors of the mission. But this expectation was blasted by his lamented death, which occurred about eight months after her departure.

* The two daughters died in infancy. The oldest son died on the voyage to this country.

Mr. Hall possessed a firm and vigorous constitution, and was able to perform labors and to endure hardships to which few are adequate. He was actively engaged in the duties of the mission till March 20th, 1826, when he died of the cholera at Doorlee-D'hapoor, on the continent, nearly a hundred miles east of Bombay. He was on an itinerating tour among the natives. Immediately after he was attacked by the disease, he told the two Christian lads who were with him as attendants, that he should not recover. He gave them in charge, for his friends in Bombay, his watch, clothes, &c., and directed them how to dispose of his body after his decease. He then addressed himself to those who were around him, exhorting them to embrace Jesus Christ, the Savior of sinners—prayed repeatedly for his dear family, the members of the missions, and the poor heathen around him. With holy exultation, he thrice repeated Glory to thee, O God! and expired. Thus, at the age of forty-five, in the midst of his usefulness, was cut down this distinguished pioneer of American missions. But if his life was short, it was full of usefulness. Few men have accomplished more for the heathen than Gordon Hall. His influence in awakening a missionary spirit in the American churches was great and extensive, and the full results of his labors will not be known till all things shall be disclosed at the judgment day.

The character of Mr. Hall as a missionary is worthy of admiration and of imitation. He possessed in an eminent degree the true missionary spirit. His talents, which were evidently of a high order, were consecrated to the service of Christ. The objects of worldly ambition seem to have had no charms for him. He looked not at things which are seen, and temporal,

but at those things which are not seen, and which are eternal. Had he chosen a secular calling, he would probably have risen to distinction, and have acquired wealth and fame; but, like Moses, he esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of this world, and chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

His piety was deep, ardent, and consistent. It was not fitful and spasmodic, manifesting itself at times in high emotion and fiery zeal, and then subsiding into great spiritual apathy and sloth. It was a steady flame which shone brighter and brighter, and never went out. It was a living spring, which never failed, even in a time of drought. It was a fixed principle in the heart, which had a steady and commanding influence over the whole course of his life. He was not zealous in some things, and indifferent to others of equal or greater importance. There was a beautiful symmetry in his Christian character. In him all the Christian graces shone, and combined to form a character of peculiar loveliness. He was meek, humble, prayerful, submissive, patient, strong in faith, steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

His views of divine truth were thoroughly evangelical. They are very happily expressed in the creed which he presented to the Directors of the London Missionary Society, at the time when he had some thoughts of putting himself under their direction. He was rooted and grounded in the truth.

His mind was deeply imbued with the spirit of the Gospel—that spirit by which the great Apostle of the Gentiles was actuated. Like him, his heart was warm with love to Christ, and to the souls of men; and he was willing to spend and be

spent in the service of his divine Master. The condition of a world lying in wretchedness lay constantly, with great weight, on his mind, and no sacrifices appeared to him too great to make, if he might be instrumental in the salvation of souls. He was willing to part with friends and all the endearments of home, and to encounter perils and hardships that he might carry the Gospel to the perishing heathen. Trials, privations, and sufferings did not daunt him. "Others," said he, "will be left whose health or pre-engagements require them to stay at home; but I can sleep on the ground, and endure hunger and hardship. God calls me to the heathen. Woe to me if I preach not the Gospel to the heathen."

Mr. Hall was a man of great faithfulness and moral courage. He was not afraid to do his duty. The fear of God had such a controlling influence over his mind, that it raised him above that fear of man which bringeth a snare. His letters, addressed to different individuals, while they exhibit great kindness, are also characterized by great plainness and fidelity. To a man from whom he had received a letter which betrayed ignorance of the fundamental truths of the Gospel, and opposition of heart to the cause of missions, he thus writes: "Dear sir, on Saturday last I received your letter. I have read it over and over, and, believe me, I have read it with pain in my heart and tears in my eyes. Do you ask 'why this distress?' Give me leave to be plain, and I will tell you. One principal reason, dear sir, is because I see you are not a friend to Christ. But, so far from this, you have such views of his atoning blood, of the exceeding riches of his grace, and of the nature of his Gospel, that you think it unnecessary, unwise, and unrighteous for men to go through trials that they may

carry the proclamation of pardon and eternal life to the perishing heathen. * * * You and I, sir, must soon meet in judgment. Knowing this, I dare not write you without using great plainness of speech and solemn entreaties. I trust it is from love to your soul." The same spirit of affectionate fidelity pervades the whole letter.

The letters to his parents and relatives manifest the deepest solicitude for their spiritual and eternal welfare. While they are respectful and kind, they are exceedingly plain and searching. They were evidently written with the great realities of eternity full in his view.

But the memorials addressed to the Governor of Bombay are specimens of fidelity and moral courage rarely to be met with. Having been ordered to leave the country, and finding all efforts to effect a change in the governor's purpose unavailing, on the eve of their departure, as they supposed, Mr. Hall, and his associate Mr. Nott, presented their last memorial, which closes in this solemn manner. "It is our ardent wish that your excellency would compare, most seriously, such an exercise of civil authority upon us, with the general spirit and tenor of our Savior's commands. We most earnestly entreat you not to send us away from the heathen. * * * We entreat you, by the time and money already expended on our mission, and by the Christian hopes and prayers attending it, not utterly to defeat its pious object by sending us from the country. We entreat you by the spiritual miseries of the heathen, who are daily perishing before your eyes and under your excellency's government, not to prevent us from preaching Christ to them. We entreat you by the blood of Jesus, which he shed to redeem them. As ministers of *Him* who

has all power in heaven and on earth, and who, with his farewell and ascending voice, commanded his ministers to *go and teach all nations*, we entreat you not to prohibit us from teaching these heathen. By all the principles of our holy religion, by which your excellency hopes to be saved, we entreat you not to hinder us from preaching the same religion to these perishing idolaters. By all the solemnities of the judgment day, when your excellency must meet your heathen subjects before God's tribunal, we entreat you not to hinder us from preaching to them that Gospel which is able to prepare them, as well as you, for that awful day; and we earnestly beseech Almighty God, now and ever, to guide your excellency in that way which shall be most pleasing in his sight."

This solemn appeal caused the governor to tremble, and he immediately reversed the order which he had given them to depart.

Mr. Hall was a man of untiring diligence. This must be apparent to any one who has read the published extracts from his journal. The following account of a day's labor, in a letter to the Rev. Dr. Porter, will give some idea of his habits in this respect. "Perhaps few are more pressed with labors, or better furnished with apologies for seeming neglects of old friends, than I am. I closed the public and social duties of this blessed day a little before 10 o'clock this evening; and, feeling rather fatigued, I queried a moment whether I should lay my weary self at once to sleep, or sit down, and, through my pen, commune a while with my old and beloved instructor. The latter, you see, prevailed, though the opposing force was strong. I hope you will not accuse me of vain boasting when, for the double purpose of information and illustration, I say that, after

a short season by myself this morning, I visited four of our Sabbath schools before breakfast, and spoke something for God in each. Returned a quarter past eight. From that time till ten was with my family, at breakfast, and by myself. At ten, went to the chapel, spoke with various people about salvation, and distributed books till eleven. From eleven to twelve, employed in preaching and praying in Mahratta, from the pulpit. From twelve to three, employed in domestic worship, reading the Bible, exposition, and prayer. A cold dinner. At three, met nine schools in the chapel, heard the three senior classes read the third chapter of Acts, and expounded the same. After catechizing the whole, gave them an address, and concluded with prayer. Remained some time in the chapel conversing with different individuals. Returned to my family between five and six, speaking to some persons by the way, and giving tracts. From this till half past seven, tea, &c.; then preached in English to about forty persons; returned to my house a quarter past nine, and attended family worship; and am now writing to you. It is not exactly so with me every Sabbath, for Brother Frost takes his turn in English preaching. My week days are hardly less fraught with labors."

Mr. Hall was entirely devoted to his work, and, sensible of the shortness of time, he was resolved to do what his hand found to do with his might. Notice what he said to his wife when she proposed to him to accompany her and her children to this country. "My dear M., do you know what you ask? I am in good health—I am able to preach Christ to the perishing souls around me. Do you think I should leave my Master's work and go with you to America? Go, then, with our

sick boys—I will remain, and pray for you all, and here labor in my Master's cause."

Mr. Hall was a man of great decision of character, and of indomitable perseverance in whatever he undertook. After he had made up his mind to become a missionary to the heathen, if a door should be opened for him by Providence, he never wavered. No alluring prospects of happiness or usefulness in this country could shake his purpose. He was not discouraged by delays. He was not overcome by the entreaties or the opposition of friends. The advice even of the wise and good, who endeavored to persuade him to accept the pressing invitations which were given him to settle in this country, could not alter his resolution. His heart was fixed. It was the settled, unwavering conviction of his own mind—a conviction not taken up hastily, but after long and prayerful deliberation—that God called him to preach the Gospel to the heathen; and to the heathen he must go. The difficulties which he met with in obtaining a settlement in India would have disheartened almost any other man, but they did not dishearten him. He never gave up the idea for a moment of preaching the Gospel to the heathen somewhere on the globe; and after he obtained a settlement at Bombay, it was a long time before he saw any considerable fruit of his labors among the heathen. But his faith did not fail. He set his hope in God. He said, in one of his letters, "Thousands here have heard from our lips the tidings of the Gospel, and many more are still hearing them from day to day. But alas! so far as we can see, all seems to be as the 'seed that fell by the way-side.' In this case, *how consoling to be assured that God's word shall not return void, but shall surely accomplish the blessed end for*

which it was sent." He knew that the preaching of the Gospel was a divine institution, and that God would make it effectual when he should see it to be best. He was willing, therefore, to labor, and leave the result with God. He felt assured that, although God might for a long time try his faith, his labor would not be in vain ; and he found the promise sure, that "he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

It is now a quarter of a century since Gordon Hall entered on his reward. He was one of the first, and one of the best of the missionaries sent out by the American Board. May the Lord raise up many such, who shall be burning and shining lights while they live, and who shall shine hereafter "as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever."

REV. JAMES RICHARDS,

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. BENJAMIN C. MEIGS,

MISSIONARY IN CEYLON.

MR. RICHARDS was born in Abington, Massachusetts, February 23d, 1784. He was the second son of James Richards, Esq. While quite young, his parents removed to Plainfield, in the same state. His early education was strictly religious; and during a season of special seriousness, under the ministry of the Rev. Moses Hallock, the pastor of that church, he became a hopeful subject of divine grace. He was then about thirteen years of age; but he did not unite himself with the visible church until six years after this time.

Being a young man of respectable talents and ardent piety, he was early desirous of obtaining a liberal education, that he might be prepared to preach the Gospel of reconciliation. But his father, having a family of seven children, did not feel himself able to dispense with the services of James, who was then his eldest son (an elder brother having died in infancy), and to give him a public education. In these circumstances, his desires to devote his time to the studies preparatory to a collegiate education could not be gratified till he was nearly twenty years of age. At the age of twenty-two, he became a member of Williams College. During the whole course of his education, such were his pecuniary circumstances, that he was

under the necessity of submitting to many privations. These reflect honor upon his Christian character, as he submitted to them from a strong desire to promote the best interests of his fellow-men.

While a member of college, his classical acquirements were respectable, and in the mathematics he excelled. But it is less on account of his attainments in literary and scientific knowledge that he is deserving of esteem, than for his love of order, his correct deportment, and the bright example which he set before his fellow-students. During his residence in college a revival of religion took place. He labored among the students with diligence, prudence, and zeal, and became the instrument of good to many of them. It was in college that he became acquainted with the beloved and lamented Samuel J. Mills, who was his classmate. A very intimate and endeared friendship was early formed between these kindred spirits; a friendship which continued through life, and which, it is believed, has been resumed and is to be perpetuated in heaven.

It is already known to many that Mr. Richards was among the first in his native land who sacredly devoted themselves to the cause of missions among the heathen. This he did at a time when the subject of foreign missions had excited little attention in America, and before any, except that little band of brethren (of whom he was one), had thought of making it a *personal* concern. It was here that they examined the subject together. It was here that they so often retired from the sight of the world to some consecrated spot for fasting and prayer, that they might seek divine direction, and find a door of entrance among the heathen. From that time he steadily pursued his object, amid many delays and discouragements,

which would have diverted any less devoted mind from its object.

In 1809 he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and the same year became a member of the Theological Seminary at Andover. Here he labored with diligence and success, in concert with Mills, and several others of his brethren, in promoting a spirit of missions among the students in the seminary, and also in the Christian public, by the distribution of many books and pamphlets on the subject of missions.

In June, 1810, Mr. Richards was one of that little company, five in number, who presented to the General Association of ministers in Massachusetts the memorial on the subject of missions that led to the formation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. As Mr. Richards's name, however, does not appear in the minutes of the General Association, it may be proper to state the reason of its omission. The subject of foreign missions being comparatively new, at that time, in America, it was thought by the members of the association that *four* was a sufficient number to be presented, in the first instance, before the Christian public as devoted to that cause. Mr. Richards's name was therefore erased, because the others, with the exception of Mills, were his seniors in the Theological Seminary, and would be sooner prepared to leave their country on a foreign mission. But, although their junior in his collegiate standing, he was second only to Mills in having solemnly devoted himself to this great and glorious object. His heart was much set upon it. As a proof of this, it may be proper to mention that, for several years after he had formed the resolution of becoming a missionary to the heathen he had no other prospect of accomplishing his object than tha

of working his passage to some part of the gentile world, and of casting his lot among the heathen. This he fully intended to do, in case there was no other mode of accomplishing his object.

As an evidence of his strong attachment to this cause, the following brief extracts are selected from his journals: "I feel that I owe ten thousand talents, and have nothing to pay. The heathen have souls as precious as my own. If Jesus was willing to leave the bosom of his Father, and expose himself to such sufferings here below for the sake of them and me, with what cheerfulness should I quit the pleasures of refined society, and forsake father and mother, brothers and sisters, to carry the news of his love to far distant lands; let me never consider any thing too great to suffer, or any thing too dear to part with, when the glory of God and the salvation of men require it." Again: "I hope to use my feeble efforts in disseminating the Word of eternal life in the benighted regions of the East. But I feel a deep conviction of my own weakness and dependence on God, and the importance of being qualified for this great work. May the Lord give me strength and grace! I feel as though I should be greatly disappointed if I should not be permitted to preach Christ to the poor Pagans." At another time he writes: "There is some prospect that peace may soon be restored to our country, and I hope ere long to join my missionary brethren in the East. My heart leaps with joy at the thought. I long to preach Christ to the heathen. But the burden of my prayer of late has been, that I may be prepared to act the part assigned me."

In September, 1812, Mr. Richards finished his theological studies at Andover, and became a preacher of the Gospel. In

November following, under the direction of the American Board of Missions, he entered the Medical School at Philadelphia, where, for nearly two years, he prosecuted his studies with commendable diligence and good success. While in that city, he had many opportunities of preaching to destitute congregations, and in parts of the city where the stated means of grace were not enjoyed; and, in conjunction with the lamented Warren, was afterward employed, for a considerable time, as a missionary in the suburbs of the city. He took the degree of Master of Arts in 1814, and spent a considerable part of the next year in preaching to a people who, previously to his going among them, had been much divided; but, in consequence of the blessing of God on his labors, were united again, and enjoyed a pleasing revival of religion. They then urged him to remain and become their pastor; but his previous engagements rendered it improper, in his view, to comply with their request.

In May, 1815, he was married to Miss Sarah Bardwell, of Goshen, Massachusetts, and on the 21st of June following was ordained at Newburyport, in company with Messrs. Mills, Warren, Meigs, Poor, and Bardwell, and expected soon to sail for Ceylon. About this time, he made the following entry in his journal, expressive of his attachment to the missionary work: "What shall I render to the Lord for all his mercies, especially for affording me a near prospect of commencing the work on which my heart has been so long and so constantly set! For more than seven years I have had one uniform desire of spending my life among the heathen. If I know my own heart, I do wish to spend and be spent in preaching the glorious Gospel of Christ." Though he expected to sail in a few weeks after

his ordination, several circumstances occurred to prevent the sailing of the vessel until the 23d of October. At that time, in company with eight missionary brethren and sisters, he embarked in the *Dryad* for Ceylon. When asked afterward how he could refrain from weeping at the time of leaving his native country and all that was dear to him there, he replied, "Why should I have wept? I had been waiting with anxiety almost eight years for an opportunity to go and preach Christ among the heathen. I had often wept at the long delay. But the day on which I bade farewell to my native land was the happiest day of my life."

The *Dryad* had a favorable voyage of five months to Colombo. Mr. Richards, a short time after his arrival, was attacked with an inflammation of the eyes. Not being sufficiently aware of the debilitating influence of a tropical climate, he, in order to remove the inflammation, probably reduced his system too low. This, in connection with much fatigue in removing from Colombo to Jaffna, doubtless laid the foundation of those pulmonary complaints which finally terminated in death. He arrived in Jaffnapatam about one year after leaving America, and in a few months removed to Batticotta, where he was associated with Mr. Meigs. Here, although his health was feeble, he labored with diligence in superintending the repairs of the buildings at that station, and in preaching to the natives through an interpreter. But in September, 1817, he was obliged to desist from preaching and from study, in consequence of a cough and weakness of the lungs. A visit to Colombo having been obviously very beneficial to his health, it was thought expedient for him to repeat the visit, and eventually to accompany Mr. Warren, then at Colombo, to the Cape

of Good Hope. In April, 1818, the two brethren set sail from Colombo, and in July they arrived at Capetown. There the beloved Warren took his departure for a better world, and left his friend and brother to pursue his earthly pilgrimage alone. They had, for a long time, been united in the closest bonds of Christian friendship. From the state of Mr. Richards's health at this time, it was thought that the period of their separation could not be long. He remained at the Cape about four months. During the first three months of this period his health and strength were much improved, and he entertained raised expectations of final recovery; but during the last month his symptoms took an unfavorable turn. He raised considerable blood from his lungs. His cough, also, became much worse; his strength failed very fast, and he entirely lost his voice. During the greatest part of these four months he lived in the family of John Melville, Esq., the kind friend of missionaries, and of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, where he was pleasantly situated, and received every attention which it was in the power of the family to bestow.

In the latter part of November he embarked, in company with the Rev. Mr. Traveller and his lady, for Madras, where he arrived about the middle of January. The kind attentions of his fellow-passengers contributed to his comfort and health; and in Madras he found many friends. He next proceeded to Colombo, and from thence he went by water to Jaffnapatam. Though the distance from this place to Batticotta is but seven miles, yet, as he was obliged to travel it by land, he performed the journey with difficulty. For a season, he considered himself, and was considered by his brethren, as near death. But in August, 1819, his symptoms were more favorable, and not

long after he recovered a considerable degree of health and strength. He then commenced visiting the native free-schools connected with the station; and was able, by means of an interpreter, to inspect the studies of the boys, and to communicate to them religious instruction.

Early in April, 1820, he began to recover his voice, so as to be able to speak loud for the first time (except for a few days on his voyage from the Cape to Madras) for more than seventeen months. During that month he was able to take considerable exercise on horseback, as well as to use more stimulating food and drink. By these means, his health and strength were visibly improved. From this time until May, 1821, there was but little alteration in the state of his health. During that year he did much for the benefit of the mission, not only by his counsels and prayers, but by active labor as a physician, both to the souls and bodies of this people. He was remarkable for his diligence in business, as well as fervency in spirit, laboring sometimes beyond his strength.

On the evening of the 29th of June, 1822, he was attacked with severe pain in his right side, which continued several hours. From this time the commencement of his last illness may be dated. The pain in his side returned on the three following days, and on Monday, the 1st of July, it was excessively severe, and continued nearly six hours. It was to be hoped that, in view of his protracted illness, he would be permitted quietly to descend to his grave. But the "Lord seeth not as man seeth;" and in this case, his brethren had a pleasing illustration of the truth, "that the Lord doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." The necessity and utility of the severe sufferings to which he was subjected were in a

good degree apparent even to us. They were evidently the means of relieving him from that state of mental imbecility, of which he had much complained, and of rousing to rigorous exertion all the powers and faculties of his soul. While thus awakened by this powerful stimulus, the Lord was pleased to manifest himself unto him in a special manner as the God of all consolation, as an infinitely glorious Being, and the object of supreme desire. He was favored, at that time, with unusually elevated conceptions of the character of God, and with correspondent affections of heart. He afterward repeatedly remarked, in reference to these seasons of suffering, that such were his views of the divine character, and so desirable did it appear to him that God should be glorified by all his creatures, that he felt willing that his sufferings should be continued, and even increased, if it were necessary to promote any glorious designs of his heavenly Father; and that his sufferings were so evidently the means of rousing his mind to those sublime and heavenly contemplations, that he was in a degree reconciled to them, and disposed to regard them as a proper occasion of thanksgiving. It is evident that these seasons of severe pain gave a character to the whole remaining course of his sickness, and that they were the means of increasing his happiness and his usefulness during the last weeks of his life.

On the 19th of July his symptoms became more alarming, and his distress from nervous irritation and difficulty of breathing became very great, so that it was necessary for several persons to be constantly employed in brushing and fanning him. He begged us to pray that he might have more patience, but observed, "It is good to suffer. It gives me some faint idea of what my Savior bore for me. Thanks, eternal thanks

to that Grace, which snatched me from the jaws of the devourer! When I get home, how will I sing the praises of Him who will have washed away all my sins! Crown him, yes, I'll crown him 'Lord of all.' That hymn, which begins, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," was ever a favorite one, and he often requested his brethren and sisters to sing it to him.

On the morning of August 2d, Mrs. Richards rose early to relieve the brother who had watched with him, and found him very quiet and comfortable, having rested better than usual. He spoke much of the goodness of God to him, and expressed a hope that he should not repine when called to suffering. A season of severe coughing soon came on, which affected him very much. Soon after this he lost his appetite, and his cough rendered him unable to take stimulants, so that his strength failed fast. The fainting, and the distress for breath, accompanied with great nervous irritation, seemed too much for his feeble body to sustain, and he cried out, "O Lord, deliver. O Lord Jesus, come quickly. If this be dying, I must say, the pains, the groans, the dying strife. Lord, is it not enough?" In the evening of the same day, when Mrs. Richards went to take leave of him, she asked, as was her custom, whether she could do any thing more for his comfort before she retired. "Yes," he answered, "commend me to God and to the word of His grace, who is able to keep me from falling, and to present me faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy." This was said with a trembling voice and with many pauses. A little before 11 o'clock she returned to him, and he asked why she came so soon. She told him that she found it difficult to sleep while he was so distressed. He re-

plied, "I am more quiet, and do not need you now; yet I feel pain in my breast. I have a new feeling there." She told him she thought his symptoms indicated a speedy termination of his sufferings; and perhaps that was the last night. "Well, my dear," said he, "you will unite with me in thanking God for so pleasant a prospect. Retire to rest, and gain strength for the trial." About three o'clock on the morning of the 3d, he sent for his wife, and when she came, she found him in great bodily distress. Soon after this, in a season of fainting, he said, "Now I shall go." At half past four o'clock Dr. Scudder was sent for. About five he was again in great distress, when it was thought he was dying. Reviving a little, he said, "This is hard work." Immediately after this, his teeth began to chatter, his pulse became indistinct, and his breathing very irregular. A little before seven Dr. Scudder arrived, and approaching his bed, said, "Well, Brother Richards, it is almost over." Joy beamed in his countenance as he looked up and said, "Yes, Brother Scudder, I think so—I hope so. O Lord Jesus, come quickly!" After drowsing a few moments, he took an affectionate leave of his afflicted wife, and observed, "I have long been giving you my dying counsel and advice, and have now only to say *farewell!* The Lord bless you." Shortly after, Dr. Scudder observed that he might possibly continue a day or two longer. Mr. Richards, with a look of disappointment, replied, "No, Brother Scudder, no; I am just going." Soon after, "I have now clearer views of the Savior than before. O, He is precious." About half past ten o'clock he revived a little, and was able to speak more distinctly. On being asked what were his views of divine things, he replied, "Not so clear; I still feel that I see through a glass darkly.

But soon, yes, *very soon*, face to face." He then inquired for *James*, his only child, who was standing at the head of his bed. Taking him by the hand, he said, "My son, your papa is dying. He will very soon be dead. Thou, my son, remember three things. Be a good boy, obey your mamma, and love Jesus Christ. Now remember these, my son." He also gave him a small pocket Testament, and told him to read it much and obey it. His whole appearance was such as to denote that his last moments had arrived. Dr. Scudder had for a few moments left the room. Looking round upon those present, he said, "Tell Brother Scudder, *going*"—and spoke no more. He continued to breathe for a few minutes, and then quietly fell asleep. His brethren and sisters present united in singing a hymn, and in offering up a prayer to God, expressive of the mingled emotions of joy and grief excited by the occasion.

On the following day, which was the Sabbath, the members of the mission assembled at Tillipally, and after attending to some appropriate religious exercises, committed the remains of their departed brother to the grave, in assured hope of a glorious resurrection, when *this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality*.

Having been called into the kingdom of grace in early life, his piety was of many years' growth. But its depth and maturity were marked no less by the diligence with which he had cultivated it, than by the number of years he had maintained a pious character. The reality and strength of his piety, as will appear from the facts already stated, were put to a severe test through almost the whole period of his missionary course. His trials were many, and in some respects peculiar. But the

manner in which he bore them, in the various situations in which he was placed, evinced that, being tried, he was not found wanting, but was enabled to give an illustration of the truth, that "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed." He was very particular in the observance of *stated secret prayer*. For many years before his death, it was his constant habit to attend to this duty morning, noon, and night; and for several months before his death, he added another season immediately after coming in from his evening ride. He said that, as he could not perform much *active* labor in the mission, he felt it his duty to be much in prayer for its prosperity. In addition to these stated seasons of secret prayer, he united in family prayer morning and evening; in the season of prayer at one o'clock in the afternoon, which is observed by all the missionaries in the district; and also with his wife, after they had retired in the evening, making in all eight seasons of prayer every day. When he had been prevented one morning by company from attending to his secret devotions, he wrote in his journal as follows: "I felt a great uneasiness on this account all the morning; and when I retired at noon, I felt as though I had been absent for a long time from an important place." At another time, he thus expresses his feelings in the performance of this duty: "I find it my delight, from day to day, to pour out my heart in prayer. O let me live in the remotest corner of the earth, and enjoy the sweets of communion with God, rather than in a palace, and remain a stranger to this happiness." And again: "This morning I have been favored with near access to the throne of grace. O how delightful!

“ ‘ My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this.’ ”

What a great blessing to be allowed to spread all my wants before the living God; and to do this in the name of the Lord Jesus !” The following extract is expressive of his confidence in God : “ I have had no great joys or extraordinary views of late, but I feel such a confidence in God as I would not part with for all the riches in the world. The Lord is faithful in fulfilling all his promises, and the language of my heart is, I will trust in him all the days of my life.” Those who knew him most intimately can testify that his life was in accordance with the extracts that have been made from his writings, and that they were not mere words without meaning, but the real sentiments and feelings of his heart. It is not intended by this, however, that he was *perfect*—that he was destitute of those faults and infirmities that are incident to the best of men in this state of trial. He was fully aware of his easily besetting sins, and maintained a constant and vigorous warfare against them. It was his daily grief that he was not more holy, and his constant endeavor to become perfectly conformed to his divine Lord and Master. “ Forgetting the things that are behind, he pressed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” From what has been said, it will appear that he possessed that primary and essential qualification of a true missionary—ardent piety.

Those who knew him best, and saw him among the heathen, can testify that he had a strong partiality for the missionary work. He was ever disposed to *magnify his office*. He visited many missionary stations, both in Asia and Africa, where he had frequent opportunities of surveying the mission-

ary field in different aspects; but after all he had seen that was unfavorable and discouraging, and the contrary, he was heard repeatedly to say, with much deliberation, "I consider the employment of a humble and faithful missionary; who is engaged in actually *preaching the Gospel among the heathen*, the most noble, the most important, and the most desirable employment on earth." The bitterest ingredient in his cup of affliction was that he could not be thus employed. On the last topic, he wrote a few months before he died as follows: "To be able to do little or nothing in a field so ripe for the harvest; to see hundreds ignorant of the day of salvation, and yet unable to speak to them; to spend month after month, and year after year, in taking care of myself, instead of preaching to the heathen, has caused many a sigh and many a groan. But I hope I have been enabled to feel that my labors are of little consequence, and that all the glorious predictions concerning the triumphs of the cross will assuredly be accomplished, whether I live long or die soon."

In a letter to his brother, written about six months before his death, he gives a detailed account of his *joys* and *sorrows* as a missionary. A few extracts from that letter will give a further illustration of his views and feelings on missionary subjects. One cause of sorrow, on which he dwelt very much, was the embarrassments of the mission at that time for want of funds. At the conclusion of that subject, he says, "Could the friends of missions in America see the things which I see, and hear the things which I hear, they would not withhold their contributions from the treasury of the Lord. Could they see, as I do, the hearts of my brethren and sisters united in prayer and in labor *as the heart of one man*; could they be-

hold these wretched heathen from day to day carrying on their breasts and on their foreheads the badges of heathenism, and know the cruel bondage in which they are held, there would, I think, be no more need of missionary sermons and missionary agents to unlock the coffers of the rich. The country would be all in motion. Some would give their thousands, and multitudes their dollars and cents, till the treasury of the Lord should be filled. If the object could not be effected in any other way, some would live on bread and water, and others would sell their houses and lands, to furnish the means of enlightening the heathen—of making known to them the only Redeemer of sinners.”

Among the sources of his joy which he mentions, the following are selected: “I rejoice especially in seeing the Word of God *preached* extensively to the people in their own tongue, because it pleases God *by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe*. Soon I hope we shall be able to say,

“‘The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom’d sinners, home.’

“I come now to mention the unspeakable joy of seeing converts from among the heathen. When I think of what God has done for us in this way; when I think that God has increased our number since we came to this place; when I think of Malleappa, of Gabriel, of Nicholas, and of Philip; when I think of Porter, of Jordan, of Niles, of Onesimus, of George, and of Santeo, names enrolled with ours, and I hope with patriarchs and prophets; and when I think also of three or four others, who expect soon to become members of our Church, my soul almost leaps from the body, and I pant for other

powers, that I may be enabled to declare the feelings I possess.

“ *The promises of God* produce more joy in the breast of the missionary than all other facts and considerations combined. If this source of joy were dried up, all others would soon fail. It would be of little consequence to me that I have a few intimate and agreeable friends ; that I see missionary stations formed, schools established, and the Gospel preached to thousands ; that I see many prejudices overcome, and many good impressions made ; that I see my brethren and sisters much engaged in labor and in prayer ; that I see a few, who were once heathen, giving up all for Christ. Circumstances like these are exceedingly pleasant, but, without the promises of God, can never support the missionary. These promises can never fail us. Hopeful conversions may all prove to be false ; the most loving missionaries may fall out by the way ; the ear that has listened to the sound of the Gospel may become deaf as an adder ; these stations, that are now flourishing, may again be forsaken, and tumble into ruins ; but the promises of God will all be accomplished, and the blessed Redeemer will have *‘ the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession ; and the ransomed of the Lord shall return,’* &c. *‘ And they shall not teach every man his neighbor, saying, Know the Lord, for all shall know him from the least unto the greatest.’* ”

It would not be correct to say that in preaching the Gospel, or in attending to other active duties of the mission, he was extensively useful ; though, from the facts mentioned in the narrative, it will appear that he did something. But,

"Who does whate'er his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly—angels could no more."

In speaking of him with reference to this sentiment, it is proper to say he was a laborious missionary, and acquitted himself well. But this is not all. His patience in suffering; his faith and confidence in God amid trials of various descriptions; his habitual cheerfulness and resignation to the divine will while under the rod of affliction; his disposition to exert himself in the work of the mission though unnerved by sickness; the lively interest he manifested in every thing that related to the cause of Christ; his desire to lay down his life in the sight of the heathen as a testimony of love to their souls, and of his love to his Savior; these, and other graces of a kindred nature which he exhibited, reflect honor, not only upon himself as a missionary, but upon the cause to which he was devoted.

In speaking of the assistance rendered by him to the mission with which he was connected, it must be remarked that he was highly useful as a friend and counselor, as a companion and fellow-laborer. He was under very favorable circumstances for giving counsel and advice both to individuals and to the missionaries as a body. Consequently, he was very useful in promoting that spirit of union and brotherly love which has hitherto subsisted among them, and which is justly considered one of the most pleasing features of their mission. The example of this dear brother is a rich legacy, which his surviving fellow-laborers will highly value.



HARRIET NEWELL.

My wicked heart is inclined to think it hard, that I should be doomed to suffer such fatigue and hardship. But hush, my warring passions! It is for Jesus who sacrificed the pleasures of his Father's kingdom to redeem a fallen world, that thus I wander from place to place, & feel no where at home.

MRS. HARRIET NEWELL,

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. AARON WARNER,

AMHERST, MASS.

MR. HARRIET NEWELL was the daughter of Mr. John and Mrs. Mary Atwood, of Haverhill, Massachusetts. The family were in easy circumstances in life, and were highly respected and beloved by the circle of friends in which they moved. Harriet was born October 10th, 1793. She was educated into a belief of those truths and doctrines which are ordinarily termed evangelical. Though no special seriousness was observed or felt in the earlier years of her life, she was in her character such as her relations demanded: a dutiful child, a kind and affectionate sister. The amenity and gentleness of her deportment is still distinctly in the remembrance of those who knew her in her early days.

In the summer of 1806, while in attendance upon the academy at Bradford, a village about a mile distant from her fa-

ther's House, her attention was especially called to serious subjects; and it was at this place that a direction was given to her reflections that resulted in a radical change of heart; and though involved, after this period, for a time, in the vanities of the world, her former impressions returned, and her religious character was invested with an additional lustre. A deeper humility and a steadier faith marked her progress.

Speaking of herself previous to her religious interest, and during that period, she thus writes in her Diary: "The first ten years of my life were spent in vanity: I was entirely ignorant of the depravity of my heart." The amusements common to those of her age were entered upon by her, and it was only by solemnly resolving that she would immediately become religious when the term of her school should close, that her conscience was quieted.

"These determinations," she remarks, "were not carried into effect. Although I attended every day to secret prayer, and read the Bible with greater attention than before, yet I soon became weary of these exercises, and by degrees omitted entirely the duties of the closet. When I entered my thirteenth year, I was sent by my parents to the academy at Bradford. A revival of religion commenced in the neighborhood, which in a short time spread into the school. A large number of the young ladies were anxiously inquiring what they should do to inherit eternal life. I began to inquire, What do these things mean? My attention was solemnly called to the concerns of my immortal soul. I was a stranger to hope; and I feared the ridicule of my gay companions. My heart was opposed to the character of God; and I felt that, if I continued an enemy to his government, I must eternally perish. My con-

victions of sin were not so pungent and distressing as many have had, but they were of long continuance. It was more than three months before I was brought to cast my soul on the Savior of sinners, and rely on him alone for salvation."

Such is the brief history of a mind that, under divine influence, was preparing for its after-career of *then* novel and beautiful Christian action. It is as true in the mental as in the material world, that there is a wise and definite relationship in the plans of God. The character, in its original elements, is often seen to be most happily adapted to the end designed.

It was so in the case of Mrs. Newell. "She was naturally possessed of a lively imagination and great sensibility, cheerful and unreserved." And it was through these elements, matured, refined, and guided by Christian intelligence and love, that she was fitted to feel a compassion and expend a sympathy for the distant heathen that few then felt. The conviction of her own sinfulness, and the strong and painful struggles of her spirit before she gave herself to her Redeemer, left on her heart a deep and definite impression of the misery of a mind alienated from God, and the preciousness of Christ to her desolate heart waked the quick and delicate sensibilities of her soul for the millions in the darkness of heathenism.

"What am I," she writes, even before she had made a profession of her faith—"what am I, that I should be blessed with the Gospel's joyful sound, while so many are perishing in heathen darkness for lack of the knowledge of Christ?"

In the month of August, 1809, she made a public consecration of herself to God in the church of her native village. She was then in the sixteenth year of her age. Her view of this

interesting transaction is such as we might expect from one of her peculiar temperament. In her Diary she thus expresses herself:

“August 6th, 1809, Lord’s day morning. Upon this sacred morning, oh that the Holy Spirit of God would enliven and animate my cold and stupid affections! Oh that I might enter his earthly courts, worship him in an acceptable manner, profess his name before a scoffing world, sit down at his table, and partake in faith of the body and blood of Jesus.”

Other remarks, following this transaction, exhibit the same marked outlines of character as are seen in the history of her life. Her spirit is absorbed in the act, and her affections all centre in this point, and flow out in their unchecked fullness, while yet, with this entireness of her consecration to Christ, is beautifully seen to mingle the self-distrust and diffidence of a sensitive Christian heart. “I have now,” she writes to a friend, “publicly confessed my faith in God. I have taken the vows of the covenant upon me, and solemnly surrendered myself to Him eternally. Entreat God to have mercy upon me, and keep me from falling.”

From this period till the question arose of her going abroad on a mission to the heathen, nothing of special interest is attached to her history. Her Christian character is seen to develop itself with increasing power and beauty; her letters to her companions and friends distinctly reveal her progress, and discover a chastened and deep flow of Christian feeling. Not unlike other followers of Christ, the darkness and the light were mingled in her path; she had her hours of trial and of joy.

At the close of the year 1809, she remarks: “I have now come to the close of another year. How various have been the

scenes which I have been called to pass through this year. But what have I done for God? what for the interests of religion? and what for my own soul? I have passed through one of the most solemn scenes of my life; I have taken the sacramental covenant upon me; I have solemnly joined myself to the Church of the blessed Jesus. Oh that I might now, as in the presence of the great Jehovah and his holy angels, with penitential sorrow confess my past ingratitude, and in humble reliance on the strength of Jesus, resolve to devote the ensuing year, and the remaining part of my days, to his service."

On her birth-day, October 10th, 1810, she speaks thus: "This day entered upon my eighteenth year. Seventeen years have rolled almost insensibly away. I still remain a pilgrim in this barren land."

She speaks, during this month, of a female friend, who informed her of her purpose to spend her life among the heathen.

"How did this news affect my heart? Is *she* willing to do all this for God, and shall I refuse to lend my little aid in a land where divine revelation has shed its clearest rays? I have *felt* more for the salvation of the heathen this day than I recollect to have felt through my whole past life."

Though there was no indication of her own going on a missionary life at this time, her heart seems to have been deeply excited by the degradation and misery of the heathen. "How dreadful their condition! What heart but would bleed at the idea of the sufferings they endure to obtain the joys of Paradise? What can *I* do, that the light of the Gospel may shine upon them?"

Although her heart had been much moved in view of the condition of heathen lands, she seemed little aware that a ques-

tion deeply interesting to herself and others was so soon to receive a practical answer in her own relinquishment of home and country for life. But a little more than two years from this inquiry, her work for the heathen was done, and she entered upon her reward.

It was on the 17th of April, 1811, that her duty, in regard to leaving her home as a missionary, was first presented. It is not possible, at this time, to appreciate the difficulties that then gathered around this subject. The problem of missionary life to heathen lands is now solved; but it was not thus when it was presented to a timid, delicate female, not yet eighteen, nurtured in the bosom of parental care, and sustained by all the amenities of cultivated, social life.

When this question was asked of one thus circumstanced, it seems difficult to divine what new and strange emotions could be waked in the heart.

Speaking of the letter in which the inquiry if she would go on a foreign mission, was made, she says: "This was not a long-wished-for letter; no, it was a long-dreaded one—one which I was conscious would involve me in doubt, anxiety, and distress. Nor were the contents such as I might answer at a *distant* period; they required an immediate answer. And now, what shall I say? How shall I decide this *important*, this interesting question? Shall I consent to leave forever the parents of my youth—the friends of my life—the dear scenes of my childhood and my native country, and go to a land of strangers, not knowing the things that shall befall me there? Oh, for direction from Heaven! oh, for that wisdom which is profitable to direct! I will go to God with an unprejudiced mind, and seek his guidance. I will cast this heavy burden

on Him. So delicate is my situation, that I dare not unbosom my heart to a single person. What shall I do? Could tears direct me in the path of duty, surely I should be directed."

Such was the condition into which the mind of Mrs. Newell was thrown when this subject was presented for her decision. Hard must have been the heart, thus circumstanced, that could repress its sensibilities. To her the question involved the breaking up of all the dear alliances of country, home, and friendship—a self-denial that few have been willing to make. She must quit her native shore, with little or no hope of return. No future expected greetings of parents and friends, once bidden adieu, served to lighten the sorrows of the breaking heart: she spoke her long, last farewell, when she left her native land.

There is a grandeur, at times, in the decisions of the human mind that language has little power to express. As there is in material nature a beauty and a loftiness that no pencil can draw, so is there in the character a height and beauty that words can not reach, and that we can best appreciate in our unspoken reflections.

The sensibilities of the heart, the decisions of the will, those hidden and deep conflicts of the inward, spiritual life, are not weighed in the scales of materialism, or imaged out by any conventional phraseology. Situated as Mrs. Newell was, in the decision of the subject on which hung her whole future life, there is a development of character which we will not attempt to delineate.

Nor do we believe that, with her character and inducements to remain in her own land, and among her friends, the decision to go to India would ever have been made but under higher motives than this life offers. This is evident from her own

writings. In them is distinctly seen the conflict that existed in her heart, in the settlement of this question. It was at the expense of the long-cherished and endeared associations of a youthful mind that she seemed simply to inquire for duty. When *this* was settled, *all* was settled; and though the natural affections were not suppressed, nor the sympathies and sensibilities of the heart to friends and home less full and sweet than before, they were all held subordinate to higher claims.

In this was illustrated the delightful outline of character which lies at the foundation of all true moral excellence. The will of God was the law of life. *Duty* settled all inquiries. Conscience, enlightened, had but to give its decisions, and all the powers of the soul yielded a quick compliance.

It was in this ready, simple acquiescence to right that Mrs. Newell has exhibited an elevation of Christian character that most naturally classes itself with those who, in past times, have not "counted their lives dear unto them."

To trace the play of the natural sensibility and refined sympathy in her character, chastened and subdued by a high love to Christ and to the perishing heathen, might easily occupy a more extended narration, and furnish an outline of the rarest excellence.

The piety of Mrs. Newell, though firm, was gentle and complaisant; simple and child-like as it was true; yielding to all the sweet proprieties of a just and natural relationship with the readiest Christian grace and ease. There was no diminution in heart of love to home and friends, amid the deep flow of Christian affection that bore her steadily and unhesitatingly on to the great purpose she had formed.

There is not seldom, in the high decisions of man, an anni-

hilation of much that makes up the perfection and beauty of human character. The resolves, like the eruptions of nature, lift into view and leave visible only what is rugged, cold, and stern; and the character is left bleak and bare of all that is winning, and affectionate, and delicate. All is imbedded in the depths of an immutable will; the sensibilities are expulsed, and the purposes are firm, only as humanity is dead.

There is firmness, too, when all the pulses of refined feeling beat with delicate and quickened life. The tenderest sympathies are fresh in each social impulse; and gentle tears are falling in the footprints of an unchangeable purpose.

The one is like the granite, cold and immutable in its hoary bed; the other is nature, moving steadily and unalterably on, with sunlight and smiles on her face, scattering the tokens of her gentle heart in the glad rain-drops that fall from her eyes of sympathy over us. Like her great Author, her immutability is the immutability of gentleness and love.

Mrs. Newell, in her firmness, lost none of the modesty and diffidence that invests the female character with a special charm; she was the woman still, pliant to the wishes of others with an easy gentleness, yielding every thing that love and duty did not forbid. It was the well-proportioned character, diminished naught by the one fixed design of her heart. It stands, in our view, a specimen in this respect; on a height of excellence that mere philosophy has never reached; worthy of the study of those who would temper their firmness, in a world of temptation, with a condescension and gentleness that is as remote from the fixedness of an unyielding obstinacy, as it is from the fickleness of hesitancy and doubt.

On the 6th of February, 1812, Mrs. Newell was present at

the ordination of the missionaries at Salem ; yet tranquil and firm in the purpose she had formed, of devoting her life to the heathen. On the 19th, she sailed with her husband, in connection with Mr. and Mrs. Judson, for India, leaving forever her native land and home, amid the sympathies and prayers of thousands. She arrived June 16th, 1812. At Calcutta, during the voyage, and while in India, the character of Mrs. Newell is presented in the same light in which it has already been described ; circumstances, varied from those of home and personal friends, served to call out her affectionate heart in new forms of Christian love. She was alive to all that was novel and strange in the customs and manners of Eastern life, and she drank in the fresh pleasures which the scenes were adapted to inspire.

Of the kindness of Christian friends in Calcutta and Serampore, where they were permitted to remain but a short time, she speaks in the highest manner. With her open and affectionate heart, she seemed to win the confidence and love of all with whom she mingled ; and it is no light testimony to the excellence and value of her character that, in all her intercourse, she excited the love and kindness of all toward herself, as her own heart was replete with love to others.

In all her reflections in her Diary, in all her letters, we remember no instance in which anger or discontent are expressed in regard to the conduct or character of others. Whatever different views might be entertained by friends of her purpose, whatever ridicule might be cast on what was deemed by many a wild and romantic scheme, only waked in her heart a purer and deeper flow of tenderness and love for those who differed from her.

Surrounded by the courtesies and kindness of the Christian missionary families in India, she seemed to herself almost again in the home of her childhood. But amid all these sweet alliances of Christian hearts, the novelty of circumstances, and character, and scenery, she did not forget the millions of dark and debased idolaters by whom she was surrounded.

Her work, for which she left her home, was *first* in her heart; this occupied her prayers, and called forth the tenderest sympathies. For this all the past sacrifices of her life had been made, and she seemed to tend to this result as her only point of rest.

Disappointed in this, though we find no murmur from her lips, yet her fond hopes were overcast. "How dark," she remarks, "are the ways of Providence! Must we leave these heathen shores?" Her clouds, however, were soon dispelled, and, in happy reliance on the promises of God, Mr. and Mrs. Newell, with deep regret, left India for the Isle of France.

Fresh trials awaited her on her passage. A lovely child, five days from its birth, was committed to a watery grave.

The health of Mrs. Newell gradually declined from the birth of her child, October 11th, till the 30th of November, when she calmly and cheerfully resigned her spirit to Him who gave it.

The circumstances of her death were such as might naturally be expected from her life. These are tenderly and minutely described by Mr. Newell, in a letter to her mother, soon after her decease, from which we make the following extracts.

"When I sit down to address you, my dear mother, from this distant land, to me a land of strangers and a place of exile, a thousand tender thoughts arise in my mind, and naturally suggest such inquiries as these, How is it now with that dear

woman to whom I am indebted for my greatest earthly blessing, the mother of my dear Harriet; and mine, too (for I must claim the privilege of considering you as my own dear mother)? Does the candle of the Lord shine on her tabernacle, and is the voice of joy and praise yet heard in her dwelling? Or, what is not improbable in this world of disappointment, has some new affliction, the death, perhaps, of a dear child or of some other beloved friend, caused her heart again to bleed and her tears to flow? Ah! my mother, though we may live many years and see good in them all, yet let us remember the days of darkness, for they, too, will be many. It is decreed by Infinite Wisdom alone that through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of Heaven. You, my dear mother, have had your share of adversity, and I, too, have had mine; but we will not complain. Sanctified afflictions are the choicest favors of heaven. They cure us of our vain and foolish expectations from the world, and teach our thoughts and affections to ascend and fix on joys that never die. I never longed so much to see you as I have these several days past. What would I now give to sit one hour by that dear fireside, where I have tasted the most unalloyed pleasure that earth affords, and recount to you and the dear children the perils, the toils, and the sufferings through which I have passed since I left my native land. In this happy circle I should for a moment forget * *

“Yes, my dear friends, I would tell you how God has disappointed our favorite schemes, and blasted our hopes of preaching Christ in India, and has sent us all away from that extensive field of usefulness, with an intimation that he has nothing for us to do there, while he has suffered others to enter in and reap the harvest. I would tell you how he has visited *us all*

with sickness, and how he has afflicted me, in particular, by taking away the dear little babe which he gave us—the child of our prayers, of our hopes, of our tears. I would tell you ; but O ! shall I tell it, or forbear * * *

“Have courage, my mother, God will support you under this trial, though it may for a time cause your very heart to bleed. Come, then, let us mingle our griefs and weep together, for she was dear to us both ; and she, too, is gone. Yes, Harriet, your lovely daughter, is gone, and you will see her face no more ! Harriet, my own dear Harriet, the wife of my youth and the desire of my eyes, has bid me a last farewell, and left me to mourn and weep ! Yes, she is gone. I wiped the cold sweat of death from her pale, emaciated face, while we traveled together down to the entrance of the dark valley. There she took her upward flight, and I saw her ascend to the mansions of the blessed. Oh ! Harriet, Harriet, for thou wast very dear to me ! Thy last sigh tore my heart asunder, and dissolved the charm that bound me to earth. * * * * *

“Let us turn from the tale of woe to a brighter scene ; one that will gladden your heart, as I am sure it does mine. During this long series of sufferings, the bare recital of which must affect every feeling heart, she meekly yielded to the will of her heavenly Father without one murmuring word. ‘My wicked heart,’ she writes, ‘is *inclined* to think it hard that I should suffer such fatigue and hardship. I sinfully envy those whose lot it is to live in tranquillity on land. Happy people ! ye know not the toils and trials of voyagers across the rough and stormy deep. Oh for a little Indian hut on land. But hush, my warring passions, it is for Jesus, who sacrificed the joys of his Father’s kingdom, and expired on a cross to redeem a fallen world,

that thus I wander from place to place, and feel nowhere at home ! How reviving the thought ! How great the consolation it yields to my sinking heart ! I will cherish it, and yet be happy.'

"In view of those sufferings which she afterward experienced, she writes thus : 'I hope to reach the place of our destination in good health. But I feel no anxiety about that ; I know that God orders every thing in the best possible manner. If He so orders events that I shall suffer pain and sickness on the stormy ocean, without a female friend, exposed to the greatest inconveniences, shall I repine, and think he deals hardly with me ? Oh no. Let the *severest trials and disappointments* fall to my lot, guilty and weak as I am, yet I think I can rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation.'

"In the first part of her sickness she had some doubts, which occasionally interrupted her spiritual comfort ; but they were soon removed, and her mind was filled with that peace of God which passeth all understanding. When I asked her, a few days before she died, if she had any remaining doubts respecting her spiritual state, she answered, with an emphasis, that she had none. During the whole of her sickness she talked in the most familiar manner, and with great delight, of death and the glory that was to follow. When Dr. Burke one day told her those were gloomy thoughts, she had better get rid of them, she replied, on the contrary, they were to her cheering and joyful beyond what she could express. When I attempted to persuade her that she would recover (which I fondly hoped), it seemed to strike her like a disappointment. She would say, 'You ought rather to pray that I may depart, that I may be perfectly free from sin, and be where God is.'

“A few days before she died, after one of those distressing
urns of coughing and raising phlegm, which so rapidly wasted
her strength, she called me to come and sit on the bed beside
her, and receive her dying messages to her friends. She ob-
served that her strength was quite exhausted, and she could
say only a few words, but feared she should not have another
opportunity. ‘Tell my dear mother,’ said she, ‘how much
Harriet loved her. Tell her to look to God and keep near to
Him, and He will support and comfort her in all her trials. I
shall meet her in heaven—for surely she is one of the dear
children of God.’ She then turned to her brothers and sisters.
‘Tell them,’ said she, ‘from the lips of their dying sister, that
there is nothing but religion worth living for. Oh, exhort
them to attend immediately to the care of their precious, im-
mortal souls. Tell them not to delay repentance. The eldest
of them will be anxious to know how I now feel with respect
to missions. Tell them, and also my dear mother, that I have
never regretted leaving my native land for the cause of Christ.
Let my dear brothers and sisters know that I love them to the
last. I hope to meet them in heaven; but oh, if I should
not—’ Here the tears burst from her eyes, and her sobs of
grief at the thought of an eternal separation expressed the
feelings that were too big for utterance. After she had re-
covered a little from the shock which these strong emotions
had given to her whole frame, she attempted to speak of several
other friends, but was obliged to sum up all she had to say in
‘Love and an affectionate farewell to them all.’ Within a day
or two of her death, such conversation as the following passed
between us :

“ ‘Should you not be willing to recover, and live a while
longer here?’

“ ‘On some accounts, it would be desirable. I wish to do something for God before I die. But the experience I have had of the deceitfulness of my heart leads me to expect that, if I should recover, my future life would be much the same as my past has been, and I long to be perfectly free from sin. God has called me away before we have entered on the work of the mission ; but the case of David affords me comfort ; I have had it in my heart to do what I can for the heathen, and I hope God will accept me.’

“ ‘But what shall I do when you are gone ? How can I bear the separation ?’

“ ‘Jesus will be your best friend, and our separation will be short. We shall soon, very soon, meet in a better world ; if I thought we should not, it would be painful indeed to part with you.’

“ ‘How does your past life appear to you now ?’

“ ‘Bad enough ; but that only makes the grace of Christ appear the more glorious.

“ ‘Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my heavenly dress ;
’Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.’

“ ‘When I told her that she could not live through the next day, she replied, ‘Oh, joyful news ; I long to depart.’ Some time after, I asked her, ‘How does death appear to you now ?’ She replied, ‘Glorious ; truly welcome.’ During Sabbath night she seemed to be a little wandering ; but the next morning she had her recollection perfectly. As I stood by her, I asked her if she knew me. At first she made no answer. I said to her again, ‘My dear Harriet, do you know who I am ?’

‘My dear Mr. Newell, my husband,’ was her reply; but in broken accents, and a voice faltering in death.

“The last words which I remember, and which I think were the last she uttered relative to her departure, were these, ‘The pains, the groans, the dying strife, how long, O Lord, how long.’”

“But I must stop, for I have already exceeded the bounds of a letter, though I have come far short of doing justice to the dying deportment of this dear friend. Oh may my last end be like hers.”

Such was the closing scene in the life of one who will live in the affectionate memory of many lands, till the triumph of Christian benevolence is complete. There will linger around the name of HARRIET NEWELL an influence that will be widely diffused—an influence vital and refreshing as the breath of morning.

It can not escape the reflection of one who believes in the providence of God, that this first sacrifice to missions in the American Church was selected by a wisdom that knoweth the end from the beginning; by One “wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working.” A brighter example of mingled excellences in character is seldom seen on the historic page.

We may, in a thoughtless moment, have wished her to live; but the stars come not out till the sun is down. No long-protracted life could have so blessed the Church as her early death. She rose from death like a star of evening, for Christian and heathen mothers long to gaze at.

Her little village, once the repose of a family unbroken, but now widely scattered, is named by the passing traveler as

“the place where Harriet Newell lived;” and the village itself is a dear spot to many, in the remembrance of Harriet and her early death. They love to identify their own life with a life they so justly admire. And far off from this her native village, on the beautiful banks of the Merrimac—in southern, sunny climes—it has been our lot to meet “Harriet Newells,” so named from the esteem and love that Christian mothers bore to this first American missionary.

Thus wide is her influence, in the economy of Providence. “That life is long that answers life’s great end.” The closing history of Mrs. Newell serves only to confirm the impression that her life was one of sincere devotion to a great and good end.

The Savior, to whom she had given her heart, and for whom her life was counted not dear, accepted the service. The close of her earthly career was a delightful illustration of the truth, “The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”

Her heart was given to the Savior, whom she loved; she had gone out at his bidding; and his presence and love were her solace. Life had no object but to do the will of God; and death was but the introduction to a complete fulfillment of that will.

Happy consecration of spirit this! A death over which no fears were gathered. An example bright with Christian heroism she left to bless mankind, till the mission of mercy to the human family is closed.



ADONIRAM JUDSON.

FAC SIMILE, FROM PRINTED PAGE SENT TO HIS SISTER.

*First Karen writing &
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the types by Mr Bennett.

Marlboro

Nov. 1832 - A. Judson.

REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D.,
MRS. ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON,
MRS. SARAH BOARDMAN JUDSON,
AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION.

BY REV. S. S. CUTTING,
BOSTON, MASS.

IN the early part of the seventeenth century, a vessel approached the eastern shore of what is now the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, bearing a precious company of God's elect, who came hither to plant a new empire amid primeval forests, and to extend the reign of Christ over wild and savage men. Two centuries had elapsed when another vessel departed from those same shores, bearing, in the persons of four missionaries, and in the solemn consecration to Christ and his cause, of which this self-denying zeal was the fruit and the witness, the germs and the pledge of spiritual and immortal harvests, to be reaped amid the old idolatries of the Eastern World. These missiona-

ries, who sailed from Salem on the 19th of February, 1813, were Adoniram and Ann H. Judson, and Samuel and Harriet Newell. It is the purpose of this paper to sketch, without minuteness of detail, the career of the first of these distinguished personages, and of the two illustrious women who were successively the partners of his life and labors.

ADONIRAM JUDSON, Junior, was born at Malden, Massachusetts, August 9th, 1788. The son of pious parents, his father a Congregational clergyman, he was religiously educated, but until he had grown up to manhood he gave no evidence of a religious character. He was graduated at Brown University in 1807, with the highest honor, and won applause by the manner in which he acquitted himself on that occasion. During his college course he was ambitious to excel, and there was a certain imperiousness in his manner which kept others from intimate associations with him. He was probably aware of his intellectual superiority, and intended that others should be aware of it likewise. He was in precisely the right frame of mind to drink in the prevailing infidelity which gained such wide sway during the period of the French Revolution, and which even at this time poisoned thousands of cultivated minds. And yet there were qualities of his mind which forbade his taking upon trust a denial of Christianity, however agreeable that denial might be to his complacent pride. He had commenced a tour of the United States, but the thought that he had never intelligently settled the claims of the Christian religion arrested him on his journey, and turned his steps backward to his father's house. Here he commenced the study of the evidences, and these, with the reading of Boston's "Four-fold State," from which he derived new views of the Christian

system, agitated his mind to its depths, and precluded the possibility of peace till he found it in Christ.

While still pursuing religious investigations, and acknowledging that he had no evidence of personal participation in the blessings of the Gospel, he applied for admission into the Theological Seminary at Andover, then recently established. The rules requiring personal piety were suspended in his case, and he was admitted. In this sacred retreat he was soon enabled to surrender himself to Christ, and to find that peace in him for which his agitated and stricken heart had been so earnestly seeking.

It was not in the nature of Adoniram Judson, which God had fitted for great achievements, to tread an ordinary path. His comprehensive and earnest powers demanded a wide field and a great work. Just at this time, Divine Providence placed in his way Buchanan's "Star in the East," and the reading of that discourse, which created a profound sensation throughout the religious world, awakened in his mind a desire to give himself personally to the work of missions. We have little idea at this day of the difficulties which at that time lay between such a desire and its realization. True, the essential spirit of missions had been awakened in every regenerated heart, and every sincere utterer of the Lord's Prayer had breathed forth a petition for the spread and triumph of the Gospel. True, the missionary endeavors of British Christians had been recorded in newspapers and magazines, and the intelligence of them, which had been widely spread among the American Churches, had awakened considerable interest, and had even called forth responses in the shape of pecuniary contributions. But the whole subject rested vaguely in the minds of most Christians

in this country, and there was no organization in existence here under whose patronage a missionary could be sent abroad. The foundations of that vast and comprehensive enterprise, which, resting upon the prayers and contributions of the churches and on the promises of God, has sent forth many hundreds of missionaries to the most distant lands, and embraces under its protection and spiritual guidance many thousands of converts, were yet to be laid.

Mr. Judson was not alone in the desires to which we have alluded. The Holy Spirit had been working in other minds and hearts, and when the subjects of these influences disclosed to each other their views, they found in their breasts an identity of experience which confirmed their convictions of duty, and settled their purpose to give themselves up to Christ in the missionary work. It would seem impossible that themselves or others should fail to recognize in that experience a divine call, or that under such leadings the churches should fail to take up and sustain the work to which they were summoned. God would take to himself the glory of American missions to the heathen, by putting his own seal upon their origin and early developments. In view of the difficulties arising from the fact that no missionary organization existed in this country, Mr. Judson at an early day wrote to the London Missionary Society, disclosing his views and seeking information, and he had even meditated the offer of his services to that society. But events were ripening here at home. The young men at Andover, whose vows have been not unfittingly compared to those which three centuries earlier were made in the chapel at Montmartre, in compliance with the advice of the professors and others, determined on decisive action, and

in the month of June, 1810, a memorial, drawn up by Mr. Judson, and signed by himself and Samuel Nott, Junior, Samuel J. Mills, and Samuel Newell, was laid before the General Association at Bradford: the result is well known. After the most mature deliberation, a Board was appointed, which, under the name of the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," was fully organized, in the autumn of the same year, at Farmington, Connecticut.

Under the direction of the Board, Mr. Judson sailed for England, to consult with the directors of the London Missionary Society concerning an arrangement for co-operation by a joint superintendence and support of missionaries appointed by the Board in this country. The vessel in which he embarked was captured by a French privateer, and Mr. Judson was for a while detained prisoner at Bayonne. At first, through the influence of an American gentleman released on parole, he at length received passports from the emperor, and reached England. The co-operation suggested by the American Board was declined, though the London Directors were ready to receive Mr. Judson and his associates under their patronage, if they should fail of support in their own country.

Meanwhile, the prospects of the American Board had assumed a brighter hue. Impelled to independent action, they determined to commence their work, and at the meeting at Worcester, in September, 1811, Messrs. Judson, Hall, Newell, and Nott received appointment as missionaries, and were designated to the Burmese Empire, or some contiguous territory beyond British jurisdiction. This action was taken on the urgent solicitation of Mr. Judson and one of his missionary brethren, who were impatient to reach the scene of their labors, and who were

apprehensive of difficulties which might arise from the impending war with Great Britain.

It was during the session of the Association at Bradford, in 1810, that Mr. Judson for the first time saw Miss Hasseltine, who became the partner of his early missionary toils.

ANN HASSELTINE, daughter of Mr. John and Mrs. Rebecca Hasseltine, was born at Bradford, Massachusetts, December 22d, 1789. Her early years were distinguished by the qualities which, sanctified by her devotion to Christ, at a later day placed her name among the most illustrious of her sex. Her mind was strong, active, and clear; her spirits buoyant, her attachments ardent, and her fertility of resources for the accomplishment of her purposes amazing and infallible. She was dignified and even commanding in her bearing, and yet was affable and winning. It is difficult to say whether fortitude or benevolence were the ascendant trait in her character, to such an extent did she mingle the sterner powers with the most gentle and womanly affections. Indeed, she appears to have been specially raised up for the sphere in which she illustrated the highest virtues of the woman and the Christian. Her education at Bradford Academy seems to have been ample and thorough. Her mind was well disciplined, and her acquisitions large. She pursued her studies with the same ardor and intenseness with which she gave herself to all her pursuits and plans. Her intellectual culture became an indispensable aid in the important part which she was subsequently called to perform.

We infer from her own testimony that her early religious training was imperfect. She was not accustomed to "discriminating preaching;" and her mother, "at that time ignorant



ANN H. JUDSON.

FAC SIMILE FROM LETTER TO DR. JUDSON, DATED LIVERPOOL, AUGUST 11TH, 1822.

Surely my Love after
 what God has done for us
 in Karsoon, we should not
 be discouraged for if every
 door is shut up in Karsoon
 we can go to Chittagong. God
 will yet provide, let us trust
 in him.

Ann. M. Judson.

of the nature of true religion," though she had taught her daughter to say her prayers and to abstain from the vices of prevarication and disobedience, and that she must be a good child if she would escape hell and go to heaven, had probably communicated very imperfect views of human sinfulness and the way of salvation. Indeed, Mrs. Judson speaks of the virtue to which she attained under this instruction as pharisaical; and when awakened by the Holy Spirit to a sense of her sins, she testifies that "she felt herself as perfectly ignorant of the nature of true religion as the very heathen." Her first serious attention to the subject of religion was occasioned by opening Hannah More's *Strictures on Female Education*, and casting her eye on the passage, printed in italics, "*She that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she liveth.*" It is often said of Bun-

yan, that he would never have been qualified for the work which he performed, had it not been for the peculiar and wonderful process through which he passed in his conversion. Mrs. Judson was a very different character, and her conversion was marked by very different features; but it bore the same relation substantially to the mission which she subsequently fulfilled. It was marked by striking tokens of the divine presence and grace, working the most thorough self-abasement and self-renunciation, and the most cordial and confiding trust in the Redeemer. Though unused to "discriminating preaching," her theological views, which evidently were understood by herself, and received on intelligent grounds, were remarkably scriptural, harmonizing very nearly with those of Edwards and his school. Edwards on Redemption is mentioned as a work by which she was specially "instructed, quickened, and strengthened." Her face kindled with joy while she spoke of its "precious contents." Indeed, her conversion, and her establishment in a life of faith, as she has herself narrated it, might with great advantage be recommended to inquirers as indicating the method of the sinner's acceptance with God.

This great change in her character occurred in the seventeenth year of her age. Her growth in grace was surprisingly rapid. Thus early, according to the testimony of her sister, which we now have before us, she attained the "full assurance of hope." "I have seasons of feeling," she said to one of them, "that I do sit at the feet of my Savior, weeping for my sinfulness, and that I do choose him for my 'Prophet, Priest, and King.' At these seasons I have felt that if my soul was lost, the whole plan of salvation must fail, so conscious am I of loving him, and giving myself to him in his appointed way."

On the subject of unreserved submission, she remarked to the same sister, "I have seasons when I feel that I have given myself unreservedly to the Savior, to be disposed of as he sees best for time and eternity." On being asked "if she was willing to be lost," she replied, "I am not willing to be an enemy of God; with this submissive spirit I could not be unhappy, however he might dispose of me."

Nor was she attaining these large measures of inward grace and comfort without manifesting her love to Christ by her active devotion to his service. The zeal which made her a missionary abroad first made her a missionary at home. "From the time of her conversion," we are told, "till her departure from the country, she rarely spent half an hour in any company without introducing the subject of personal religion. Besides availing herself of these opportunities for doing good, she often dispatched the labors of the day with astonishing alacrity, and stole out to visit some neighbor, where she would sit long, and with all the earnestness of her nature urge the duty of personal devotion to Christ. In this manner she visited nearly every family in a wide circle around her home. Once, when she had gone to watch with an aged sick lady, she urged the subject of religion upon the invalid, and upon another aged lady present, telling them of their need of an interest in Christ, since by nature they were enemies of God. "Oh no, miss," one of them replied, "you are young yet; you do not understand these things; nobody can be an enemy of God." On the Sabbath it was her custom to choose out some one, when returning from church, and, kindly taking the arm of her companion so chosen, endeavor to awaken religious reflections.

It is impossible for us, within our narrow limits, to multiply

illustrations of her character at this period of her life. It must be sufficient to say that with enough of fluctuations in the tone of her feelings to link her experience with that of believers generally, she had nevertheless attained to extraordinary measures of knowledge and grace while thus young in years, and in the very morning of her religious course. Nor were these early promises unfulfilled in the lapse of time. They were rather the signs and pledges of her uniform and heroic life. Among her personal friends, and as a teacher of the young, an employment in which she seems to have engaged from her deep convictions of the duty of a useful life, she illustrated in the highest degree her devotion to Christ, preparing herself, under a divine guidance, though most unexpectedly to herself, for the broader sphere of duty to which she was to be summoned.

Mr. Judson's acquaintance with Miss Hasseltine, in 1810, resulted very soon after in an offer of marriage on his part, and an invitation to share with him the responsibilities and perils of missionary life. To an American woman it was an untried path, beset with difficulties and dangers. It was not in her nature to enter it without a thorough consideration of any question which might suitably bear upon her decision. Mr. Judson, with an honorable manliness, in the very act of proposing to her and to her parents this participation in missionary life, portrayed every discouragement in its truest colors. The struggles through which her own mind passed in arriving at a decision she has faithfully recorded, and they furnish a beautiful tribute to her delicacy as a woman, and to her fortitude and devotion as a Christian. Mr. Judson's offer was accepted, and thus were brought together two extraordinary characters, most remarkably suited to each other, and to the exalted sphere

of Christian duty to which they were assigned. They were married at Bradford, February 5th, 1812. Mr. Judson, with Messrs. Newell, Nott, Hall, and Rice, were ordained the next day at Salem, and on the 19th of the same month, as before stated, Mr. and Mrs. Judson embarked for Calcutta.

The Caravan, with this precious freight on board, arrived at Calcutta June 18th, and the missionaries soon found themselves hospitably lodged with Dr. Carey at Serampore. As if to prepare them for the severer encounters which were before them, they were at once encompassed by difficulties, arising from the hostility to missionary operations which still prevailed in the councils of the East India Company. Ordered at first to return to America, they obtained leave to sail for the Isle of France; but as two only could be accommodated in the vessel which was about to sail, this retreat was yielded to Mr. and Mrs. Newell, the health of the latter demanding repose. How soon her final repose was found, and how fragrant the recollections of her which abide in the hearts of the earlier friends of American missions! The hostility of the East India Company did not slumber. Mr. and Mrs. Judson were next ordered to take passage for England. Flying from their persecutors, however, they reached by hair-breadth escapes the Isle of France, where they found Mr. Newell, "heart-broken and disconsolate," scarcely able to narrate to them the particulars of his bereavement. But they could find no permanent stay. Though the governor was not disposed to regard a notice which he had received from Calcutta to look after them as suspected persons, they saw here no desirable opening for missionary labors, and revolved again the question of their destination. "Oh when will my wanderings terminate?" wrote Mrs. Judson in her

journal; "when shall I find some little spot that I can call my home in this world? Yet I rejoice in all thy dealings, oh my heavenly Father, for thou dost support me under every trial, and enable me to lean on thee. Thou dost make me to feel the sweetness of deriving comfort from thee when worldly comforts fail. Thou dost not suffer me to sink down in despondency, but enablest me to look forward with joy to a state of heavenly rest and happiness. Then shall I have to wander no more; the face of Jesus shall be unveiled, and I shall rest in the arms of love through all eternity." They thought of Madagascar as a field of labor, and then resolved upon Pinang, to reach which they embarked for Madras. Here, however, they were again within the territories of the East India Company, and, apprehensive of new hostilities from that quarter, they took refuge on board an unseaworthy vessel bound to Rangoon; and after a voyage of many dangers, found themselves thus strangely led by divine Providence to the place of their original destination—the field to be honored by their subsequent labors and triumphs.

Not long after their arrival in Calcutta, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, in conformity with a change in their views on the subject of baptism, had been baptized by Dr. Carey, and received to the fellowship of the Baptist churches. Their letters, as well as the circumstances attending the event, attest the conscientiousness with which this transfer of their denominational relations was attended.

They reached Rangoon in July, 1813. Mrs. Judson was exhausted and enfeebled by the cares, privations, and dangers through which she had passed; and, on their arrival at Rangoon, was unable either to ride on horseback or to walk from

the shore. Borne on the shoulders of four natives, she reached the mission-house of Felix Carey, in which they were hospitably received by Mrs. Carey, her husband being absent at the time, and where they found a home. By a series of providential events, the attempts of the English Baptist and other missionaries to establish a mission in Burmah had failed of success, and the field, forbidding as it was, came now under the exclusive care of American Baptists, to whom Mr. Judson had already appealed, and who, in immediate response,* accepted Mr. and Mrs. Judson as missionaries. Mrs. Judson's letters and journal, written at about the time of their arrival at Rangoon, are remarkable for the strong faith which they indicate amid hours of the deepest gloom and darkness. She seems to have possessed the clearest evidences of her being personally in the path of duty, and to have anticipated the triumphs of the Redeemer's kingdom, even on that hostile soil, undisturbed by a doubt. She enjoyed the sweetest and most intimate communion with her Lord, and trode the earth as more than half the inhabitant of a higher sphere.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson, once established in Rangoon, applied themselves with great assiduity to the acquisition of the Burman language. They had good teachers, and, considering the difficulties of the language, made rapid progress. Mrs. Judson, from the circumstance that she had assumed all family cares, acquired soonest the power to converse; but Mr. Judson, from his manner of studying, and his tastes for philological research, gained a more thorough knowledge of the structure of the

* The Baptist General Convention for missionary purposes, now the American Baptist Missionary Union, was formed by delegates of the denomination assembled at Philadelphia, April, 1814.

tongue. A long time, however, passed away before they could accomplish much in the way of imparting religious instruction, and when, after three years of study, Mr. Judson was prepared to make a beginning with the work of translation, he found himself worn out by continuous mental application. Mrs. Judson had already been obliged to seek the restoration of her health by a voyage to Madras, which she had accomplished with the happiest results, and Mr. Judson had made arrangements for a similar relief, when the Rev. George H. Hough, a missionary-printer, arrived to re-enforce the mission, bringing with him a printing-press, the gift of the Serampore missionaries. Excited to new efforts, Mr. Judson gave up the voyage; a tract, entitled a Summary of the Christian Religion, and a catechism, were soon issued; and the Gospel of Matthew was printed in the course of the following year.

During the period when Mr. and Mrs. Judson were acquiring the knowledge of the language and of the people, it was a blessing of great moment that they lived on terms of respect and friendship with the viceroy. One of the high officers is spoken of as especially considerate and friendly. The ladies of the palace received Mrs. Judson as a friend and equal—a circumstance which might at some time be to the advantage of the mission. But, though treated with respect by the authorities, and respected, too, by the people, it was for a long time that they seemed to labor utterly in vain. The moral darkness around them was dense and unbroken. By a long process of disappointments and disasters, God had disciplined his servants for their work, and now he would show them how utterly feeble and ineffectual were their endeavors, until he should bestow his blessing.

Light dawned at length. In March, 1817, an intelligent Burman, accompanied by a servant, presented himself to Mr. Judson and sat down by his side. He had heard no living teacher, but he had read the publications of the mission; he was an inquirer. Hitherto, conversations on religion had been of Mr. Judson's proposing, and though sometimes he was cheered with the hope that truth had made an impression, he had until now met no individual who was sufficiently interested in the Gospel to *seek* an acquaintance with it. The missionaries saw, more and more, signs of promise in their work. In April, 1819, the first zayat—an edifice which is both a caravansary and place for public meetings—was opened for Christian worship in the Burman language, and on the 5th of May Mr. Judson recorded his hope that the first convert had been won. "It seems almost too much to believe," said the faithful missionary, after seven years of toil and prayer, "it seems almost too much to believe that God has begun to manifest his grace to the Burmans; but this day I could not resist the delightful conviction that this is really the case. Praise and glory be to his name for evermore. Amen." Moungh Nau, the convert alluded to, was baptized June 27th.

We must now abandon details altogether, and confine ourselves to a few of those more striking incidents which marked the career of Mr. Judson. Through long preliminary labors the mission is now established, and its first-fruits are gathered.

In November, 1819, the impression made by the labors of the missionaries had attracted the attention of the local authorities, and the significant solicitude of those authorities had awakened the apprehensions of the converts and inquirers. An appeal to the king in behalf of religious toleration seemed the

only hopeful way of removing the fears of the people, and accordingly Mr. Judson and Mr. Colman undertook the ascent of the Irrawaddy to the capital on this important errand. In conformity with the established usages of Oriental countries, they bore with them presents for the king and his officers of state, choosing such as best befitted their character and purpose. For the king they procured a copy of the Bible, elegantly bound in six volumes, each volume inclosed in a rich wrapper. They reached Ava in safety, and, through the kind offices of Mr. Judson's friend, the former Viceroy of Rangoon, they were admitted to the palace with less than the usual preliminary difficulties. They were conducted, "through various splendor and parade," to a flight of stairs, the ascent of which brought them to a lofty hall, magnificent in its decorations, and extended through long lines of stately pillars. At length they caught sight of the modern Ahasuerus, approaching in the distance, "unattended—in solitary grandeur—exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an Eastern monarch." "He strided on. Every head, excepting ours," says Mr. Judson, "was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on the monarch. When he drew near, we caught his attention. 'Who are these?' 'The teachers, great king,' I replied. 'When did you arrive?' 'Are you teachers of religion?' 'Are you like the Portuguese priests?' 'Are you married?' 'Why do you dress so?'" The missionaries answered these and other questions, and the king seemed pleased. He sat down and listened to their petition, in which they frankly and fully stated their character and purposes as Christian missionaries. He then took the petition himself, and read it through deliberately without saying a word. When he had read this, they placed

in his hands a small tract illustrative of the Christian religion. He held the tract long enough to read two sentences which affirmed the existence of an eternal God, who is independent of the incidents of mortality, and that besides him there is no God. This was enough. He dashed the writing to the ground. An attendant attempted to aid the purpose of the missionaries by unfolding the elegant volumes which were designed for the king, but he did not notice them. "In regard to the objects of your petition," said the minister of state, "his majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his majesty has no use for them—take them away." Thus ended the first attempt to secure toleration in Burmah; thus the monarch of that country treated his first knowledge of the only true God.

The missionaries, when they had ascertained the established policy of the empire in regard to toleration, were satisfied that they had made a mistake. They turned away from the capital depressed and anxious, with their sole trust in God. They expected to find the disciples even more disheartened than themselves, and had well-nigh determined to cross the line into Arracan, that they might pursue their work under British protection. But, to their grateful surprise, they found the disciples undismayed, and standing fast in the faith. Accordingly, Mr. and Mrs. Judson remained in Rangoon, Mr. Colman repairing to Arracan, that there might be a retreat in case of danger.

The missionary work went on with encouraging success. A grammar and dictionary were completed, and the Gospel of Matthew and several tracts had been issued from the press. Several converts had been added to the Church, making ten in all at the close of the year 1820.

In the summer of 1821, the continued ill health of Mrs. Judson requiring further relief, she embarked for America, by the way of England. Amid the discomforts of a sea voyage and suffering from disease, she forgot not her duties as a Christian, and kindly and faithfully labored for the salvation of the ladies who were her companions on ship-board. Arrived in England, she was received into the house of Mr. Joseph Butterworth, M.P., where she enjoyed the most delightful intercourse with Christian friends, and enlisted a larger measure of sympathy for the missionary cause. Among those whose acquaintance she made in England were Wilberforce, Babington, and Sumner, the king's chaplain. She embarked from England in August, and arrived in this country in the month of September. Here she was the object of the most distinguished attentions, and here, by her personal appeals and influence, and by the publication of her *History of the Burman Mission*, she contributed largely to the increase of missionary zeal in the American Churches. We have observed with interest that, in one of her letters to Dr. Wayland, she urged upon him, in the strongest language, the duty of preaching much and earnestly on the subject of missions. May it not be that her influence contributed to the production of that remarkable sermon on the *Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise*, delivered in the autumn of the same year, which not only at once established the fame of the preacher as among the most elegant of our writers, but gained for the cause also, in every circle of society, a new measure of admiration and interest? In the spring of 1823, with her health but partially restored, she embarked for Calcutta, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Wade, and reached Rangoon in the autumn of the same year.

Events were rapidly hastening to a crisis. Mrs. Judson, while in this country, seemed to have observed almost prophetically the gloomy shadows of that crisis, but she was undismayed, and returned to her post with the true martyr spirit. During her absence, the number of converts had been nearly doubled, and Mr. Judson had completed a translation of the New Testament, as well as an epitome of the Old. The arrival of Dr. Price soon after her departure, and the information at court of his skill as a physician, had occasioned a summons from Ava which brought Mr. Judson and his new missionary associate into the presence of the king, and an order that the missionaries should remain at the capital, where land was given them on which to erect dwellings. These arrangements having been made, Mr. Judson descended the river to Rangoon, where he met Mrs. Judson, with whom he soon returned to Ava, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Wade with Mr. Hough to carry forward the work at the old station. For a while Mr. Judson proceeded with his missionary labors at the capital, but no time had elapsed for the gathering of fruits before the sudden breaking out of war between the British East India Company and the Burmese government brought upon the missionaries and other foreign residents of Ava perils, privations, and sufferings, such as language is hardly adequate to record. For nearly two years no tidings came of their fate. Whether this lack of intelligence was a mere incident of the war, or whether they had at once fallen victims to the jealousy of an implacable despot, or were still surviving in chains and sorrow, were painful questions of which no solution could be gained. The deepest anxiety during this long period possessed the hearts of American Christians, and when at length tidings came of

their safety, the joy and thanksgiving were universal. The record of their sufferings, unsurpassed by any narrative of fiction, was written by Mrs. Judson, and will remain through successive ages one of the most exciting chapters of missionary history. To abbreviate it, or to attempt a sketch in other language, may be permitted only under the sternest necessity, and the best success will poorly compare with the graphic original.*

Mr. and Mrs. Judson received their first certain intelligence of the war as they were approaching Ava, and on their arrival found themselves regarded with some coldness by the king and court. On the 23d of May, 1824, the fall of Rangoon was made known at Ava, and, though the proud monarch did not doubt his power to repel and punish the British, the necessity of large military preparations was admitted, and intense excitement prevailed at the palace. Golden chains were prepared in which to bring to Ava the captive governor general, and ladies and gentlemen of the court anticipated the service of English slaves as attendants! The soldiers embarked in high glee, ignorant of the irresistibleness of scientific warfare, and looking for an easy victory over barbarians and cowards.

No sooner had the army embarked than suspicions arose of the presence of spies, and three Englishmen residing at Ava were forthwith arrested and examined. In this examination it was found that the accounts of one of them showed considerable sums of money paid to Mr. Judson and Dr. Price, and, ignorant of the methods of transmitting funds practiced by Europeans and Americans, the government found in this fact

* Letter of Mrs. Ann H. Judson to Dr. Elnathan Judson, Knowles's Memoir, p. 282-324.

what it deemed evidence of their complicity with the English in the war. On the 8th of June, Mr. Judson was suddenly arrested at his dwelling by a posse of officers, one of whom, known by his "spotted face," was an executioner. Throwing Mr. Judson upon the floor, they bound him with cords, answering the importunity of his wife on his behalf with threats to take her also. She offered the "spotted face" money to loosen the cords, but he spurned the gift and dragged away his victim, pausing at a few rods' distance to tighten the instruments of torture. The faithful disciple, Moungr Ing, followed, to trace the teacher's steps, and to procure, if possible, a mitigation of his sufferings. He returned with the intelligence that the order of the king had consigned Mr. Judson to the death-prison; he saw no more. Next Mrs. Judson found herself a prisoner in her own house, the magistrate of the place summoning her to the veranda for examination. Hastily destroying all letters and papers in her possession, lest they should disclose the fact that she and her husband had correspondents in England, and had taken notes of all occurrences which they had witnessed in the country, she submitted to the scrutiny of her inquisitor, who left her under the guard of ten ruffians, whom he charged to keep her safe. Night came, and darkness. Barring herself and her four little Burman girls in an inner room, she was ordered by the guards to open the doors and come out, or they would tear the house down. Partly, however, by threats, and partly by bribes, she quieted them so far that they let her alone, carousing, however, through all the night, and pouring forth the most diabolical language to which she had ever listened.

This dreadful night of personal danger, and of painful appre-

hensions as to her husband's fate, was but the beginning of sorrows. The next morning, Moung Ing brought to her the information that her husband and all the white foreigners were confined in the death-prison, with three pairs of iron fetters each, subsequently increased to five, and fastened to a pole to prevent their moving. She entreated the magistrate for leave to go to some member of the government in behalf of her husband, and wrote a letter to her friend, the king's sister, but in vain. Night found her a prisoner still. On the third day, a message to the governor of the city, expressing her desire to appear before him with a present, resulted in an order for her release. Gifts wrung from the wretched woman secured the promise of an amelioration of her husband's sufferings, and permission to visit him in prison, and, by the same means, all the prisoners were delivered from their suffocating confinement, and placed in an open shed within the prison inclosure. Hither she sent food and mats for them all, commencing those angelic ministries to the sufferers which have rendered her name immortal. Next, her hopes were raised by the prospect of a successful petition to the queen; then came the confiscation of Mr. Judson's effects, the most exact lists of them being made by officers in attendance. Fertile in resources, she secreted a considerable sum of money, alike indispensable to her support and to any successful intervention in behalf of her husband, and saved, likewise, numerous articles, which, during the long imprisonment, proved to be of inestimable value. Then followed the dashing of all her hopes by the refusal of the queen to interfere. Again she was refused admittance to her husband, and the sufferings of the prisoners were increased; and again relief to them was purchased by her judicious use of

presents. Month after month passed away, during which this incomparable woman employed her time in devising and executing measures for the comfort of the prisoners, and specially for the release of her husband, scarcely a day passing in which she did not visit some member of the government or some branch of the royal family ; with no other effect, however, than that she and the objects of her solicitude were kept from despair by the encouraging promises of the capricious court. No one dared approach the despot on the throne in favor of a foreigner while the English were on their successful march toward Ava.

An incident connected with this imprisonment remained to the end of his life among Dr. Judson's most vivid recollections. Seven months of these privations and sufferings had passed away, during which Mrs. Judson had used her inexhaustible resources of talents and influence in ministering to the necessities of the prisoners, meeting extortion and oppression with gifts, and capricious and vexatious orders with extra fees, and conciliating the good will of those in power by her intelligence and eloquent persuasion. "Oh, how many, many times," says Mrs. Judson, in her letter to her brother, "have I returned from that dreary prison at nine o'clock at night [a distance of two miles], solitary, and worn out with fatigue and anxiety, and thrown myself in that same rocking-chair which you and Deacon L. provided for me in Boston, and endeavored to invent some new scheme for the release of the prisoners."

At this period occurred the birth of her daughter. Twenty days after that event she was again at the prison door, with the child in her arms, begging for admission. The prison was a rough building, like a New England barn of former days,

without ceiling or lining of any kind, without windows, or even an aperture for air. There were in the prison about one hundred prisoners, mostly Burmese, many of them in the stocks, or otherwise tortured. The group nearest the door was composed of ten foreigners—two Americans, three Englishmen, two Armenians, one Spaniard, and one Portuguese priest. Their clothing was reduced to shirts and trowsers. They wore five pairs of fetters each upon their ankles, and were further confined by a bamboo, as before mentioned, passing between their legs, and confined to the two outside men; so that they could sit or lie, each one at his pleasure, but could move only by a common effort. The wretched men were in this condition, when suddenly the door opened, and Mrs. Judson, clad in Burmese costume, which she had adopted for safety's sake, stood before her husband with their little child, unconscious of its parents' woes. Behind her stood the faithful Moung Ing, and by her side the diabolical "spotted face." She was not permitted to enter, and, as the father struggled to receive the precious gift, his companions in misery, impelled by an instant benevolence, seconded his wishes by a simultaneous movement toward the door. It is not strange that such a scene was impressed indelibly on Mr. Judson's mind, nor that the artist has found in it a striking subject for his pencil.

But new miseries were yet in store. The hot season had now come, and the close confinement of the prisoners was scarcely to be endured. New severities were practiced, and the unremitted exertions of Mrs. Judson failed to procure more than the slightest alleviations. Even the governor of the city, to whom she was indebted for many friendly offices, resisted her appeals until her husband was prostrated with fever, when

MRS. JUDSON'S VISIT WITH HER INFANT TO HER HUSBAND IN PRISON.



he ordered his removal to a bamboo hovel, "a palace in comparison with the place he had left." Three days afterward, the governor sent for her in great haste, detaining her with inquiries about his watch, while her husband and all the other white prisoners were removed she knew not whither. She ran in every direction, making inquiries in vain, until at length she learned from an old woman that they had gone toward Amarapoora, the old capital, distant six miles. "You can do nothing for your husband," said the governor; adding, kindly and significantly, "*take care of yourself.*" She was satisfied that there was danger, but she was not to be deterred from her purpose. She obtained a passport, and the next morning, with her child, the two Burmese children, and a Bengalee servant, set off for Amarapoora, first in a boat, and then in a cart. Through the dreadful heat and dust she arrived at the government house, but the prisoners had just left for a village beyond, "the never-to-be-forgotten Oung-pen-la." Arrived at that place, she overtook them in an old shattered building, scarcely protected from the sun, chained two and two, and almost dead from suffering and fatigue. "Why have you come?" said Mr. Judson, in gentle and sad reproof. "I hoped you would not follow, for you can not live here." The jailor would not permit her to remain at the prison, but he gave her a shelter in one of the rooms of his own house, and there she spent the next six months of wretchedness. It was on the dreadful march to this prison; under the burning heat of a mid-day sun, that Mr. Judson's feet stained the sand with their blood, and that he was saved from perishing by the considerate kindness of the Bengalee servant of one of the prisoners, who tore his turban from his head, and, dividing it between his master and

Mr. Judson, bound it around their feet, and then permitted Mr. Judson to lean upon him for the rest of the way. When night came, the kindness of woman furnished refreshments for the prisoners, and in the morning carts were provided to bear them the rest of the way to Oung-pen-la.

On their arrival at this place, the prisoners supposed they were to be burned, and endeavored to prepare their minds for the event. But the repairs upon the building rekindled their hopes, and they soon found some alleviations of their condition. These alleviations were not of such character, however, as to remove their miseries. Oppression and extortion still remained the features of their prison discipline, and the tender mercies which they experienced were only the capricious indulgences of tyrants. Mrs. Judson, in turn, became now the helpless sufferer. Her health gave way; her poor child lost its accustomed nourishment; and the wretched father, permitted to go abroad from the prison by the force of presents to his keepers, bore the famishing and helpless thing from house to house about the village, begging its food from mothers who had young children.

But deliverance was at hand. The English army made its triumphant march toward Ava, and the humbled king at length "sent an embassage, desiring conditions of peace." The services of Mr. Judson were now important to him, and his release was ordered. The period of their sufferings had not yet expired, but they were cheered with brighter hopes, and in February, 1826, they were permitted to rest under the protection of the British flag, in the camp of General Sir Archibald Campbell, who had demanded their release.

Descending the river to the territories ceded by the Burman

government to the English, Mr. and Mrs. Judson commenced missionary operations at Amherst, a new town designed to be the British capital. Scarcely, however, were they fixed in this new abode, when urgent overtures were made to Mr. Judson to accompany an embassy to Ava, to negotiate a new treaty. In the hope that an article providing for religious toleration might be incorporated, Mr. Judson yielded to the wishes of the commissioner, and parted with Mrs. Judson on the 5th of July—never to see her more on earth. Her constitution, broken by the intense sufferings and cares of the long imprisonment, yielded to an attack of fever, and, after eighteen days' illness, she departed this life, October 24th, 1826, in the thirty-seventh year of her age. Her husband returned to his desolate home in the deepest affliction, unable to gain any particular information as to the state of mind with which she approached death, saving only that she resigned her spirit to God who gave it with calm and trusting faith. Her funeral was attended by all the English residents, and the Assistant Superintendent, with thoughtful kindness, placed "a small rude fence around her grave, to protect it from incautious intrusion." Her child survived her just six months,

"And then that little moaning one
Went to its mother's bosom, and slept sweet
'Neath the cool branches of the hopia-tree."

Thus lived and died Ann H. Judson. Her life was short, but filled with stirring incidents and useful deeds. It is not strange that, living, she gained the love and admiration of the Christian world, nor that, dying, her name found its place at once among the heroines of history. It is not extravagance to characterize her as the woman of the century.

This narrative must now hasten more rapidly to its close. Cast down, but not destroyed, Mr. Judson applied himself with diligence to his missionary work, at Amherst, Maulmain, and Rangoon, during several years, accomplishing a vast amount of labor, and with many evidences of the divine approbation. Converts were increased, and new branches of the mission were established, that among the Karens starting into instant importance, and from that time to the present engaging a prominent share of the attention of the churches at home. Mr. Judson's chief labors were employed in the translation and revision of the Scriptures, and the preparation of a Burman-English Dictionary. His philological tastes and habits, which were indicated and established in his early years, qualified him peculiarly for labors of this character. His knowledge of the Burmese language and literature equaled that of the most learned men of the empire. He used the language with elegance and facility. On the last day of January, 1834, he completed the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the Burmese tongue. His own rapt language records the emotions of that hour. "Thank God," said he, in a letter communicating the intelligence, "I can now say I have attained. I have knelt down before Him with the last leaf in my hand, and, imploring his forgiveness for all the sins which have polluted my labors in this department, and his aid in removing the errors and imperfections which necessarily cleave to the work, I have commended it to his mercy and grace. I have dedicated it to his glory. May he make his own inspired Word, now complete in the Burmese tongue, the grand instrument of filling all Burmah with songs of praise to our great God and Savior Jesus Christ. Amen." It is impossible to read this language, and reflect upon the sublime

and glorious issues which, in the lapse of ages and throughout eternity, are to proceed from the event which it records, without participating in the emotions which he has expressed; nor is it possible to doubt that new joy was felt in heaven among those holy ones who rejoice over the repentance of sinners.

In April of this year, Mr. Judson ceased to tread the path of life alone, and a new character appears in our narrative.

FAC SIMILE FROM LETTER TO MRS. BOLLES, DATED MAULMAIN, JUNE 15TH, 1837.

A light has dawned upon Burmah that no mortal power can extinguish. The clouds are coming into the kingdom, 'like clouds & like clouds to their windings;' and we feel that the work is also going on among the more lighted Burmans.

Sarah Judson.

MRS. SARAH BOARDMAN JUDSON, whose maiden name was Sarah Hall, was the eldest child of Ralph and Abiah Hall, and was born in Alstead, New Hampshire, November 4th, 1803. In her early years her parents removed from Alstead to Dan-

vers, Massachusetts, and thence to Salem, where she began to develop those qualities of mind and heart which, at a later period, shone conspicuously in her life. She came with regret from among "beautiful groves, orchards filled with fruit-trees, and gently gliding streams," to a place where she found "nothing but houses and steeples," the poetical vein even thus early mingling itself with her eminently solid and practical character. The eldest of a very large family of children, and her parents possessed of very limited pecuniary means, she was much occupied in her girlhood with domestic toils; and yet, such was the ardor of her desire for intellectual improvement, that we find her early engaged in studies beyond her years and circumstances. Among those to which allusions are found in her writings of that period were Butler's Analogy and Paley's Evidences, Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric, Logic, Geometry, and Latin. She was early given to composition, and her verses, without indicating the highest creative faculty, were remarkable for smoothness of versification, correct taste, and just sentiments. There can not be a doubt that she would have attained fame as a poet, if her life had been one of leisure and letters. In her seventeenth year she became the subject of divine grace, and was baptized by the Rev. Lucius Bolles, D.D., at that time pastor of the First Baptist Church in Salem. Though her devotion was not of that intense and all-comprehending character which, by the blessing of God, it subsequently became, under the pressure of afflictions and weighty responsibilities, it placed her at once among those from whom most was expected in the church to which she belonged. Its earliest and strongest manifestations, it should be added, took the direction of sympathy for the heathen. She "wept tears

of pity, almost of anguish, at the stupidity of sinners, inhabitants of a Christian country," but there was even a peculiar depth and earnestness of feeling in her solicitude for the perishing heathen. She was disposed to chide herself for this. On reading the life of Samuel J. Mills, she wrote, "Oh that I too could suffer privations, hardships, and discouragements, and even find a watery grave, for the sake of bearing the news of salvation to the poor heathen! Then I have checked myself in the wild, unreasonable wish. Sinners perishing all around me, and I, an ignorant, weak, faithless creature, almost panting to tell the far *heathen* of Christ. Surely this is wrong. I will no longer indulge the vain, foolish wish, but endeavor to be useful in the position in which Providence has placed me. I can pray for deluded idolaters, and for those who labor among them; and this is a privilege indeed."

True to the purpose here expressed, she did labor for the good of souls at home; but God, unconsciously to herself, was training her for missionary work abroad. Of her home-labors interesting incidents are still preserved, creditable alike to her piety and good sense. In her father's house, as a tract distributor, and in the circle of her friends, she was intent on her purpose to win souls to Christ. In one instance she wrote, unobserved, upon a pack of playing cards, the property of a young gentleman, that solemn passage, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth; while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." "Startled, conscience-stricken, and curious," says Mrs. Judson's biographer, the young man sought to ascertain who was his monitor. Through a common friend, his inquiry reached Miss Hall, who sent him back for answer:

“And would'st thou know what friend sincere,
Reminds thee of thy day of doom?
Repress the wish: yet thou may'st hear,
She shed for thee the pitying tear,
For thine are paths of gloom.”

When Colman, that valiant young soldier of the cross, had fallen, and with him so many fond hopes of the friends of missions, two hearts, strangers as yet to each other's emotions, were stirred to their depths. Miss Hall gave expression to her feelings in an elegy, which found its way into the papers. In the halls of Waterville College there was a tutor, a tall, manly, earnest young Christian, whose heart, from the period of his conversion, had been fixed on a missionary life. “‘Who will go to fill Colman's place?’ ‘I'll go.’” “This question and answer,” said George Dana Boardman, “occurred to me in succession as suddenly as the twinkling of an eye.” This young man saw the elegy to which we have alluded. Where could the heart be whose feelings were so in sympathy with his own? Soon after they met, and, in the language of the sole witness of the meeting, “their spirits, their hopes, their aspirations were one.” Mr. Boardman and Miss Hall were married July 4th, 1825, and on the 16th of the same month they embarked at Philadelphia for Calcutta, where they arrived December 2d.

The war in Burmah was now raging, and missionary operations were suspended. In compliance, therefore, with an invitation from the Circular Road Baptist Church in that city, Mr. Boardman preached for them during the greater part of the time, for more than a year, meanwhile studying the Burmese language, and arranging plans for future usefulness. It is the opinion of Mrs. Judson's biographer that her residence in Cal-

cutta was not favorable to her religious development. Her writings evince a sincere, and even an earnest piety, but its lustre is dim in comparison with that which distinguished the piety of her later life. Her accomplishments as a lady led her English friends to regard her "as the most finished and faultless specimen of an American woman that they had ever known." And this remark suggested to us what we have omitted to say of her personal appearance. Her friend, the late Mrs. Allen, of New York, wrote thus of her, in an obituary in the *Mother's Journal*: "She was of about middle stature, agreeable in her personal appearance, and winning in her manners. The first impression of an observer respecting her in her youth, at the time of her departure from the country, would be of a gentle, confiding, persuasive being, who would sweeten the cup of life to those who drank it with her." Dr. Judson wrote of her, after she was laid in her grave, "I exceedingly regret that there is no portrait of the second, as of the first Mrs. Judson. Her soft blue eye, her mild aspect, her lovely face and elegant form, have never been delineated on canvas."

In April, 1827, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman reached Burmah, and took up their residence temporarily at Amherst. Mrs. Ann H. Judson, whom they had both known during her visit to this country, was already in her grave, and one of the first offices performed by the newly-arrived missionaries was to watch over the dying bed of the little Maria, and to lay her beside her mother under the hopia-tree. Nor were these the only sorrows which encompassed their path. Mrs. Boardman was afflicted with the disease which, after an interval of a few years of health, finally carried her to the grave, and their young child was even more a sufferer.

It having been determined to establish a station at Maulmain, since the principal station of the Burman mission, that duty was assigned to Mr. Boardman, and the removal took place while Mrs. Boardman was still unable to walk to the river. Arrived at Maulmain, their missionary life was fairly commenced, and they were permitted at an early period to witness encouraging tokens of the divine favor. Mrs. Boardman made rapid progress in the acquisition of the language, and availed herself of every opportunity and method in her benevolent work. No sooner, however, was the station at Maulmain fairly established, than it was determined to commence operations at Tavoy, and thither the steps of these missionaries were directed. We must pass over the stirring incidents of their residence at these places—the frightful robbery at Maulmain, where murderous knives cut slits in the muslin around the bed of the slumbering missionaries, through which savage eyes watched while the robbery was proceeding; and the revolt of Tavoy, where, through days and nights of terror, they were in hourly jeopardy of their lives. We can linger for a moment only on the eventful days when Mrs. Boardman became a widow.

The establishment of the station at Tavoy had brought Mr. Boardman, by a remarkable train of circumstances, into connection with the Karens, whose readiness to receive the Gospel so widely contrasted with the insensibility of the Burmans, and among whom numerous conversions at once rewarded his toils. During two years he made frequent excursions to the jungles, and often met these inhabitants of the forests at his own house. But by this time his constitution was fast yielding to the insidious disease which terminated his life, and Mrs.

Boardman herself was an invalid. Neither changes of residence nor medical skill had power to avert the approaches of the destroyer. First their eldest-born, then their youngest, was torn from them, leaving their second, now their only child.* Mr. Boardman himself rapidly declined. Too feeble to administer the ordinance of baptism, he assigned this duty to Moungr Ing, who baptized at a single time nineteen converts, eighteen of whom were Karens—thus in a single day doubling the number in the fellowship of the church at Tavoy. A promise once more to visit the jungles remained now unfulfilled, and the arrival of new missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, confirmed him in his purpose to fulfill it. They set out, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman, little George, and Mr. Mason, for the wilderness, Mr. Boardman borne on a litter, and Mrs. Boardman in a chair. Their route lay over mountains, through narrow defiles, and across rapid streams. On the third day they reached a small chapel, on the border of a beautiful stream, and just at the base of a range of mountains. Here were assembled, waiting the approach of the teacher, about one hundred Karens, near one half of whom were applicants for baptism. He had felt that if he could live to see this ingathering, he could then say, “Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.” He declined, however, so rapidly, that his wife urged his immediate return; but he was unwilling to leave the spot with the object of his mission unaccomplished. “I am sinking into the grave,” said he—“just on the verge.” It was determined to proceed with the examination of the female candidates, and to defer the baptism of the males who could come to Tavoy. Accordingly, the examination proceeded, the dying man at intervals breathing

* George Dana Boardman graduated at Brown University, 1852.

expressions of his faith and consolation, and commending his wife and child, and Karens, to God and his brethren. As the sun was sinking behind the hills, his cot was placed by the river side, where this precious company were assembled, and in its peaceful waters thirty-four converts were baptized by the Rev. Mr. Mason. The artist has found in the scene a subject for his pencil; angels, we doubt not, looked on with admiration, and sweeter songs resounded through the vault of heaven.

Early the next morning they left for home, but he was borne thither a corpse. He expired on the way, so gently that the passing spirit scarcely gave token of its departure. The deaths of Wolfe, of Chatham, and of the younger Adams have been not unfittingly compared with this; this was death amid nobler triumphs.. "Such a death," wrote Dr. Judson, "next to that of martyrdom, must be glorious in the eyes of Heaven."

The death of Mr. Boardman occurred February 11th, 1831. Her sorrow was deep and intense, but she was sustained by divine consolations. During the previous two years she had attained to a higher type of piety than ever before, and this, which had given a new lustre to her character, and made her more than ever the occasion of blessings to others, now was a well of water in her own heart, springing up into life everlasting. With the choice before her of continuing her missionary labors or returning to America, she deliberately chose the former, and applied herself diligently to her work.

"When I first stood by the grave of my husband," she said, "I thought that I must go home with George. But these poor, inquiring and Christian Karens, and the school-boys, and the Burmese Christians, would then be left without any one to instruct them; and the poor, stupid Tavoyans would go on in



the road to death with no one to warn them of their danger. How, then, oh ! how can I go ? We shall not be separated long. A few more years, and we shall all meet in yonder blissful world, whither those we love have gone before us." "I feel thankful that I was allowed to come to this heathen land. Oh it is a precious privilege to tell idolaters of the Gospel; and when we see them disposed to love the Savior, we forget all our privations and dangers. My beloved husband wore out his life in this glorious cause ; and that remembrance makes me more than ever attached to the work, and the people for whose salvation he labored till death."

In such a spirit she continued her missionary work at Tavoy. Besides managing a school with great success, and giving religious instruction at home in various ways, she was accustomed to make long and toilsome journeys among the mountains, frequently amid drenching rains, that she might bear the Bread of Life to the Karens. In these excursions assemblies of hundreds gathered around her, and, notwithstanding her reluctance to assume what seemed like the office of a public teacher, she was obliged to conduct their worship, and teach them the way of God more perfectly.

In April, 1834, she became the wife of the Rev. Dr. Judson, a man whom she subsequently declared to be "a complete assemblage of all that a woman's heart could wish to love and honor." It was likewise his testimony that she was, "in every point of natural and moral excellence, the worthy successor of Ann H. Judson." Her life became now less eventful, but it was filled with steady, quiet usefulness. The faithful mother of eight children, the fruit of this marriage, she was, at the same time, the indefatigable missionary. She was both

perfectly familiar with the Burmese language and skillful in the use of it. Of her husband's translation of the Scriptures she was passionately fond, preferring it to the English for purposes of devotion. She translated the first part of the Pilgrim's Progress into Burmese, reckoned as one of the best publications issued from the mission-press. She translated tracts, prepared a hymn book, several volumes of Scripture questions for Sunday schools, and, as one of the last works of her life, a series of Sunday cards. Before the Peguans had a missionary, she acquired their language, and translated, or superintended the translation of the New Testament, and the principal Burmese tracts, into the Peguan tongue—a self-imposed task, collateral to her work as a missionary among the Burmese. These labors, however, she yielded to the hands of the excellent missionary (Mr. Haswell) to whom this department was assigned, and henceforth restricted her labors to the Burmese. It remains only that we linger for a moment around the scenes of her death and burial.

Dr. Judson had pursued during these ten years the same kinds of missionary labor in which our last notices of him left him engaged. He had completed his revision of the Scriptures, and was carrying along the Dictionary with which he had been so long occupied. Mrs. Judson's fluctuating health, as well as his own, had occasionally demanded relaxation and change of scenes, but he had steadily resisted all importunities to visit his native country. In 1845, he was compelled, by the illness of Mrs. Judson, to yield that point, and embark, with her and some of their children, for the United States. Arrived at Mauritius, Mrs. Judson was so far revived that he determined to return to Burmah, leaving her to pursue the remainder of the

voyage to this country unattended. It was here, after this determination, that she penned that beautiful domestic poem—"the last words ever traced by her fingers:"

"We part on this green islet, love—

Thou for the Eastern main,

I for the setting sun, love—

Oh, when to meet again!

* * * * *

The music of thy daughter's voice

Thou'lt miss for many a year,

And the merry shout of thine elder boys

Thou'lt list in vain to hear.

* * * * *

My tears fall fast for thee, love—

How can I say farewell!

But go! thy God be with thee, love,

Thy heart's deep grief to quell.

* * * * *

Yet my spirit clings to thine, love,

Thy soul remains with me;

And oft we'll hold communion sweet,

O'er the dark and distant sea.

* * * * *

Then gird thine armor on, love,

Nor faint thou by the way,

Till Boodh shall fall, and Burmah's sons

Shall own Messiah's sway!"

The noble woman who, when near a score of years had passed away since she left her native country, testified to a friend that she had never felt a regret that her life had been consecrated to the work of missions, could thus, when sickness and pain were, as she supposed, about to separate her from her husband, amid her tears, surrender him to his work, and cheer him by her benediction. The last writing of her life was a

fitting illustration of her domestic feelings, her patient, cheerful piety, and her devotion to her work.

The separation did not take place—not here. Alarming symptoms reappeared, and Mr. Judson proceeded on the voyage with the suffering woman. She saw death to be near, but her mind was tranquil. She desired to see once more her son George, from whom she had been so long separated, her parents, and the friends of her youth; but she “longed to depart” also. “I am in a strait betwixt two,” she said; “let God’s will be done.” On the morning of the 1st of September, 1845, the ship was quietly moored in the port of St. Helena, and there at that time, while darkness still rested over the waters, she sweetly breathed away her spirit, her husband her sole earthly attendant. “For a moment,” he says, “I traced her upward flight, and thought of the wonders which were opened to her view. I then closed her sightless eyes, dressed her, for the last time, in the drapery of death, and, being quite exhausted with many sleepless nights, I threw myself down and slept. On awaking in the morning, I saw the children standing and weeping around the body of their dear mother, then for the first time inattentive to their cries.”

The flags of the shipping were at half-mast that morning, and unusual tokens of respect from the residents of St. Helena marked the solemn burial. The long procession of boats, the measured stroke of the oars, the sorrow of the bereaved, the sympathy of strangers, and the associations of the place, have fittingly awakened the song of the poet.

“Mournfully, tenderly,
Bear onward the dead,

Where the warrior has lain,
Let the Christian be laid :

No place more befitting,
 Oh rock of the sea !
 Never such treasure
 Was hidden in thea.

Mournfully, tenderly,
 Solemn, and slow,
 Tears are bedewing
 The path as ye go ;
 Kindred and strangers
 Are mourners to-day.

Gently—so, gently,
 O ! bear her away.
 * * * * *
 So have ye buried her,
 Up ! and depart,
 To life and to duty
 With undismayed heart :
 Fear not, for the love
 Of the stranger will keep
 The casket that lies
 In the Rock of the deep.”

On the evening of the day of the burial the ship spread her canvas to the winds, and the desolate family were again on their voyage to America. They landed in Boston on Wednesday, October 15th, 1845. The news of Dr. Judson's arrival spread through the city, and produced every where a thrill of emotion, and the strongest desire to look upon the man who had suffered and achieved so much for the cause of Christ. On Friday evening he was presented to an immense audience, gathered, by verbal notice, in the Bowdoin Square Church, when he was addressed by the Rev. Dr. Sharp as the interpreter of the deep interest and sympathy felt by the assembled throng. An incident of remarkable character heightened the effect of the scene. A stranger urged his way up the aisle, and, ascending the pulpit, was warmly embraced by Dr. Judson. Who could it be ? What familiar friend had the veteran missionary found in this land of strangers ? It was the Rev. Samuel Nott, Junior, one of the devoted band of young men with whom Dr. Judson had been associated in his missionary consecration. Returned from the foreign field, and now pastor of a Congregational church in Wareham, Massachusetts, he had heard of Dr. Judson's arrival, and had hastened to Boston to welcome him to

his native land, and to kindle anew the unextinguished love of years long gone by.

The emotion excited by the return of Dr. Judson spread over the whole country, and was felt by every denomination of Christians. At the special meeting of the Baptist General Convention, held in December, 1845, in the city of New York, he was presented by the president, the Rev. Dr. Wayland, to the body which had been called into existence through his instrumentality, and which, commencing its operations with him as its solitary missionary preacher, now sustained missions in many climes, and had been honored, as the fruit of its toils, with the conversion to Christ of many thousands of heathen. His presence and his counsels, at this critical juncture in the affairs of the convention, contributed largely, under God, to the happy results which were attained, marking an era in American Baptist Missions.*

Journeying southward, he was received in several cities with similar demonstrations of affection and reverence. At Richmond, Virginia, he was addressed by the Rev. Dr. Jeter in behalf of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, and "of the whole Baptist denomination in the South." But these public honors were not congenial to his feelings. His heart was bleeding under bereavement, and he longed to return to his home and his labors. The writer of this, in a private interview with Dr. Judson, found him in a state of mind not far removed from that desolate and oppressive feeling which is known as "home-sickness," and was unable to

* It was at this meeting that measures were taken which in May, 1846, resulted in a change of the organic structure of the Convention, and in its assumption of a new name—the American Baptist Missionary Union.

rally him from it only by adverting to the sacred sympathies of those who had suffered bereavement like his own—sympathies unknown and unappreciable to all the world beside. Under these allusions his countenance lighted, and he sustained the brief conversation which followed with a sort of sacred animation which it would be difficult to describe.

In the summer of the ensuing year his wish to re-embark for Burmah was gratified. On the last day of June, the Baptist Church in Baldwin Place was crowded with an assembly met to receive the farewell of a company of missionaries, of whom the veteran Judson was chief. Unable to sustain his voice for more than a few sentences, he requested the Rev. Mr. Hague to read an address which he had prepared for the interesting occasion. “At one moment,” said he, “the lapse of thirty-four years is annihilated; the scenes of 1812 are again present; and this assembly—how like that which commended me to God, on first leaving my native shores for the distant East. But as I look around, where are the well-known faces of Spring, and Worcester, and Dwight? Where are Lyman, and Huntington, and Griffin? And where are those leaders of the baptized ranks, who stretched out their arms across the water, and received me into their communion? Where are Baldwin and Bolles? Where Holcombe, and Rogers, and Staughton? I see them not. I have been to their temples of worship, but their voices have passed away. And where are my missionary associates—Newell, and Hall, and Rice, and Richards, and Mills? But why inquire for those so ancient? Where are the succeeding laborers in the missionary field for many years, and the intervening generation who sustained the missions? And where are those who moved amid

the dark scenes of Rangoon, and Ava, and Tavoy? Where those gentle, yet firm spirits, which tenanted forms delicate in structure but careless of the storm, now broken and scattered, like the leaves of autumn, under the shadow of overhanging trees, and on remote islands of the sea?" And then from these sacred memories he turned to the gracious promises which pledge the world's conversion, and cheered his brethren on in their work. "Great is our privilege," said he, "precious our opportunity, to co-operate with the Savior in the blessed work of enlarging and establishing his kingdom throughout the world."

On the 11th of July he sailed, accompanied by a goodly number of helpers in his work, and cheered by the presence of a gifted spirit, who "left the companionship of early friends and the pleasant paths of literature, to become the successor of illustrious women, in the sympathies of his home, and the labors of missionary life."*

The rest is briefly told. Arriving at Maulmain in December, Dr. Judson resumed his work with ardor. Under the better auspices occasioned by a political revolution, he established himself for a while at Rangoon, and even projected new attempts at Ava, which a want of means compelled him to abandon. Returning to Maulmain, he assumed the pastorship of the Burman Church, preaching once a Sabbath, and carrying forward the dictionary on which he had been so long engaged.†

* The Rev. Dr. Judson and Miss Emily Chubbuck were married at Utica, New York, June 2d, 1846.

† The English and Burmese Dictionary was completed by Dr. Judson, and has been published. The Burmese and English was left incomplete, and has been committed to the scholarship and skill of Rev. E. A. Stevens.

In such occupations he was employed till the autumn of 1849, when a severe cold, followed by a fever, laid him aside from his work. His disease refused to yield to remedies, and the powers of life gradually wasted away. Though he had already tried a voyage and sea-bathing in vain, he longed to accomplish yet more in the service of Christ, and on the 3d of April, 1850, despairing of recovery at Maulmain, he left his wife in a state of health which forbade her accompanying him, and departed with a single attendant for the Isle of Bourbon. He suffered much while descending the river, but rallied on the open sea, and the pilot bore back a message of hope, which during long weeks and months sustained delusive expectations. Disease deepened its hold upon him, and his agony was intense. "Oh," said he, "that I could die at once, and go directly to Paradise, where there is no pain." And yet he was patient; his faith was strong in Christ, and he believed that he had no pangs which were not necessary to fit him to die. On the 12th of April the mortal hour came, and it pleased God to remove his sufferings, and grant him an easy death. "His pains had left him—not a momentary spasm disturbed his placid face, nor did the contraction of a muscle denote the least degree of suffering; the agony of death was past, and his wearied spirit was turning to its rest in the bosom of the Savior." The officers of the ship (a French vessel), summoned to dinner, had entered the cabin unconscious of what was transpiring. They gathered around the door of his room, and "watched the closing scene with solemn reverence;" and when the dying saint had breathed his last, they stole softly away, leaving the neglected meal upon the board untasted. His grave was the ocean; his fitting monument, said his

bereaved widow, for, like its blue waves, which visit every coast, his love went forth to the ends of the earth, and embraced the whole family of man. The "Closing Scenes" in Dr. Judson's life, written by that widow, furnish a beautiful testimonial to the strength and fervor of his piety, and leave the gratifying assurance of his ripe preparation for the presence of his Lord. He died lamented by the Christian world. His bereaved wife turned her sorrowful footsteps toward her native land, and here gathering the children of her husband under her wing, one of them her own, and familiar to the readers of poetry as her "Bird," she lives to illustrate the graces of intellectual and Christian culture, and the undying strength of conjugal and maternal devotion.



GROVER S. COMSTOCK.

FAC SIMILE EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO HIS SISTER, DATED RAMREE, JANUARY 19TH, 1841

*Missionaries walk by
faith, rather than by
sight. Few are privileged
to reap speedily the fruit
of the seed they have
sown.*

G. L. Comstock

REV. GROVER S. COMSTOCK,

AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION.

BY REV. PHARCELLUS CHURCH, D.D.,

BRANDON, VT.

THE subject of this sketch was the third son of the Rev. O. C. Comstock, and was born at Ulysses, New York, March 24th, 1809. Blessed with a strong constitution, and uniformly enjoying good health, he was early sent to primary schools, and his studies were continued without interruption until his graduation at Hamilton College, June, 1827. So exemplary was his college life, that during the whole of it he received not a single admonition from either of the faculty. His academic course completed, he addressed himself with great earnestness to the study of the law, and in July, 1830, was admitted an attorney

in the Supreme and Chancery Courts in New York. The honorable distinction he had maintained as a scholar, united with his amiability of character, rendered bright his prospects for the future. He soon formed a professional connection with an eminent counselor in the city of Rochester, New York, and for a few months the study and practice of the law engrossed his attention.

Rochester was about this time visited by the Rev. C. G. Finney, and, in connection with his labors, the city was blessed with one of the most powerful revivals of religion it has ever experienced. It was a glorious work, and one that did more, perhaps, to determine the religious character of the place than any other event in its history. It was during the progress of this work that Mr. Comstock was converted, and he was soon after baptized by his father into the fellowship of the first Baptist Church, of which he was the pastor. The convictions of duty which led him as a missionary to foreign shores appear to have originated with his conversion, and he soon after entered upon the study of theology, with a view to that work, at the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institute.

His views and feelings with reference to this work may be learned by extracts from a letter to a friend, bearing date March 1st, 1832. He says, "Last week the Missionary Society of this county met here, and a blessed meeting it was. I do believe the Lord looked down upon it with approbation. The sermon by Elder Leonard was from the text, 'Say ye not there are four months, and then cometh the harvest,' &c. The harvest, indeed, appeared to be great, and ready to be gathered in. When the necessity of entering into it with the whole soul was pressed upon the audience, and the question asked, 'Who

would sit at ease and leave a part of the harvest already ripe to the pitiless storm?" I could but think *I would not be the person*. But perhaps I should shrink when the hour of trial came! If I should, how unworthy to bear the Christian name! What! shall a poor sinner who has been redeemed from hell by the precious blood of Christ refuse to go at his Master's call! May the Lord in mercy preserve me from this sin, this base ingratitude." Having completed the prescribed course of study, and been accepted by the Foreign Missionary Board as their missionary to India, he was married to Miss Sarah Davis, of Brookline, Massachusetts, and, with a large company of missionaries, sailed from Boston in the ship *Cashmere*, July 2d, 1834. On the eve of his embarkation he writes, "To-morrow is fixed for the day of sailing. Yes, the time has come to sunder all the ties that bind me to parents, friends, and country. And they shall be freely sundered. I rejoice in the work which God has assigned me. His providences have been such toward me that I can not doubt my duty. And let us do our duty, cost what it may. Fearfully weighty responsibilities rest upon me, but "I can do all things, through Christ strengthening me."

From a letter to a friend, dated "At sea, latitude 31° 50' north, and longitude 49° 46' west," we learn something of his feelings on his voyage to Burmah. He says, "Could I seat myself beside you, I should have something, perhaps much, to say about my feelings since last I saw you; but I can not write much about them. They have been more interesting to me, undoubtedly, than they would be to others. I never felt the privilege of loving and serving God, as I have done on board of ship. I rejoice that he chooses my inheritance for me.

Thy will, O Lord, be done by me and to me." Speaking of his sea-sickness, and of lying almost dying of faintness, he says, "I detected myself quarreling with God for visiting me thus. I thought it was too bad that I should be unceasingly tossed to and fro, after leaving all my friends and privileges, to preach the Gospel to the heathen. But as soon as I was conscious of the state of my heart, I found but little difficulty in bringing it into submission to the divine government. There are two facts the remembrance of which keeps me from repining at any of the dealings of God toward me. One is, I richly deserve hell. The other, Christ suffered beyond all human power to suffer; and died in agony for my salvation. But I have not yet resisted unto blood striving against sin."

After reaching Burmah, Mr. and Mrs. Comstock remained for some time at Amherst and Maulmain, studying the language of the country, and preparing themselves to enter upon a permanent station in some one of the provinces. Arracan was at that time destitute; and though it had the worst reputation for climate of any of the provinces, he finally determined to make that the field of his labors. This country has many marshes and pools, the exhalations from which, under a burning sun, impregnate the air with a poisonous miasma which is extremely fatal to the inhabitants, and especially to foreigners. They at length proceeded to this province, and though compelled to change their location several times, in consequence of the unhealthiness of the climate, by the blessing of God they were permitted to spend their days in Arracan. Here for several years they toiled, labored, and prayed. Here they passed through many seasons of trial and suffering; and here, also, their fainting spirits were refreshed with manna from on high.

On the 21st of February, 1837, a church was constituted by Mr. Comstock in Kyouk Phyoo, consisting of eight members, to whom he that day broke bread. He says in his journal, "The day has been one of great interest to us, and may the little church now formed here be abundantly blessed of God, and soon embrace multitudes of these perishing idolaters." Thus he labored on from year to year—ever earnest in his work; ever ready to enter any opening field; ever prosecuting, with the enthusiasm of the scholar, the philanthropist, and the Christian, his investigations in regard to the country and its inhabitants; ever ready to bow submissively to the dispensations of Providence, however dark, and apparently adverse to the mission, or afflictive to himself.

To the minds of some, the missionary enterprise, doubtless, presents the charms of romance. Let such reflect upon what Mr. Comstock must have endured the last two years of his life. The first page in this chapter of suffering was his separation from his children. On this subject his wife wrote to a friend, "You know not, you never can know, save by precisely the same experiences, what this heart of mine has endured in the separation which duty, stern duty, required from our darling children. The thought that they are gone, yes, gone forever from my view, and at this tender age, when they most need a mother's care and guidance; that they are orphans by the voluntary act of their parents, is at times almost too much for my aching, bursting heart to endure. Had not my Savior, yes, and a compassionate Savior, added these two words, "and children," to the list of sacrifices for his sake, I might think it more than was required."

These children sailed with Mr. and Mrs. Kincaid, and arrived

in New York in April, 1843. What the parents endured when they imprinted the last kiss upon these pledges of their love is better imagined than told. To have ten thousand miles of ocean roll between a young child and the parents that gave it birth, is an idea that thrills on every tender chord of the heart, and leads those who are parents involuntarily to exclaim, "Oh, I could not consent to such a separation from my children!"

About the time of the arrival of the children in this country, Mr. Comstock endured a still heavier pang of separation. The partner of his bosom, and the companion of his toils and privations, was not, for God took her. "She was taken severely ill with dysentery, a disorder not uncommon among foreign residents in a tropical climate. Her period of sickness was short, and little or no opportunity was afforded for conversation or the interchange of parting words. On the 28th of April, 1843, she passed away from the scenes of her earthly labors to her rest on high, leaving behind her in that heathen land many a mourner beside him who felt, in that trying hour, that death had bereaved him of his dearest treasure this side the grave." Still, he had with him two infant children to call for his tenderest assiduities, and to afford him a little relief in the bitterness of his solitude. But even these, in a few short weeks, were also taken. "I wrote you," he says, "just after the death of my dear Sarah, and, before this reaches you, I doubt not you will have heard of the further chastening with which it has pleased our heavenly Father to visit me. June 12th, at about two in the morning, my darling Robert breathed his last, after several hours of convulsive agony. He had been sick but three days. He was a remarkably intelligent and amiable boy, and was a great deal of society and comfort to me after his

mother's death. July 1st, my sweet babe left me, I doubt not, to join his mother and brother in heaven. How I felt as I watched the dying struggles of those dear ones, prepared their bodies for the grave, and conducted their burial, you can not fully conceive, nor can you imagine the feelings which thoughts of them sometimes excite in my lonely heart."

What but the spirit of the living God actually working in the soul could sustain a man amid such scenes as these? Ah! poetry and romance would shrink appalled before the dread realities of such an ordeal. But genuine faith, and Christian hope, and holy love, will enable the soul to more than conquer, and make it serene even in death.

Thus bereaved of his entire family, a solitary wanderer in a Pagan land, he says, in writing to a friend, "God has taught me more of his loving kindness by my afflictions than I had ever learned or conceived amid the abundant temporal mercies that have heretofore crowned my path. I must confess, however, as I look back upon my course, that as my day, so has my strength ever been. At times I am completely overwhelmed by my views of the goodness of God to me, and can only cry out, 'Infinite, infinite mercy to a most vile and loathsome wretch!' The Savior kindly grants me so much of his presence and his peace, that I seldom feel disconsolate or desolate."

At a later date he writes, "I have recovered from an attack of fever, which was of short continuance, but for a few days was very severe. It was attended by intense heat in the head and stomach, and greatly weakened me. This was the first time I have been helpless since I was left alone, and I found it not very pleasant to be entirely in the hands of natives under such circumstances; but they endeavored to do as well as

they could, and I got along very well. Of course, I must learn to *suffer* as well as to *labor* alone. The Lord was nigh to me, and I felt calm, and quite willing that he should do with me whatever is most for his glory. I have little to live for but to do the will of God, and should he call me to a higher and purer service, I would not tarry here. It seems, however, very desirable that I should live until other missionaries come to Arracan. But the Lord knows best, and I am quite willing to leave all to him. For my children I can do little, and there is little cause of anxiety in reference to them."

Finally, the chapter of his pains winds up with his own attack with one of the most fearful diseases to which flesh is heir. In the solitude of his heathen home, surrounded by the dark natives of Arracan—that province for which he had labored with such self-consuming, self-forgetting zeal—he yielded up his life, April 25th, 1844, at the early age of thirty-five years. In a letter from Mr. Stilson, a few days after he was called from his labors to his reward, we have the following particulars concerning the closing scenes of his missionary life :

"I had the painful privilege of watching over him through his sickness, at least from the time that I became acquainted with the fact that he was ill. On the 23d he appeared as well and cheerful as usual, and when he retired to rest no one of us supposed that he was not in perfect health. We knew nothing of his illness until the next morning, when he called for and took a little medicine. He then stated that he had been ill all night. As he appeared not to obtain relief from the medicine, he requested me to send for a physician, which I did immediately. The physician, Dr. Archer, commenced an active course of treatment for the cholera, and succeeded, after some

six or eight hours, in checking it; but a low fever followed, and, as his strength was too far reduced to endure it, it proved fatal. Our brother called me to his bedside on the 24th, and after stating that there was more probability that he should die than that he should recover, he wished me to dispose of certain articles in presents to his children and to others, and also to arrange certain matters that he named; adding that papers in his desk would explain the rest. He then said to me in substance as follows: 'I did desire to live a little longer to labor for God. I hoped to return to Ramree and baptize Pah Tau and the boys' (naming one Burman, whom he had employed as a copyist, and who had recently declared his faith in Christ; also three school-boys who had professed Christ, but had never had courage to be baptized); 'but if the Lord has no more for me to do, I can cheerfully leave the world now. I have no earthly cords to bind me here. My trust is in the Lord. He who has been with me thus far, will still be with me and take care of me. I have no fear to die; my faith is fixed on Jesus. I wish you to state distinctly to my friends at home that I have *never in the least* regretted having come to this country.' I then, at his request, read the 8th chapter of Romans, and prayed with him. After this he never said a word about his temporal affairs, and seldom spoke at all, except when asked a question, unless to tell what he wanted as food or drink. When asked if his thoughts were much on God and heaven, he would sometimes, after several unavailing attempts to speak, point upward, and with a smile seem to say, 'There is my home, and there I long to be.' It was with great difficulty he could speak after noon of the 24th; but still, except for a few moments, he seemed to retain his reason till very near the last."

* * * * * Thus was removed one of the most valuable men connected with this mission. "In the death of Mr. Comstock," says Professor Gammel, "the unfortunate mission was afflicted with the severest loss it could sustain. He was a missionary of superior education, and of the noblest qualities of character; and during the nine years of his residence in Arracan, had been distinguished for his wisdom, fidelity, and useful labors. In addition to his services to the mission, he had nearly completed an elaborate work on the condition of the province and its inhabitants, and the changes which had been wrought by the missionaries and the English residents. He died at the age of thirty-five, ere he had reached the meridian of his days, just at the period when the mission, already paralyzed by repeated bereavements, seemed most to need the services and the counsels which his sound discretion and long experience so well fitted him to bestow."

We can not forbear a remark, in concluding our sketch, upon the strength of the impression in favor of Christianity which is produced by these voluntary exposures of life for its extension. As they were the credentials of Paul and his coadjutors in labor, so they are in every age the most powerful testimonials to the integrity of the Christian principle. Let no one say, therefore, or *feel*, that the missionary who dies young has accomplished nothing. The man who, from consistent motives and in a judicious manner, exposes his life for the name of Jesus, and, as a consequence, dies young, furnishes to his own age the most effectual argument for the vigor of the Christian spirit. To see a great and good man struggling with formidable difficulties in the pursuit of a worthy object, is a scene full of moral sublimity. To see him abjuring the ties of kindred

and of home, spurning his prospects of ease and affluence, and betaking himself to a remote corner of the globe, where barbarism sits enthroned, and pestilence walketh in darkness or wasteth at noonday, that he may live, and labor, and suffer, and die in that cause for which the Son of God gave his life, and which involves the best interests of man for time and eternity, is a spectacle that the world must continue to feel powerfully, so long as it retains one cord of sympathy for deeds of valor, benevolence, or magnanimity.

Oh how much above the prowess of embattled hosts is a scene like this! Armies expose themselves to kill and to destroy; but the missionary does it to comfort and to save. Their record is seen in burning cities, a desolated land, the groans and tears of wretchedness and sorrow; while intelligence, virtue, and salvation from an endless hell wait on his career, to afford a reward of his labors more imperishable than triumphal arches or golden thrones.

Our sacrifices in the work of modern missions are a new and imperishable monument to Christianity. How can a cause fail which inspires in its votaries such a willingness to die in its defense! So long as the Church retains a few in her bosom of whom it may be said, "these are the men who have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ," so long she can not fail to go on conquering and to conquer.



SARAH D. COMSTOCK.

From morning until after
dark, I have been constantly em-
ployed to day in telling the mul-
titudes of poor heathen who have
crowded around my door, of the
Love of Jesus to dying sinners.

Sarah D. Comstock.

MRS. SARAH DAVIS COMSTOCK,

AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION.

BY REV. S. F. SMITH,

NEWTON CENTRE, MASS

IN the history of missions some of the most amiable lineaments of human character have been displayed. It has been said that circumstances develop the man, and that we know not what is in a man until he is subjected to emergencies which bring out his noble traits. Thus Luther might have lived and died a monk, a man unknown to fame, and having exercised no important influence on the world, had he not lived in the conjuncture of events, in the focus of influences which

kindled his soul to great enterprises, and stirred him to attempt the purification of a corrupted Church. The missionary enterprise has brought to light many noble and beautiful traits, particularly of female character, which, apart from this agency, might have been deemed the conceptions of poets rather than realities. In this field excellences have been developed on a liberal scale. Piety, perseverance, patient endurance, and self-denial have shone forth with a wild and striking radiance. Where hope has sunk under despondency, and the tenderest affections of a human soul have been crushed, torn, severed, we have seen, in the progress of this enterprise, how not only strong and decided man, but also frail and gentle woman, could yield with uncomplaining submission. The missionary enterprise is valuable in itself, and for its evangelical results. It is also valuable for the light it has shed on the best side of human character; for its illustrious tribute to the spirit and the influence of true religion.

In the missionary career of Mrs. Sarah Davis Comstock, these things are abundantly illustrated. She was born at Brookline, Massachusetts, September 24th, 1812. In early life she exhibited the most amiable traits of character, giving promise of a rich harvest in advancing years. | She was of an energetic, persevering, effective, and yet mild and loving spirit. She knew how to love deeply and tenderly; yet she also knew how to control the supremacy of affections which interfered with the claims of duty. She was cheerful, frank, lively, fitted to enjoy life and society. By a pious mother she was trained to early obedience and energetic activity. She honestly expressed her own opinions and feelings, yet she manifested the nicest regard for the feelings of others—the essence of true politeness. Thus

she grew up as a tender plant, shielded from the fierce winds of temptation, and enjoying the choicest influences of society and friendship. Life spread before her its rich parterre, and every thing promised a career of sunshine and joy.

At the age of sixteen she became hopefully pious. Her religious exercises were clear, calm, thorough, and evangelical, and led to the manifestation of the fruits of the Spirit. Among these fruits were sincere compassion for the ungodly, and an earnest desire to attempt their conversion. This desire grew with her Christian advancement, and became strengthened by exercise. At length it exhibited itself in the form of a deep interest in the salvation of the heathen.

When God designs any one for a great work, he generally prepares the person for that work. So it was in the case of this beloved missionary. God gave her an adaptation to her future employment in the original structure of her mind, and in the endowments of her intellect and heart. With the progress of her culture and piety, she was led to contemplate a personal engagement in missionary efforts with increasing interest and fervor. While she was musing, the fire burned. Arguments for the devotion of herself to the work clustered thickly around her. A willing heart conquered obstacles. She was, it is true, young and weak. In her inexperience, she might meet with unexpected difficulties. She might encounter dangers formidable even to the bold and ardent man, who had faced death in terrific forms. But she feared not, at the command of the ascended Redeemer, to go forward. Her decision was not the fruit of a youthful enthusiasm. It was not the effect of an imagination, ardent and glowing, stimulated by pictures which imposed upon the mind, but of which the sober judgment took

no cognizance. It was no overweening sense of personal fitness for the great undertaking that prompted her to offer herself for the arduous service. It was a high sense of duty. It was a feeling of gratitude and love to the divine Redeemer, the Savior of her soul.

Her own words admirably disclose the feelings with which she contemplated the work.

“In coming to this important decision,” she says, “I have not been guided by that enthusiasm with which some may be ready to charge me, nor have I acted with that precipitancy which may, perhaps, justly be considered an ingredient in my character. No; my conduct is the result of calm, deliberate, and rational reflection. Nor was it without many a struggle between conviction of duty and natural affection—many an agonizing prayer for divine aid, that I could say, ‘Thy will be done.’ Never is the mystery of my being led to this undertaking more insoluble than when I consider my unfitness for so holy and responsible a station as that of a missionary of the cross. And yet I know that is naught to me, since thus God hath directed it. For what am I that I should thus plead my weakness, and so limit the Almighty, in whom all fullness dwells, to a certain degree of human power. I have no excuse that I dare offer for refusing to go to benighted Burmah. I believe God has directed me thither; and, should I dissent, I know I could not, with unstained raiment, meet the heathen at the judgment bar. No, the wailings of those who perish without having heard of a Savior’s love would upbraid me for my selfish love of ease,

“‘And all the cultured joys, conveniences,
And delicate delights of ripe society.’

“What though trials, suffering, and danger be my earthly lot? Shall I fear to follow where my Savior leads? Shall I shrink from persecution and reproach, or tremble before the stake, if the cause of him who withheld not his life for me requires this at my hands? Gratitude forbids it. Yes, and it seems even a privilege to be cast into the furnace for the sake of walking with Jesus. Though of myself I can do nothing, my strength being perfect weakness, yet I can do all things, and bear all sufferings, if my Lord be there. Though unworthy the high honor, yet I feel it will be my privilege to wear out life in winning souls to God.”

At the outset, Mrs. Comstock expected to go forth unmarried. In the year 1832, she offered herself to the Board of Missions as a candidate for foreign service, with no other prospect. Such was her desire to labor for the heathen, that she was contented to spend her life in connection with some missionary family, making known in an unpretending sphere the unsearchable riches of Christ. But God had another plan in respect to her. At the time of her examination and acceptance by the Board, another candidate, Rev. Grover S. Comstock, was also appointed to a like trust, who became, subsequently, her beloved companion and fellow-laborer. God had marked out her path of duty in his providence; by this arrangement he lightened its toils and mitigated its sorrows; increasing her means of usefulness, giving her one to share her responsibilities, and opening a way by which her character as a Christian and a missionary might be developed in new lights, and shine more brightly to the glory of God.

Having been accepted as a missionary, she spent several months at Hamilton, New York, in the study of the Burman

language, under the instruction of returned missionaries residing temporarily in that place. She was married June 24th, 1834, and sailed for her new and distant home July 2d. During the interval between her acceptance as a missionary and her marriage and departure, she had abundant opportunity to review the step she had contemplated, and to change her decision. She was now separated, for a season, from the friends among whom she had been brought up, and tenderly cherished and beloved. Her ears listened to the sound of a strange language—the language in which heathen men offered their adoration to unknown gods. With the aid of a vivid imagination she was able to look forward into the future, and to examine herself whether she was able to drink of the cup which she had desired to have put into her hands. But she shrunk not from the sacrifice. She recoiled not, when the hour of trial stood full in her view. Her consecration was as full, as hearty, and as cheerful as when she first anticipated the sacred trust. She was serene and collected, while friends wept around her. She was steadfast in her purpose, though she knew the rending of the ties of nature which its consummation would involve. Her eyes were directed to the Lord Jesus, to the work to which he had called her, and to the crown of glory which can not fade away.

It is pleasant to learn the feelings with which she departed from her native land. We quote from a letter, written just a year after her embarkation:

“I can not suffer my eyes to close without holding a few moments’ silent, yet sweet converse with those far-off but loved friends, with whom, just one year since, I left for the last time the dear paternal roof. Yes, this is the anniversary of that never-to-be-forgotten day, on which I took a returnless step

from my native village, from my home and friends. Ah! well do I remember *that day, that last hour*. You know, dear parents, that we met Mr. Comstock on our way to Boston; and I returned with him and remained about an hour. *That hour* memory had deeply engraved. Even 'Time's effacing fingers' will fail to erase it. It seems as if it were but yesterday that I re-entered the door from which, with you, I had just come out, as I thought, for the last time, and found all still, silent, and forsaken. I sauntered through the house, and at last found S——, seated on the upper stairs in tears. She was sole occupant. I took another last look at each room; but all was as the stillness of death. In the south front chamber Mr. Comstock and myself knelt in prayer for the last time. It was during *that* prayer that my feelings for the first time overcame me, in view of the trying scenes before me. But the conquest was momentary. A thought of the shortness of time, the wretchedness of the heathen, and the dying love of *their* and *my* Savior, soon restored tranquillity and peace.

"I next went into the north front chamber, that place which had so often been a Bethel to my soul. As I gazed about the room, my eyes fastened upon one chosen spot, in which my Savior had oft deigned to bless me with his presence. And while I thought of the many delightful hours spent there in pleading for my dear Sabbath-school class, brothers, the heathen, and for a knowledge of the divine will in relation to my future life, I could scarcely forbear uttering the words of the poet:

"To leave my dear friends, and from kindred to part,
To go from my home, it affects not my heart,
Like the thought of absenting myself for a day
From that blessed retreat where I've chosen to pray."

“Yes, dear parents, that was a *chosen retreat*; and it was not without a struggle that I was enabled to leave it. While I stood, silently and sad, musing on the past, the thought occurred that

“‘My Savior resides every where,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.’

Then I threw myself upon my knees, and alone once more offered a farewell petition ‘with thanksgiving,’ and forever left a spot dearer to me than all others in my native land.”

When the last embraces had been given, and the vessel had moved from the wharf, the clear sound of the voices of the departing servants of God was heard singing the missionary hymn, ‘Yes, my native land, I love thee.’ Some of them were destined, in the providence of God, to revisit, in after years, the homes of their childhood, some to return no more. But they went forth in cheerful trust, leaning on the God of Missions. They reached Amherst on the 6th of December, 1834, after a voyage of five months. The field of labor assigned to Mr. and Mrs. Comstock was Arracan. Their principal residence was at Ramree, where for several years they labored and endured in the Master’s service.

The lapse of time confirmed the conviction of Mrs. Comstock that she was treading in the path of duty. Instead of growing weary in her work, she was contented and happy in it, confident that she had followed the leadings of that finger which never points astray. After she had spent four years among the heathen, she wrote to a familiar friend,

“Never, *no, never, for a moment*, from the time that the Board said to me, ‘You may go,’ until now, have I felt even the shadow of a ‘secret misgiving’ as to the path of duty. I

believe, fully and unequivocally, that, unworthy, unfit, and unfaithful as I am, I am where God has led, and where he would have me labor."

Four years later, she wrote, "Unworthy as I am, and unprofitable as my life has been, I can not think I erred in coming here. I am guilty of having so little faith, love, and holiness; but I am here because God sent me hither. I can not regret it. No; whatever may befall me, whatever may befall my beloved children after me, I have the consolation of knowing that God chose my inheritance for me, and he can not err. He said by his providence, in language too plain to be misunderstood or doubted, 'Go;' and I came in obedience to his mandate only."

We quote another extract from a letter to her foster-father, which breathes the same spirit.

"The Sabbath sun is just going down in the west. I have a moment merely before the evening prayer-meeting, and that I will spend in conversing with you. I have been thinking a great deal of father this afternoon, and of your sermons, and comments on passages of Scripture, which I so often have listened to with pleasure. Sometimes the thought that I shall never more on earth behold your venerable countenance, nor listen to the voice of parental admonition, causes a momentary *sadness*, but *no regret*. No; though aware that when I left you I lost a father's care, a father's counsel, and a father's home, yet conscience tells me that in so doing I performed a duty that I owed myself, the heathen, and my God. And I *can not* REGRET it. I shall never more meet my dear father in the flesh; I shall no more sit beside him, and talk of earthly or of heavenly things. But shall I not see him face to face in

glory? Shall I not be permitted there to join him in the song, 'Worthy the Lamb?' And beside us, shall not the voices of redeemed Arracanese sweetly echo the song? Yes.

“‘There on a green and flowery mount
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joy recount
The labors of our feet.’

Will not that, dear father, be a happy day? We shall there feel no loss of spiritual privileges—no more temptation, no more sin. And to dwell with Jesus will be the consummation of bliss. More than this, we know that our joys are eternal.”

As one who had made a complete consecration of herself to the service of God, Mrs. Comstock engaged with zeal and diligence in the duties of her calling. With a versatile genius, she turned herself to every office in which she could fulfill her high behest. In labors she was abundant. Nothing that was committed to her trust suffered for want of due attention. Her care extended both to the souls and bodies of the heathen. She gave healing medicines and advice to the sick. She related the story of the Cross to the ignorant, and unfolded to them the way of salvation. She gathered around her the mothers with their children, making herself the centre of a circle of loving hearts, and taught them all the bliss of loving Christ. Besides her other labors, she wrote the “Mother’s Book” and the “Scripture Catechism”—works which have been of great service in the mission, and through which she, “being dead, yet speaketh.”

The care of her own soul was not neglected by Mrs. Comstock in her labors for the good of others. She suffered no outward activity to stand in the place of holiness of heart. She

subjected herself to the most rigid self-examination, and felt the importance of a personal walk with God. She valued those habits of soul, in the absence of which piety can not thrive, either in the Christian at home or in the missionary abroad. In a letter in which she had spoken of seeing again the loved and cherished friends of her childhood, she proceeds to say:

“This, however, is a privilege which we can not expect on earth. And, that I may enjoy it after this earthly pilgrimage is ended, I must strive daily for more of that ‘mind which was in Christ Jesus.’ How short, how uncertain a thing does life appear! To-day we have heard that Sister Jones, of Bangkok, has gone to her rest. Thus one after another of our little number are called home. How soon will you hear the same tidings of Sarah! It matters not how soon, if she has but ‘the lamp trimmed and burning.’ But I feel that I have lived thus far to but little, very little purpose. Once, when in Kyook Phyou, I seemed to be just passing death’s open door. I thought, I felt, as I wish I could always now feel in reference to earth and earthly scenes, and in reference to the perishing heathen. How infinitely trifling looked every thing not connected with heaven and hell! This world and its vanities were less than nothing. How can we think so much of them when death is not staring us in the face. I think I have felt, for a week or ten days past, some desire to die to the world and its allurements, and to live as a candidate for the day of final retribution. But I am a mere dwarf in religion, real heart-religion; and sometimes I fear I know nothing yet about it as I ought to know. Do you, dear parents, pray for us? Do you pray that we may abound in the love of God, and in usefulness among the heathen? You need not feel any anxiety

about our temporal welfare ; there is no danger in that respect. But keep the prayerful incense burning on the altar for our sakes."

Her thoughts evidently dwelt much on her own religious state, as well as on her relations to the heathen. A few months after the above, she wrote again as follows :

"I feel this climate to be very debilitating, and energy of mind decreases in as rapid a ratio as strength of body. But oh, if in my weakness Almighty strength is perfected in bringing some of these poor, deluded children of idolatry to Christ, it is all I can desire. But I have too little love for God, too little compassion for these dying thousands, too little faith, too little of a spirit of prayer. Every thing here has a tendency to quench the fire of devotion—of true, heart-religion, and it is very hard to keep the flame alive. Sometimes I fear it is gone out—wholly extinguished in my heart, so little warmth is imparted to religious duties. Though I sometimes feel sad, and perhaps a little discouraged, when I think how very, very little I have done since I came among the heathen, I know and am persuaded that my coming here was of God. He ordered and overruled most manifestly every thing in relation to it. And I do not, I have not, I never can, for an instant, regret that I left all dearest to my heart on earth. No ; I only want to be more holy, that I may be more useful. I want to discharge my duty fully, faithfully, to these poor, weak children of superstition, and then leave the event, whether or not I am permitted to see them own Christ, in the hands of Him 'who ordereth all things after the counsel of His own will.' For this object will you not pray, often and fervently pray ? And then, when the duties, trials, and temptations of this probation are

over, we shall reunite. Yes, though we meet no more in the flesh, we shall, methinks, reunite in the better land, where affection, filial, parental, and Christian, shall be strengthened, purified, perfected, and rendered eternal as the throne of God."

The unpretending labors of a female missionary are not of a nature to swell the historic page. They embrace no lengthened detail of cause and effect. They require no formal chapters to develop the springs of human activity; to describe the bearing of antagonist influences one upon another; to show how successive events depended on events going before. There is nothing in them striking to the worldly man; nothing impressive to the eye of sense. The evangelical laborer toils on from day to day, and seems to make no impression on the dark and corrupting mass around. But the eye that never sleeps sees what is going on; the ear that is never dull hears the prayer of faith. And when crowns and thrones are distributed at the last day, then that unwritten history will be revealed, to the delight and admiration of the holy angels, and of all the just made perfect.

The union of Mr. and Mrs. Comstock was blessed with four children; children—a source of unspeakable joy, and yet the occasion of indescribable sorrow to the heart of the missionary. When they become old enough to demand the hand of culture, and to receive the benefits of a literary education, how shall they be disposed of? Shall the missionary leave them, uninstructed, to grow up like the heathen? Shall he give them the same, and no higher advantages than the children in the missionary schools enjoy? Shall he abandon the work to which he is set apart, and which calls for more laborers in tones that make the heart bleed and the courage waver, that he may be-

come a mere instructor of youth? Love to the cause of Christ forbids the one; parental affection forbids the other. Still, the children of missionaries are as dear to the hearts of their parents as any child can be to the heart of any parent, perhaps more dear. They who have gone to the distant heathen have around them fewer objects to be loved; and the love they bestow upon them is deeper and stronger. And if to a parent in a Christian land the prosperity, the usefulness, and the happiness of his child is an object of the deepest and tenderest concern, to the parent in a heathen land the interests of his offspring are equally dear. Missionaries tell us that their children *can not* be brought up and educated among the heathen. There are none to educate them. They themselves have not time or strength to be expended thus. The temptations are too strong and too degrading for children to be subjected to. In the forming and plastic period, when the mind and character are molded for life and shaped for immortality, it is unsafe to submit them to the influences of a Pagan land. If they could be educated to any trade or profession, there is nothing for them to do among the heathen, no sphere for the display of talent, no room for an unfolding genius, no employment for an expanding intellect, no materials for its progressive cultivation. Should they remain unregenerate, it would be unjust to the children, in such an age as this, to force them to compete with half-civilized men in the handicrafts of life. Should they become regenerate, and their attention be directed to the work of the ministry and of missions, nothing could compensate for the want of that discipline which is to be obtained only in the institutions of a Christian land.

The manner in which this subject presented itself to the

mind of Mrs. Comstock is worthy of serious consideration. In writing to a friend, she says :

“ You are right in supposing that I have many anxious thoughts about their future lot, *how many* and *how anxious* no human being can ever know. I am not decided as to whether it is best to send them from me, or, rather, from this country. From experience and observation, my own as well as that of others, I am convinced that our children can not be properly educated and fitted for the greatest usefulness in this country ; that I shall wrong my children, *seriously wrong* them, by suffering them to grow up, inhaling, day after day, and year after year, the fatal miasma with which the whole moral atmosphere of this country is so fearfully impregnated. On this point my *judgment* has long been convinced. Shall we, then, go home with our children, and see them educated under the genial influence of a Christian sky ? Or shall we send them away, and commit their best interests, for time and for eternity, to stranger hands, who do not, *can not* feel a *mother's responsibility*, however much and conscientiously they may strive to perform a mother's duties ? As a general rule, I believe a mother's duty to her children is second only to her duty to her Creator. How far missionary mothers may be exempt from this rule, it is difficult to decide. A mother who has spent eight, ten, or twelve of her best years among the heathen may be expected to be well acquainted with their language, manners, customs, and habits of thought and feeling. She has proved herself their friend, and gained their confidence and affection. She is, as it were, just prepared for extensive usefulness. At this period, shall she go and leave them, with none to tell them of Him who came to ransom their souls

from sin and its penalty? Or, if another is raised up to fill her place, it must be years—years during which many precious immortals must go down to a dark, a fearful eternity, ere she is prepared to labor efficiently among them. I see no other way than for each individual mother prayerfully to consider the subject, and let her own conscience decide as to her duty. As to my own private feelings on this subject, after long, serious, and prayerful consideration, I have come to the conclusion that it is best to send our eldest two to America in the course of another year, should a good opportunity offer. This decision, be assured, has not been gained without many tearful conflicts with maternal affection. You are right when you judge this to be the greatest cross the missionary is called to bear. When we left forever the land of our birth, the home, sweet home of our sunny childhood, and all those beloved friends and relatives who were to us dearer than life, many thought we were making a great sacrifice. So it was. And deep and sincere seemed the sympathy that was evinced on our account. Yet the pangs of that separation are not to be compared with those which must rend that mother's heart who feels compelled to send from her fond embrace those precious little ones to whom she has been the means of giving life, almost in the infancy of their existence, too, with no fixed principles and habits, and without a hope of ever seeing them again in time. This, surely, forms the climax of a missionary's sacrifices. But if God, the kind author of all our blessings, require even this, shall we say, It is too much? Shall we withhold even Isaac? No: may we rather strive to commit ourselves and our precious offspring in faith to his care, who has said, 'Leave thy fatherless children to me.' They are, in one sense, *orphans*. But if rendered so

by what we feel to be obedience to our heavenly Father's will, will He not be to them a father and protector? Will He not more than supply the place of the most affectionate earthly parents?"

With such feelings Mrs. Comstock came to the sacrifice of her children. With these impressions she laid them on the altar of missions, as a part of the self-denial incident to her calling. She knew not that she should see them again in the present world. She did not see them again. The parting, as to this life, was a final parting. Abraham was spared the *actual* offering of Isaac. But she was not spared. The Lord had a sacrifice in Arracan, and it was hers to be the offerer. About this time, one of the missionary brethren returning to America, an opportunity was afforded to send the children home under the charge of a careful protector, and it was resolved to embrace the opportunity. The step had been long deliberated on, and was now to be taken. This bitterest cup in her pilgrimage was now to be drunk. The spirit of the Christian triumphed in the struggle. Having given the farewell kiss to those dear objects of her affection, and having clasped them to her bosom for the last time in this world, she resigned them to her husband, who conducted them on board the ship that was to take them to America, saying, as she did so, "O Jesus, I do this for thee." Noble woman! who can doubt that it *was* for Christ—a sacrifice which he accepted? Was the spirit of Christian martyrdom ever more affectingly illustrated? O ye, who think the missionary work involves no self-denials, and who speak lightly of the toils and trials of those who engage in it, is such an agony as this a light thing to be endured? It was a memorable remark of Rev. Mr. Has-

well, when he was about to embark for Burmah the second time, leaving two children behind him, that the self-denials of Christians at home seemed to him to be no more, as compared with the self-denials of missionaries, than the weight of his little finger to the mighty mountains.

Mrs. Comstock did not long survive this trial. God had proved her faith, and it was not found wanting. She was early ripe, early gathered. By a severe attack of dysentery she was suddenly prostrated, and after a short illness passed to her home on high. Little opportunity was allowed for those expressions of affection, and of Christian confidence and triumph, which might otherwise have been expected from her lips. She died April 28th, 1843, at the age of thirty years, seven months, and four days. With her husband, who survived her just one year, and two of her beloved children, who sunk in less than two months after her demise, she now sleeps under the sod of Arracan. "Seed sown of God to ripen for the harvest." About two thousand persons, men, women, and children, crowded to her house, on the day of her death, to pay their respects to her loved remains, and to testify their deep and sincere sorrow.

The following estimate of her character is furnished from the pen of her husband :

"The loss to the mission by the death of Mrs. Comstock is very great. She eminently possessed many very desirable qualifications for a missionary. Her kind spirit and affable manner secured for her the confidence and affection of all who knew her. She was endowed, too, with untiring patience and indomitable perseverance. I have often admired her patient and persevering efforts to impress religious truths upon the

dark and vacant minds of a company of women from the country. The first remark from them almost universally is, 'I don't understand.' She would then vary her language or subject, and keep varying till they did understand, although to make them do so often seemed to me a hopeless task. Her patience and perseverance, however, were not manifested to single companies alone. They were conspicuous through her whole course. Amid all her sicknesses and trials, which were many and great, she pursued the even tenor of her way, nothing daunted, endeavoring, as she had opportunity, to do good to all. She delighted in her work, and was never happier than when surrounded by women and children to whom she was telling the story of Christ crucified. She often, also, was compelled to engage in discussions with men, which she managed with great judgment. Although she was always desirous to go out with me to the villages, the circumstances of our family seldom permitted her to do so. However, whether left alone at home or accompanying me in my tours, she always sought to be usefully employed, and her labors were abundant. She possessed a very good knowledge of the language, and her easy and correct use of it was often noticed by the natives with astonishment and admiration. Her industry and faithfulness, her love to souls and to Christ, her faith in God, and her mental and moral characteristics as a whole, admirably fitted her for the station she occupied. Her health had been unusually good for a few months before her death, and her prospects of laboring long and successfully in Arracan were never fairer. But our thoughts were not God's thoughts. He had other designs, and called her to engage, I doubt not, in a higher sphere of employment and usefulness. The mission

here is greatly weakened. But God hath done it, and all he does is right."

Her amiable character, her devoted attachment to the cause of missions, her rare decision, her conscientious regard to duty, her ardent faith, her pure and enduring love, render her a model worthy of admiration and imitation. May the Head of the Church raise up hundreds to live as she lived, to love as she loved, to trust as she trusted, to be honored as she has been and will be honored, to labor as she labored, to glorify God as she glorified him.

"If life be not in length of days,
In silvered locks and furrowed brow,
But living to the Savior's praise,
How few have lived so long as thou.

Though earth may boast one gem the less,
May not even heaven the richer be?
And myriads on thy footsteps press,
To share thy bless'd eternity."



HARRIET L. WINSLOW.

FAC SIMILE FROM LETTER TO HER BROTHER, DATED OODOOVILLE, JUNE 25TH, 1828.

*If the Lord marks out our path,
it is enough to know that he does
it, when we can cheerfully
walk in it,
HARRIET L. WINSLOW.*

MRS. HARRIET L. WINSLOW,

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. WILLIAM A. HALLOCK, D.D.,

NEW YORK.

HARRIET WADSWORTH LATHROP, eldest daughter of Charles Lathrop, Esq., and Joanna Leffingwell, was born in Norwich, Connecticut, April 9th, 1796. Her paternal grandmother was Abigail Huntington, her maternal grandmother Elizabeth Coit. She married the Rev. Miron Winslow, January 11th, 1819, and on the 8th of June following sailed from Boston for Ceylon, in company with the Rev. Messrs. Scudder, Spaulding, Woodward, and their wives, in the brig Indus, Captain Wills. Having labored thirteen years in Jaffna, Ceylon, she died suddenly, January 14th, 1833, at the age of thirty-seven. Her three youngest sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Hutchings, Mrs. Charlotte H. Cherry, and Mrs. Harriet Joanna Perry, followed her as missionaries to Ceylon, where the ashes of the two last named rest with hers in the church-yard at Oodoo-ville. Her memoir has been extensively circulated in this

country and in England, and also in French, from the press at Toulouse.

The missionary life of this efficient and accomplished woman dates back to a period of deepest interest in the early history of American missions. Only our first five foreign missionaries—Newell and Judson, who sailed from Salem, and Hall, Nott, and Rice, who sailed from Philadelphia, on the 18th and 19th of February, 1812—had left our shores, when, in 1814, Harriet W. Lathrop, imbosomed in a circle of refined and happy friends dear to her as life, not one of whom was ready to countenance such a purpose, and when the total contributions of our churches to foreign missions for a year were but about \$12,000, had in her heart given herself to the work of missions among the heathen.

The review of that period carries us back a little further to that great work of divine grace in the churches which was the true origin of our foreign missions.

More remotely, we recur to the distinguished outpouring of the Spirit simultaneously in our own country and Great Britain, in the days of Edwards, Brainerd, the Tennents, Whitefield, and Wesley, justly styled "The Great Awakening," about the year 1740: characterized by clear views of individual conversion, not by birth or privileges within the pale of the Church, but by the powerful energies of the Holy Spirit working a radical change in the heart, that produce such "fruits of the Spirit" as evinced to the individual and those around him that he was, indeed, "new-born," and was thus entitled to membership in the Church on earth, as an heir of eternal glory. This work of God produced its wide and permanent fruits in

the ministry and the churches ; but at the end of half a century the old leaven of lifeless formality still extensively prevailed, and at length degenerated, in a large body of churches then reputed evangelical, into an open denial of "the Lord that bought us."

About the year 1800, this work of divine grace in the churches was gloriously renewed, especially in the northwestern portion of Connecticut and the vicinity. The ministers of Christ were aroused as with one heart to preach the great distinguishing truths of the Gospel ; exalting God on the throne, abasing man in the dust ; preaching justification by faith alone, through the merits of a divine Redeemer, and the renewing and sanctifying influence of the Holy Ghost working effectually in the heart, and creating the soul anew unto eternal life. None were admitted to the Church without giving evidence of such a work of grace on their hearts, and almost all who were admitted showed by their lives that they were "new men in Christ Jesus." The Spirit descended in large measures upon ministers and churches in every direction. The Connecticut Evangelical Magazine, established at Hartford in 1800, heralded the work of God ; and its triumphs extended from year to year, till the idea of salvation by being born in the Church, or negligently sometimes partaking her ordinances, or merely refraining from gross immoralities, was exploded, in theory at least, from all churches claiming to be evangelical, we trust never again to be revived.

Among the actors in these scenes were the Rev. Dr. Griffin, and the Rev. Dr. Ebenezer Porter, of Andover, who to the close of life, with trumpet tongue, vindicated the grace of God in those outpourings of the Spirit, and plead the cause of genuine

revivals, and of missions as one of their legitimate fruits. "It was my happiness," says Dr. Griffin, "to be early carried to Litchfield county, and to be fixed in that scene where the heavenly influence was to send out its stronger radiations to different parts of the country; where thrice twenty congregations, in contiguous counties, were laid down in one field of divine wonders. There it was my privilege to be most intimately associated with such men as Mills, and Gillet, and Hallock, names which will be ever dear to the Church on earth, and some of which are now familiar in heaven. Their voice, which I often heard in the silent groves, and in the sacred assemblies which followed, and in the many, many meetings from town to town, have identified them in my mind with all those precious revivals which opened the dawn of a new day upon our country"—"when that moral change began which has swept from so large a part of New England its looseness of doctrine and laxity of discipline, and awakened an evangelical pulse in every vein of the American Church."

This work of divine grace brought distinctly before the people of God the value of the soul, and its rescue from death eternal as affected by the glorious truths of the Gospel applied by the power of the Holy Spirit to individual men; and the inference was too clear not to be discerned, that every man must seek his fellow-man's salvation, whether nearer or farther off. Pastors united to penetrate every dark corner of their respective congregations; the work was soon extended to the destitute in our own new settlements, and then to the heathen.

We love thus to trace the origin of our foreign missions to the throne of God and the powerful working of his Spirit, magnifying the riches of his grace to the perishing for whom the

Redeemer died. The working of the same Spirit in the heart of a young lady in Eastern Connecticut we are now more distinctly to observe.

We first notice *her early conversion*, though in a congregation which the revivals of 1800 had not distinctly reached, and where such an event as that an amiable youth of thirteen should profess conversion by the renewing of the Spirit, and publicly unite herself to the people of God on profession of *her* faith, was scarcely known. After some months of unusual seriousness, when "a new thing," evening meetings held at the houses of the parishioners, had been commenced by the pastor; after reading Doddridge, and attempting to dedicate herself to God in a written form—the renewal of which was also almost the last act of her life—she says, in January, 1809, "One Sabbath noon I was engaged in prayer as usual, when suddenly I nearly lost all my encouragement, and, I believe, ceased speaking; but soon recommenced, feeling that I could do nothing else. I seemed then to have new confidence in God. A sweet peace was shed abroad in my soul. I felt assured that the Lord had heard my cry, and had not despised my prayer. Never can I forget the feelings with which I afterward joined the family circle, the happiest of the happy. I longed to open my mouth to declare what the Lord had done for me; but I could only gaze on my parents, brothers, and sister, with new affection, and retire to weep by myself and pray. I went in the afternoon to the house of God, where every thing was new, every thing seemed to bid me welcome, and to say, 'The Lord of Hosts is in the midst of us.' For a number of weeks I enjoyed in silence this new world into which

I seemed introduced, though my solicitude for my friends was very great.

“My beloved parents now examined anew their hope, and became convinced of their duty to profess their faith in Christ. Accordingly, on the 9th of April, 1809 [the day on which she was thirteen years of age], they, together with myself and a female domestic, were propounded for admission to the Church, and the third Sabbath following we sat down at the table of the Lord. It was a season never to be forgotten. I had taken a new stand, and the eyes of all were upon me. A child of my age never before was known, in that place, to come out from the world by a public profession of Christ!”

The fruits of this decided consecration of herself to God appeared in her prayerfulness, her study of the Bible, her rigid self-scrutiny, her humble reliance on God in trials, and her seeking, by all practicable methods, *to serve him*. She is instrumental in forming a Society for the Relief of Poor Women and Children; she engages in the voluntary instruction of a school for the education of poor children; she visits the sick and suffering; she labors to win her beloved female associates to Christ, and widely diffuses her spirit in an attractive correspondence; she sets apart every Saturday evening to pray for a revival of religion in her native town; she succeeds in forming a female praying circle; and, amid obstacles and prejudices which can now be scarcely understood, she engages in organizing the *first Sabbath school* in Norwich. As early as 1814, she also records: “When I reflect on the multitudes of my fellow-creatures who are perishing for lack of vision, and that I am living at ease, without aiding in the promulgation of the Gospel, I am almost ready to wish myself a man, that I

might spend my life with the poor heathen. But I check the thought, and would not alter one plan of Infinite Wisdom. I could, however, cheerfully endure pain and hardship for them and for my dear Redeemer. Has he not given his life for multitudes now perishing as well as for my soul? And oh, how basely ungrateful and selfish in me, to sit down quietly in the care of self, without making any exertion for their salvation. But what can I do—a weak, ignorant female? One thing only do I see. My prayers may be accepted. Yes, I will plead with my heavenly Father, that he may be a Father to the poor benighted heathen.”

While pursuing these various means of usefulness, and constantly widening her sphere of influence, the proposition, in the providence of God, is seriously laid before her *to devote the remainder of her life to personal labors among the heathen*. Familiar as the subject was to her thoughts, stirring the very depths of her spirit, she will not decide it till she has employed every means to learn the will of God, and assure herself that she should not go uncalled. She devoted months to the serious examination of the subject, and records the grounds of her unalterable decision in an admirable document, dated and solemnly subscribed, “Norwich, November 10th, 1816, Sabbath evening.”

In this document she states that “for four and a half years” her prevailing desire had been to spend her life in the service of Christ, and that her plans for future enjoyment centered in spending her days in a Pagan land; that Buchanan’s Researches first awakened her interest for the salvation of the heathen, and the sufferings detailed in the *Memoir of Mrs. Newell* but rendered the work more alluring; that she could

“imagine no situation in her native land as affording so substantial happiness;” yet she saw no indication that she was called to go, and felt that she must think only of duties in her own country. When, at length, it did seem possible that she should be called to forsake friends and native land, her great object was to observe “the leadings of Providence,” that she might not rush uncalled into so glorious a work. At times, the magnitude of the work, her insufficiency, and the trials attending such a sacrifice of temporal comfort, caused her to shrink from what appeared too much for feeble nature to bear; but, in the main, she desired to be grateful for being counted worthy to suffer for Christ. The subject of “qualifications” caused almost her only doubt, especially that her love to immortal souls was so unlike that of her Redeemer; but she trusted in the power of the Holy Spirit to give her needed grace.

Her final resort, in reaching her decision, was to “*the teachings of the Holy Spirit*. By these,” she says, “I mean the impressions on my mind which accompanied the examination of duty from time to time; and these were manifestly toward this object: when, in reading the sacred oracles, my heart was particularly warmed by contemplating the wide field of missionary labor, and the examples of holy men of old, who willingly suffered any privations and hardships for the sake of being ambassadors of the Lord Jesus—when, in examining *objections*, they always dwindled to a point, if considered with the command of Christ, ‘Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature’—when the trials of this life served to excite a more ardent desire to be ‘counted worthy to suffer for Christ,’ rather than to have any effect to intimidate me—and when, in pouring out my soul on this subject to the Father

of light, I realized more of that sweet peace in which ‘my willing soul would stay;’ and, finally, in his so drawing me to the throne of mercy, that I could not leave without a blessing; and at length dissipating every doubt, and enabling me, by the eye of faith, to discover the finger of God pointing to the East, and with the affection of a Father, and the authority of a Sovereign, saying, ‘Come, follow me’—‘this is the way, walk ye in it;’ and adding, for my encouragement, ‘I will never leave thee nor forsake thee:’ in view of all these considerations, and many more, I do believe that God calls me to become a missionary; and do, with this belief, resolve to consider myself as devoted to that service, and, as much as possible, to make all my exertions have an ultimate reference to it, hoping that God will qualify me, and make me a faithful servant for Christ’s sake. *Amen and amen.*”

Again we notice *the influence of her consecration to missions upon her family and friends.* What may not the charms of female delicacy and refinement accomplish, when the heart is fixed on a great and noble object, and constantly lifted in prayer for Divine direction? Friends in nameless ways may discountenance her plans; all the delights of home may be presented in their brightest aspects; one beloved associate may coolly return an Appeal in behalf of Missions unread; a venerated relative may say, “Harriet, you will never have my approbation, never, never, never,” and ask if the judgment of three fourths of all her friends should have no weight with her; and tender parents may withhold every expression of approval; but mildness and love, the interchange of thought and feeling, the diffusion of light, an inflexible purpose to do what duty requires, and prayer to God, that brings down the influences of his Spirit, will subdue all obstacles.

To her mother she writes, "I must trust solely to Him who has promised grace and strength. When I ask myself if I can endure a separation from such friends as mine, my answer is uniformly, 'We must be separated in a few days, and can I refuse to suffer a little for Him who has redeemed my soul by the sacrifice of Himself?'" This plea prevailed with friends and before the throne of God. Her grateful offering of herself to Him was graciously accepted; and "when a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." The missionary spirit began to burn in the hearts of those around her. Opposition to a great extent ceased, and she brought her friends with her in a firm devotion to the missionary work. A fire was kindled in Norwich which still burns brightly, and has produced rich results to the praise of Divine grace. Many have given themselves to missions. Others have been firm counselors and supporters of the missionary work. Among those friends were two who, after her decease, were to adopt two of her own children, and train one of them for missions, and both for the service of Christ.

Her father and mother had first joined her in publicly professing their faith in Christ: her three youngest sisters imbibed her spirit, and followed her to India; all her father's family became pious, and the devoted friends of missions; her father's house became the missionaries' home; Dr. Griffin, Dr. Worcester, Dr. Cornelius, Pliny Fisk, and a multitude of kindred spirits, were cherished inmates of that circle; and those who could best trace the source of all this hallowed influence, have ever connected it with the early consecration of this delicate young lady, in her secret retirement, to God and to missions.

Her *journal of the sea voyage*, written for her friends at

home, displays a scene of wonders. The mission company were united in bonds which eternity will not sever, not only for their own growth in grace and preparation for their work among the heathen, but for the eternal welfare of those with whom they sailed. After about three months, one soul was given to them, and then another and another, and a calm and heavenly influence seemed to rest and abide on the whole ship's company.

"I have felt to-day," she writes, October 1st, 1819, "as though I dare scarcely think or act. I would like to hide myself where I could *see* what God is doing, and yet be in no danger of hindering the work. We had a prayer-meeting before breakfast, and our missionary meeting this afternoon. They were precious. It seems as though every word spoken through the day was accompanied by the Spirit of God. The sea has been calm since the Sabbath, the sun has remained bright, and never, I believe, did the Sun of Righteousness so cast his beams into a little world on the waste of waters. I would describe the scene presented this evening, but you can never form an idea of it. We all went 'forward.' Every seaman, and the whole ship's company, save one man at the helm, were present. The subject of remark was, 'Now is the accepted time.' There seemed a general feeling that the Lord was passing by, and whoever would might obtain forgiveness. The first and second mate, and clerk, were appealed to for their testimony that 'now is the accepted,' the best 'time,' and with melting hearts and eyes each said, 'I feel it.' Captain Wills prayed, and addressed the meeting with a solemnity and feeling which melted us all. I never felt so much as though God was indeed present, as though angels were hovering over us to

carry intelligence to the courts of heaven of 'prodigals returned,' and 'heirs of glory born.' On retiring, we stopped 'midships' to sing a hymn of thanksgiving. The clerk came up and joined in it. To our surprise, we found him indulging a hope in Christ. After half an hour's conversation, we united in prayer that God would not suffer him to rest on any false foundation. The second mate then came up to be welcomed as a brother in Christ. His distress had been greater than that of any of the others. While we were conversing with him, the cabin-boy came from below. He could not sleep, but wanted to go to God. Another prayer, with singing, closed our interview. While we were there, Brown had been praying with the men 'forward.' Mr. Winslow and I remained a while on deck. Never did the moon shine more pleasantly. We thought we should like to write on it, '*A Revival at Sea*,' that you might participate our joy. Never was a ship's deck a more solemn and awful place. One day like this is indeed worth a hundred lives of 'pleasurable sin.' "

The spirit of this "Revival at Sea," and of the great revivals of 1800, characterized the mission till her death. Never were a band of laborers united in more endearing bonds. With one heart they sought their own mutual growth in grace, the Divine guidance, and the descent of the Holy Spirit in the conversion of the heathen to Christ; and rarely has the blessing more richly descended. Beginning missionary life with an arduous but utterly essential work, *the acquisition of the language*, and devoting themselves to preaching, to care for the young in boarding and other schools, to personal religious conversation, to meetings for prayer, Bible-class and other religious instruction, the circulation of the Scriptures, tracts, and

books, and, by the grace of God, keeping the flame of piety burning in their own hearts, by private and united self-examination, searching the Scriptures, and prayer, so that their religious character and influence were felt by all with whom they came into contact, a deep and abiding impression was made on the heathen, and many gave evidence of true conversion.

Four and a half years after her arrival in Ceylon, she says, August 17th, 1823, "My mind was turned from myself to the heathen, and during prayer I seemed to feel a new desire, or, rather, to ask with new earnestness for *the abundant outpouring of the Spirit* at this station, so that every heart should feel, and every one coming to the house should say, 'How awful is this place!' The more I thought of it and prayed for it, the more hopeful it appeared. I could see no reason why it should not be so, and every reason why it should.

"I have to-day been with Jesus in his last interviews with his disciples, his agony in the garden and on the cross, and his appearance again after his resurrection—scenes which never before seemed so full of every thing encouraging, strengthening, and comforting. Oh, what displays of love, of tenderness, of glorious majesty! In view of all this, I feel that, even for me, there is a way of access to God *in behalf of this poor people*. If my prayers are heard for myself and my husband, surely I may have hope of their being heard for others. I hesitate to say there is a connection between my prayers and the blessings we receive; but of this I am sure, that what I desire and ask is given in very many instances. Would that I had a heart to continue instant in prayer! Lord, take away my sloth, my unbelief, my hardness of heart, my distrust of thee; and

grant me humility, activity, tenderness of heart, and strong faith. Can I not say, Lord, thou knowest that I desire above every thing to be like my Redeemer; to have his Spirit, to be filled with his fullness, that I may glorify thee among this people."

On the 28th of January, 1824, she writes, "I can not delay telling you what the Lord is doing among us. Last Monday, a messenger came from Tillipally, saying that a number of the boys were under serious impressions, and that Mr. Woodward needed some assistance. Mr. Winslow immediately went there, and I accompanied him. We found the boys in meeting, and from their appearance, and that of others around, were at once impressed with the conviction that the Holy Spirit was indeed present. We remained till Wednesday evening, and saw much to encourage the hope that a work of grace was commenced in a number of hearts. There were frequent meetings, and solemnity reigned around. Yesterday, at this station, Mr. Winslow had scarcely begun his sermon, when it was evident that the Holy Spirit was near. He had some overwhelming views, which for a time rendered him unable to speak. Many of the congregation were affected. It was a solemn place. All the exercises were impressive beyond any thing I have seen here."

Soon after, she says, "At Batticotta, in the afternoon, the Holy Spirit came down with power, such as probably none of us ever felt or witnessed before, and filled all the house where we were sitting. The brother who first led in prayer was so much overcome as to be unable to proceed. For some time he had scarcely strength to rise from his knees. The afternoon was spent in prayer, interrupted only by singing, and occasion-

ally reading or repeating a verse from the Bible. It was not *common* prayer, but wrestling with the Angel of the covenant, with strong crying and tears. Every thing was awfully solemn, such as language can not describe. The worth of souls and the love of Christ pressed upon the conscience and the heart almost too strongly to be endured. We came home exceedingly exhausted. To-day the girls are more serious, and every thing around seems to say that God is here. Oh that we may stand aside while the Lord passes by, as Elijah did, when he wrapped his face in his mantle and stood in the entrance of the cave. I feel afraid to do or say any thing, lest I should in some way hinder the work.

“*March 20.* Last Sabbath, I had unusual nearness to God, and a feeling that I could ask any thing I would, without fear of a denial. He appeared *my friend*, to whom I could come very near, so as to talk face to face, and order my cause before him. This feeling continues, and I would say, with deep humility, that I never felt so much that it is a time to call upon God, to get near and to wait before him, and plead with him, as during the last week. It has been an unusual week; I have had some seasons which can not be forgotten. I enjoy our social meetings very much, but they are not to be compared with coming near to God in secret. To-day I have wrestled principally for the children here; have felt as I never did previously for them; have wondered that I have before felt so little. Perhaps God will now permit me to call, and not hear. It would be right, but still it is my privilege to pray.”

On the 3d of January of the next year, 1825, from twelve to fifteen hundred of the people assembled in a temporary building prepared for the purpose; forty-one native converts were

admitted to the Church, and the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered to *seventy native members* and sixteen of the members of the mission.

About five years later, these scenes were gloriously renewed, and *sixty-one* native converts, embracing a greater proportion of adults, were admitted to the churches at Oodooville and Batticotta.

On Mrs. Winslow devolved the care of the *Female Central School at Oodooville*. Her attention was early turned to rescuing females from their degradation, and giving them the advantages of education, to which the whole heathen community were vigorously and perseveringly opposed. She began with two little girls, whom, after patient effort, she succeeded in inducing to come to her daily to learn to sew, and at length to receive instruction. Her successful labors increased in this direction till 1823, when a mission seminary, having the special object to train up native preachers, was established at Batticotta, and soon after a *Central Boarding-school for Girls* was established and placed under her care at Oodooville, which soon embraced twenty-nine girls, generally children of good promise.

In 1832, a short time before her death, when the native free-schools contained from three to four thousand children, and the mission seminary about one hundred and fifty lads, she wrote, "My school has now *fifty-three* girls; so that my hands are full. We are greatly favored in being permitted to regard *all the older ones as Christians*, and to see those who have married adorn their profession, though living among the heathen." About this time, "when it was proposed to receive into the school about twenty girls, more than *seventy* were brought by

mothers and other female friends, all saying, you *must* receive our children; we can not take them home again." She had also a *Sunday-school of about one hundred girls*, taught chiefly by the more advanced girls of her central boarding-school.

To this boarding-school for girls she devoted much of the closing ten years of her life; and the blessing which, at its beginning, she so earnestly sought, was not denied to her faithful exertions and prayers. All the girls who had passed through a regular course in the school, or were far advanced in it previous to her death, had then become hopefully pious, and were members of the Church; and no one of them, *twenty-four* in number, had dishonored her profession.

With all her responsibilities, she was *the faithful wife and mother*. Her heart was with her husband's in every sorrow and in every joy. Her prayers and sympathies sustained him in his public labors; and, having the pen of "a ready writer," in which her hand was early disciplined in transcribing for her father the records of the courts, she performed on a liberal scale a similar service for Mr. Winslow and the mission, her fair chirography being scarcely distinguishable from his. In her record of one of the great revivals, she incidentally drops the remark, "Here I can not help saying, what appears to me a just tribute of gratitude to God, that in nothing of late have I thought my prayers were heard so evidently as when I pray perseveringly for my husband."

All her fidelity *as a mother* eternity only will reveal. She not only bore her children on her inmost heart to God, but she enlisted the prayers of the mothers with whom she was associated to "agree" in seeking one thing from God, the early conversion and final salvation of their children; and she wrote

to mothers at home, and continued her correspondence with them, that their prayers might be united with those of mothers in the mission, and, together, ascend to God for a blessing both here and there.

She says, August 14th, 1821, "To-day all the sisters met at Batticotta. We resolved to hold a quarterly meeting for our own benefit and that of our children. I have not promised myself so much from any thing of the kind since I came to India. It has been a day long to be remembered. I trust it will be remembered, even in eternity, with thanksgiving."

Speaking of her little son, when she thought he had told her a lie, she says, "From that time I regarded him in a new light. I before knew that he was a sinner, but now it was a reality, and the thought took complete possession of my soul. That I had borne a child who was an enemy to God, a rebel, an heir of hell, was humbling, overwhelming. I could not endure the reflection. Immediately I resolved to give the Lord no rest, if he would permit me to plead with him, until this brand should be plucked from the burning. He became then my burden, almost to the exclusion of every thing."

Four of her beloved children, in their tender days, one by the scourge of cholera, she yielded up to God; her first-born son, Charles, whose pleasant memoir has been widely circulated, died just after his arrival in the United States, at the age of eleven; and three daughters, who survived her, and were adopted into Christian families in this country (the most desirable relation, we believe, generally, that a returned missionary child can sustain), are members of the Church, and one of them, Mrs. Harriet W. Dulles, has returned, a devoted and accomplished missionary, to India. Thus it may be hoped that,

through the mercy of a prayer-hearing God, all her children will be gathered with her around his throne in heaven.

She bared her heart to the trial and embarrassments of the question of *missionaries' sending their children home* "to enjoy their birth-right as Americans, of which the voluntary exile of their parents ought not to deprive them, and to remain in this happy land, unless, by the grace of God, they shall be prepared willingly and joyfully to leave it for the service of their Savior in other climes." Her only surviving son had reached the age of nearly eleven. The question of his return pressed upon the hearts of his parents as one that must be practically met, and their clear and settled judgment was that they must make the sacrifice.

The considerations that, in the climate and state of society in Ceylon, there is no proper employment by which a subsistence can be procured or habits of industry formed; that the moral character is put at hazard, without suitable means of education, or the possibility, as a general thing, of forming suitable connections in marriage, or any fair prospects of usefulness or happiness; that Northern people dwindle under a tropical sun, and that, however useful they themselves might be, "their posterity, born and educated in India, instead of aiding to elevate the natives, would, in all probability, gradually sink to their level:" these and kindred reasons left no wavering in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Winslow as to what is duty in relation to this, perhaps, most difficult and trying subject connected with missionary life. "If I ever send a *daughter* to America," Mrs. Winslow says, "I think it must be before her habits are formed for this country. I feel it to be a serious evil that our daughters can do so little work. Our do-

mestics are men, from whom girls must be far removed. How, then, can they cook? And how can they do many other things which they might if at home? I fear and dread *indolence* more than almost any thing in my daughters, and see scarcely any girls here industrious. The happiness of the natives consists in sitting perfectly idle, without employment for body or mind."

She followed her beloved Charles with the prayers, and counsels, and anxieties of a mother's heart. "Perhaps you wonder," she says to a Christian friend, "how we can send him; or are you enough acquainted with our situation among this heathen people to agree with us that we can not do otherwise without incurring guilt? We hope and pray that he may be qualified to return a missionary to the people among whom he was born; but oh, my friend, this separation and anxiety concerning all the uncertainties of his life and character have cost his mother what you can but little conceive of. My trust is in the living God."

Twenty days after he reached our shores, on the 24th of May, 1832, this lovely lad, amid the sympathies and prayers of his mother's kindred, yielded his spirit to God. Let his mother tell the emotions of her heart. "The Lord has come very near to us since I last wrote, and we have realized in part what was then so much dreaded. Dear Charles is no longer an inhabitant of earth; but is, I trust, before the throne of God and the Lamb. The shock was what few can conceive. Oh how we loved him. How our expectations were raised concerning his usefulness. But the Lord has not seen as we see. He has cut him down, and, I doubt not, for the best and wisest reasons. Perhaps no affliction has ever been more need-

ed, and I humbly hope it has done us much good. It has drawn our thoughts and feelings upward, and made us, for the time at least, less earthly. It has made the Savior more precious. Indeed, I think that new views of his character, and of my relation to him, have been given me. Had I chosen the form of discipline, it would have been different; but doubtless this is best. May it accomplish all for which it was sent. It is consoling to think of one so dear as having escaped the pollutions of the world and joined the company of heaven. There, we hope, are *five* of our little ones. Surely we have reason to think of our treasures above."

We turn from other topics pressing on our attention in the life of this admirable woman, to *her early death*—another illustration of that mystery of divine Providence by which those who seem most needed on earth are called upward in the midst of usefulness. On the 10th of December, 1832, she wrote to her mother, "I expected to fill a long letter, but shall begin another sheet, to be finished, I hope, about a month hence by Mr. Winslow, when I may be unable to write. The more frequent contemplation of another world, occasioned by dear Charles's death, and I hope, also, some nearer approaches than usual to Him who is altogether lovely, have made it seem *an easier thing for me to die* than has been common. I feel, however, strong ties to life, and hope and trust it will please the Lord to spare me still."

In expectation of her confinement, concerning which she was, for no apparent reason, uncommonly doubtful, she made her preparations much as she would have done had she known the result, and that she should be unable at last even to bid any one farewell. All the concerns of the boarding-school, as well as

the affairs of her household and of the station, as far as under her management, were arranged in the most careful manner, and written directions were left concerning them. There was also a paper of hints concerning her children, and a farewell letter to her husband. Nor was her soul neglected. She had laid up fresh provision for passing over Jordan. Her affliction, by weaning her from the world—by making the Bible and the throne of grace more precious—by causing her to look to a compassionate Savior with more steady faith, and to appropriate to herself more than ever before the precious promises of his Word, so changed the current of her religious feelings, and so carried them upward, that she often spoke of them as almost entirely new. On Saturday evening, a few hours before her death, though much occupied with other concerns, she found time to express some of her feelings and desires in her private diary.

“*January 12th, 1833.* My time for writing is nearly gone, at least for the present; and my dear Charles’s birth-day reminds me that I owe it to the Lord for his merciful affliction to say more than I have of what I hope it has done for me. I have even thought, at times, that had I appeared before Him previous to this stroke, I should have had my portion with hypocrites and unbelievers. I have thought, Is it possible that, after so long a life of profession, after many unspeakably precious seasons at the throne of grace, after so long feeling assured that my poor prayers were heard and answered, after experiencing in many trials that ‘good is the will of the Lord,’ and rejoicing to have him rule and reign, and after hours, weeks, and months of bitter agony and abhorrence of myself on account of sin, and counting the holiness of heaven more to be desired than all the world can offer, I have never before

submitted to Jesus as my Lord and Savior—never before embraced the Gospel as a little child—never come unto Jesus so as to be saved? Oh, can it be? and yet, sure I am that I never before saw the Savior so lovely, so desirable—never considered as now the length, and breadth, and height, and depth of that love which passeth knowledge—the value of that fountain which is set open for sin and uncleanness; never saw the whole plan of salvation so perfect, so wonderful; never with such feelings could say, ‘My Lord and my God.’ And while this view of the subject has seemed greatly to endear the fond object whose removal has been the means, I have been thankful that the Lord did not wholly forsake me, and did not leave me to compass myself about with sparks of my own kindling, to strive to work out my own righteousness by tears and groans for sin. Oh, I bless him for this chastisement, and long that it should bring forth more fruit.

“Sometimes heaven has seemed very near, and as though it would be easy to die. At other times I have had less confidence, and more fear whether all is yet right between me and my God. Should I now be called from my little family, from my dear husband, O my Savior! let me rest in thine arms; carry me all the Jordan through. Oh be with me, even as I can not ask or think. Support, sustain my sinking feet. Be thou my Savior in that dark hour. And do thou most graciously bless my dear, dear husband. Uphold him with thine everlasting arms. My dear babes! may they be thine, thine only, and that forever. Oh my Savior, enable me this night to give myself unto thee, and do thou receive me in that well-ordered covenant which thou didst die to secure.”

She attended public worship both on the morning and after-

noon of the succeeding Sabbath ; in the evening she was ill ; Dr. Scudder and Mrs. Spaulding were with her ; and a little before six in the morning, the prayer of her ascended Lord was fulfilled in her, “ Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.”

We bless God for such a conversion, such a Christian and missionary life, such humble reliance in death, all magnifying the riches of his grace. We bless Him for such an example of entire consecration to his service, such devotion to the welfare of dying men at home and abroad, and fruits so rich and abundant gathered to his praise. We bless Him for such an illustration of what a young lady, with shrinking delicacy and distrust of herself—what an American female missionary—may accomplish ; and for such a *MISSIONARY MANUAL* as her memoir presents to guide the inquiring, as to the qualifications, preparation, responsibilities, conflicts, duties, trials, toils, joys, and triumphs of missionary life among the heathen.



JAMES McEWEN.

FAC SIMILE EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO JOSEPH P. ENGLES, ESQ.

*Now my dear friends I must
again bid you farewell. praying
that all your trials may be san-
ctified.*

James McEwen.

REV. JAMES McEWEN,
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. JOHN BURTT,*
BLACKWOODTON, N. J.

EVERY man, however humble his condition, has a history; and whatever may be the variety of circumstances through which he may be called to pass, that history, in its measure, illustrates the laws and operations of a superintending Providence, which, in the vastness and complexity of the universal, does not overlook or neglect the particular, or comparatively minute. In the following sketch of the life of a faithful servant of Christ, the overruling and directing hand of God, in fitting his instruments for the uses and ends for which he designs them, and in obviating the difficulties which lie in the way of their preparation for occupying their fore-determined

* This memoir has been compiled from Mr. McEwen's manuscript "Reminiscences" of his childhood and youth, private memoranda, and other papers furnished by his widow.

position in society or in the Church, will not escape the observation of the Christian reader. It will remind him and reassure him of the delightful truth that, although "the way of man is not in himself," nor is it "in man to direct his steps;" yet if "in all his ways he acknowledge" the Lord, he will not be left to wander in perplexity, or to labor fruitlessly; for the Lord will "direct his paths," and whatever may be profitable for him, "he will bring to pass."

The Rev. James McEwen was born at the commencement of the present century. The place of his birth is a small hamlet in the vicinity of Crief, a large and flourishing village in Perthshire, Scotland, beautifully situated at the base of the Grampian Mountains, near the head of the lower valley of Strath-Earn. His native hamlet consisted of only six or seven cottages, occupied by as many families, whose ancestors had passed their earthly pilgrimage in this secluded spot for several generations. His parents were not rich in this world's goods; but they were rich in faith, in simple piety, in knowledge of the Scriptures, and in the hope of "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." His mother, the only child of parents noted for their piety and Christian intelligence, had been carefully brought up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and seemed to be one of the few who are sanctified from the womb. She had been honored of God as the instrument of bringing him, who afterward became her husband, to a saving acquaintance with the truth; and the effect of the prayers and instructions of such a mother on her children can not be fully estimated. Of these there were nine; two of whom died young. James was her fifth child, and his religious advantages, under the Christian care and con-

sistent example of his parents, and the influence of other pious friends, were evidently great.

His maternal grandfather, after whom he was named, and who was a member of the family, bestowed much attention on him, especially in storing his young mind with "the form of sound words," and the first elements of Christian knowledge. This good old man, when James was but two years old, became his companion and his preceptor, and continued afterward to hold these kind and useful relations to him until the hand of death dissolved them. His as yet lisping tongue was trained to repeat, with childish docility and melody, the words of one catechism, and a considerable portion of another, together with a number of the Psalms in metre, and hymns, and portions of Scripture, before he could read ; and these, by daily repetition, became so completely fixed in his mind, that he never could forget them. Thus early was he led, like another Timothy, to "know from childhood the Holy Scriptures, which were able to make him wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus," and to be furnished with weapons for the spiritual warfare in which, as a Christian and a minister, he was in after life to be engaged. Is not the hand of Providence evident in this ?

Gradually, under the simple tuition of his affectionate grandparent, he acquired a facility in reading, which afterward became one of the chief sources of his enjoyment ; and although, in consequence of the absence of books adapted to the wants and intellect of childhood, his reading, at one period, was not very select, yet it was not wholly profitless. In addition to home instruction, he had the advantage, exceedingly rare at that time in the rural districts of Scotland, of attending a Sab-

bath-school, the only one in that part of the country. An old man, a mechanic, who was an intimate friend of the family, and who, for a person in his position, possessed an uncommon store of biblical and theological knowledge, conducted this school in his own house. For thirty years he persevered in the benevolent labors of the Sabbath-school, the pupils of which were gathered out of the families in the neighborhood ; and, although defective in his method, compared with the improved system now in general use, yet James, in common with many others, was laid under the most lasting obligations to this humble and intelligent Christian for his "labor of love."

When about three years of age, he caught the small-pox, which, besides other sufferings, caused the loss of sight in one of his eyes ; other infantile diseases also ensuing, probably impaired to a considerable degree his constitution. Under the pressure of these afflictions, and from the influence of his religious training, he began very early to manifest a good deal of tenderness on the subject of his salvation. The commission of a fault called up the severe rebukes of conscience, and the painful apprehension that he might be lost forever. From his third to his seventh year, the influences to which he was exposed were all on the side of godliness. The numerous friends of the family, who frequently called or visited, were pious ; and their conversation, carried on without reserve in his presence, was seasoned with grace. Thus all circumstances, as far as these can affect the state of the heart, were propitious to the growth of religion in his soul.

In addition to all those means of drawing him to Christ, the conduct of his eldest brother, tending to the same object, must not be omitted, especially as it presents us with a beautiful

example of the power of grace when it takes possession of the youthful heart. "It would be wrong," says Mr. McEwen in his *Reminiscences*, "not to mention in this place how much I owe to my eldest brother. He became a subject of divine grace himself at a very early age, and he soon became the instructor and guide of his younger brothers and sisters. I can remember well, when he could not have been more than twelve or thirteen years old, that on a Sabbath, or other occasions, when left in charge of the children, he would collect, not those of our own family only, but also the other children of the hamlet, and read and pray with us, and talk to us seriously on divine subjects. Many have been the times that he talked seriously to me, and taught my young lips both to pray and praise." Mr. McEwen adds, that this brother "joined the Church in his eleventh year, and has been for many years an elder of the same, walking worthy of the Lord unto all well pleasing."

With all these outward advantages, and the promising appearances in many parts of his conduct, Mr. McEwen, nevertheless, in looking back on this period of his life, expressed his conviction that, at that time, he had not experienced a saving change of heart.

The pleasure which he showed in listening to religious conversation, his pertinent questions relative to divine things, his remarkably retentive memory, his fondness for reading, his quickness in receiving and capacity for retaining knowledge, his love for prayer, and his rather delicate health, taken all together, suggested the thought to his friends that he was designed, in Providence, to become a minister of the Gospel. This early presage, and the warmly expressed desire of his

mother that it might be realized, was laid up among the secretly cherished forecastings of his own mind, and probably tended to prepare him for embracing the facilities, which in process of time were offered him, for entering upon the work of the ministry.

After the death of his grandfather he was sent to school. This was in the seventh year of his age. But the circumstances of his father rendering it necessary, he was soon removed, and placed under the care of a pious farmer, from whom he received his board and a trifling sum as wages, for tending the cattle in the fields. This gave him abundance of time for reading. Books, however, adapted to the young capacity, and, at the same time, to the wants of the juvenile intellect, conscience, and heart, were scarcely to be met with. A literature of a wholesome moral and religious character for the young had not as yet come into existence. But there was, at that time, abundance of books of another class, consisting of ballads, fairy tales, and stories, filled with coarse wit and ill-constructed adventures, calculated for mere entertainment, without information and without a moral. The subject of our narrative read daily a portion of the Bible, and attended to his Catechism; but, exclusive of these, he "devoured greedily every book that came in his way." So retentive was his memory, that he could repeat, almost verbatim, many of the little story-books, old ballads, and amusing poems, which had been his companions in the solitude of his field employment; and he was in the habit of reciting them, to the gratification of the farmer's family, from his station in the chimney-corner, in the evenings. He much lamented this abuse of time and talent in his after-days, as it had a corrupting influence on his heart, and stored

his memory with "foolish nonsense," which he "labored hard to forget," without being wholly successful.

During this period he was not without short seasons of very serious impressions, which would sometimes interrupt his rest, and make him weep and try to pray. He was fully convinced that without holiness he could not see the Lord; and notwithstanding the flattery of some injudicious friends, his conscience was faithful, and told him that he was not holy, and therefore he was exposed to the wrath of God. The fear of perishing gave him, at times, great uneasiness, and even terror; from the force of education, he never entertained the idea that he could be saved by his works; and yet, although he believed that he could be saved by Christ alone, his ideas concerning gratuitous justification through the Savior's imputed righteousness were confused and indistinct.

When he was about the age of thirteen, his excellent mother died. This event made a deep and salutary impression on him, and sent him for consolation and direction to the Holy Scriptures, with which his memory was abundantly stored. Every portion of his history furnishes evidence of the inestimable advantage he derived from his early habit, formed under the pious, but too generally obsolete discipline of his grandfather, of storing his memory, while as yet it was the predominant faculty of his mind, with the *ipsissima verba* of the inspired oracles. Let parents take courage from this example, to lay deep the principles of virtue and piety in the infant mind, by intertwining with the opening buds of thought the unfading beauties and sustaining truths of heavenly wisdom.

It is to be regretted that Mr. McEwen did not bring down his "Reminiscences" to a later period than that of his child-

hood. We should have been edified in tracing his progress more accurately and closely than we can do now, during that season of youth and early manhood when the strength of early principles is tested by powerful temptations, excitable and wayward passions, exposure to the fascinations of pleasant but ungodly company, and increased intercourse with the world. We have only, in relation to this important part of Mr. McEwen's career, a few undated particulars, gleaned from the recollections of his friends.

It appears that in early youth, some years short of twenty, he joined the Church; but, as his later experience showed, this solemn act must have been consummated in compliance with the urgent importunities of his partial friends, and in conformity with the general practice of his country half a century ago, whatever that practice may be now. Mr. McEwen's convictions of duty no doubt harmonized with the views of his friends, and the prevalent opinion of the people by whom he was surrounded. And so well regulated was his conduct, that probably not he himself, much less his fellow-members, could be aware that his religion was but a form, shaped by the force of instilled principles, but not warmed and animated with the faith and love of a renewed heart.

Some time after the death of his mother, he was bound an apprentice to a carpenter, and, with his usual readiness of acquiring any thing to which he applied his mind, he was equally successful and industrious. When his time of apprenticeship had expired, he was induced, by the advice of his friends, to go to Edinburgh, with the view of following his business to greater advantage. This was a new and important step of his life, in which we may clearly discern the leadings of a wise

and gracious Providence. He carried with him his religious habits, and became a constant attendant on the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Scott, of that city. Here he was awakened to solemn conviction of the true state of his soul, and experienced a season of deep distress. The first ray of divine light and peace visited him, while he was pouring out his heart to God in secret, in a secluded spot on Arthur's Seat, a hill which overlooks the city. This happened early on a Sabbath morning; and that hillside was made to him a mount of transfiguration, where he was privileged to be with his Savior, and by faith to see his glory. From that happy hour he became a decided and devoted Christian, both in heart and life.

Retired in his habits, he had only a few companions, but they were select. On this subject he remarked to his sister, when walking along the streets of Edinburgh: "I love few as companions, and I love them well." By these few kindred spirits he was introduced to prayer-meetings and meetings for the discussion of religious subjects, which were conducted, not for controversial purposes, but on principles of a practical nature; for establishment and progress in divine knowledge, and spiritual improvement. Of these meetings Mr. McEwen was a cordial and active member, and they present another link in the series of providences by which the Lord was gradually fitting him, and leading him unconsciously onward to that position in the Church in which he was to be a zealous and successful witness for Christ. His pious friends, whom he constantly saw at these meetings, were not long in discovering his extensive knowledge of Scripture, his clear insight into the doctrines of grace, and his excellent gift in prayer; and at their instance, he was prevailed upon, under feelings of much diffidence and a deep sense

of responsibility, to take charge, on Sabbaths, of a large Charity School, the expenses of which were borne by the late pious Miss Reid, of Edinburgh. Many of the pupils, through his instrumentality, became members of the Church, and, as there was every reason to hope, living stones in the spiritual temple of God.

After some years profitably and usefully spent in Edinburgh, he emigrated to the United States, furnished by Miss Reid with the most ample testimonials of his unremitting zeal and successful efforts. This occurred in 1827. After encountering some of the difficulties incident to a stranger in a strange land, he settled in Philadelphia, and connected himself with the Eighth Presbyterian Church. Here his ardent piety and evident gifts for usefulness recommended him to the respect and confidence of his Christian brethren, and he was unanimously chosen and set apart as an elder of that church. The idea, communicated to his mind in childhood, that he would be a minister of the Gospel, had never entirely left him; but, on the contrary, had ripened with growing years and piety into a strong desire, and an indefinite, yet cherished hope, that he might obtain an entrance into that office. The same idea occurred to some of his friends in Philadelphia, and, advised and urged by them to the preparatory steps, with promises of the necessary assistance, he commenced and finished a course of academical education under the able tuition of a friend and fellow-elder. By the assiduous attention of his teacher, and his own vigorous application,* he was prepared for the Theological Seminary at Princeton, which he entered in November, 1831.

* "While pursuing his academical course, he wrote, at the suggestion of his teacher, a brief statement of his views of the doctrines of the Gospel, which

Under a profound sense of the solemn responsibilities he was now assuming, he devoted himself anew to the Lord, and applied himself with such earnestness and success to his studies, and manifested such a maturity in grace as to gain the esteem both of the professors and of his fellow-students. Having finished a full course of Theology at the Seminary, and having long felt an ardent desire to engage in the missionary work, he offered himself, and was accepted as a missionary by the Presbyterian Western Board of Foreign Missions, under whose direction he acted for a year as their agent among the churches, with acceptance.

With what cordiality and zeal he prosecuted this preliminary work, we may gather from the following extract from a letter to a friend, in the early part of 1835: "I love the work in which I am now engaged; I feel that it is profitable to my own heart. I never feel so much pity for the souls of the perishing heathen as when I am endeavoring to tell others of their miserable condition. I never feel such a desire of being engaged in missionary labor myself, as when I am trying to stir up a spirit of missions in others. I bless God that I can say in sincerity that I feel this desire increasing in my heart daily. I do rejoice in the prospect now before me; and if my heart does not deceive me, I would not exchange it for any thing that the world can offer."

On the 24th of April, 1835, he was ordained a missionary to Northern India, in the Second Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. The Rev. W. M. Engles preached the sermon from

was afterward published in the Presbyterian, in several successive numbers, under the title of 'Plain Divinity,' and which was much admired, and attributed by many to a more experienced pen."—*Obituary Notice.*

Acts, xxii., 21, which was afterward published, and in which we are presented with a brief, but clear and impressive view of the commission and qualifications of a missionary to the heathen. We have no materials at hand by which we can ascertain the state of his feelings during the interval between his ordination and his sailing for India; but we can readily and surely judge, from the maturity of his piety, his unreserved devotedness to the service of his Savior, and his long-cherished desire of the privilege of proclaiming the Gospel to the heathen, that there was no change either of feeling or of purpose, except that of growing intensity and earnestness of spirit, to be engaged in actual labor among the distant, destitute, and perishing.

In the following November, Mr. McEwen married Miss Sarah Symington, of Philadelphia, who accompanied him in his pilgrimage of labors and sufferings to India, and returned with him to the United States in 1839, to see him struggle under an increasing burden of bodily pain and infirmity, and labor on in the service of his beloved Savior for a few years longer, and then to watch at his death-bed, and witness the triumph of his faith amid the agonies of dissolution.

Shortly after his marriage, he sailed, in company with others, for his designated field of missionary effort. "On the passage out" (we quote from an obituary notice, by his former friend and tutor), "a revival of the most interesting character took place among the officers and seamen, in which he took a deep concern, and acted a conspicuous part. On his arrival in India, his destination was providentially fixed at Allahabad. His health, which was not robust at the time of his sailing, soon failed under the severity of the climate and the pressure

of missionary labors; yet, in the midst of bodily infirmity, he continued to labor faithfully, chiefly among the European residents; and when compelled to abandon the missionary field, he bore the most substantial proofs of the respect and Christian affection of those who had enjoyed his labors."

In his letters written home from Allahabad, it is interesting to read the revelation of his inward conflicts, furnished by himself, in which it evidently appears that the Lord was with him, and crowned his faith with victory, while the outward man was borne down and vanquished by the force of its afflictions. We present the following extracts:

"Truth compels me to state that I feel my constitution to be so impaired by so many repeated attacks of disease, there is very little hope that I shall ever enjoy sound health in this country. Even now, although the weather is delightfully cool and pleasant, it is as much as I can do, through the power of medicine and other means, to keep down the fever, and to keep the pain in my side from laying me up again. The physicians have told me decidedly that if I have another attack like the one I have had, I will in all probability sink under it. But the will of the Lord be done. In reviewing the past, I feel confident that I was honest with my own heart, and that I did follow what appeared to me to be the plain leadings of Providence and of the Spirit of God, and I can not yet see how I could have acted otherwise than I did and been blameless. I still believe that the Lord has led me on thus far, and that he directed my wandering steps to this place. What he intends to accomplish by it I do not know, neither do I wish to be solicitous about it. Present duty is ours, future events the Father hath kept in his own hand. The idea of not being permitted to

labor, after I have been sent out here at so great an expense, often makes me uneasy, and during my sickness I found it very difficult to keep from murmuring on that account. The thought often presents itself—I am too unworthy to be permitted to labor in such a glorious work as that of bringing the poor heathen to the knowledge of the Savior; and that, through the pride of my heart, I have rushed on to a work to which I have not been called. Such thoughts sometimes render me unhappy, and lead me again to examine the past; but I can assure you that I have never for one moment been led to the calm conclusion that I did wrong in coming here. And now that the Lord has guided me to a field where so much is to be done, and has so far restored my health as to enable me to enter upon the work, I am happy; and if he will enable me to continue, I will indeed rejoice. In the mean time, I wish to do with all my might what my hands find to do, that if I am again laid aside, I may not have to condemn myself that when I had an opportunity to labor I neglected it.” * * *

“If we can stay with safety until the other missionaries arrive, it would be very desirable. But the Lord will order it all aright. The thought of being obliged to return, I can assure you, is not any more pleasant than usual. It is a subject from which my mind shrinks, and yet it is the subject which occupies the chief part of my thoughts, and a thousand questions present themselves to my mind, such as the following: Has the Lord, then, rejected me as unworthy to labor among the heathen? Has he weighed me in the balance and found me wanting—wanting in zeal for his glory; in singleness of heart, in love to the souls of dying men, in missionary qualifications? &c. What will the friends at home think? When

I consider the deep-rooted feeling that exists throughout the American Churches against missionaries returning from their field of labor, I confess to you I tremble at the idea of returning. But this partakes too much of the fear of man, which brings a snare. Oh that we may be suitably humbled before the Lord! One thing troubles me very much, that is, lest my returning should be the means of discouraging any more worthy and better qualified laborers from coming to this field. I hope and pray that this may not be the case." * * *

"The physician of this station has told me that I must leave the country if I would save my life. I have been so ill ever since the commencement of the hot weather, that I have required his constant attendance; but although he has done every thing for me that he can, the disease (which is now rather a complication of diseases), although its more rapid progress has certainly been checked by his treatment, is not at all removed, but seems to be taking a faster hold of my constitution. I have been almost closely confined to the house for several months past, and as I am unable to study, I am almost entirely useless, while I constantly suffer a great deal of pain night and day. Indeed, the only ease or rest which I have had for some time past has been through the influence of anodynes. I have continued to preach, when I am able, on the Sabbath morning, and one evening in the week, to our little Church, who still meet in our house. The doctor prohibited me from doing it some time ago, but as it is the *only thing that I can do*, I am anxious to try it as long as I am able."

In relation to the few remaining years of this afflicted servant of God, the writer of this sketch avails himself of the obituary already quoted, as summing up briefly, but clearly

and comprehensively, the leading events of his life, from the period of his return from India until he was summoned away to participate in his longed-for inheritance—the “rest that remaineth for the people of God.”

“Having returned to this country early in the year 1839, with a shattered constitution, he paid a visit to his native country the same year, and while his health was improved, his spirit was refreshed with witnessing the glorious work of God in Kilsyth, in that year. Shortly after returning from Scotland, he received and accepted a call to be pastor of the church in Delhi, New York. Here he entered on a course of the most arduous and self-denying labors, in which he persevered until within a few weeks of his death, notwithstanding he was the subject of organic disease, which scarcely gave him one day’s exemption from pain. Within the last three years, being convinced that the term of his service in the vineyard would be short, he devoted himself with the spirit of a martyr to the most zealous and laborious efforts in his Master’s cause. During this time his growth in grace became more and more conspicuous to those with whom he was most familiar. He appeared to be constantly watching for the Master’s coming, and striving to have his work done before the day closed. On the third Sabbath of January, 1845, he was seized with the attack which was to close his earthly labors. In the prospect of being soon summoned into the presence of his Judge, to give up his final account, he commenced a course of the most serious self-examination as to the state of his soul, and the evidences of his acceptance with God. This resulted in a calm confidence and settled assurance that his hopes were founded on the Rock of Ages, which would never fail him. During the

seven weeks of his last illness, this confidence was never for a moment shaken. Indeed, his hope, and peace, and joy were, as he himself expressed it, as great as he desired or could bear. Patience with him had its perfect work. Not a murmuring or repining word escaped his lips. Those who ministered around his bed felt it a privilege to wait on one so patient, so fearful of giving trouble, so sincerely resigned to his Lord's will. While his body was racked with indescribable agony, so as to cause his physicians to wonder that human nature could so long endure it, his mind was calm and collected. He had a desire to depart and be with Christ. The thought of recovery, he said, was to him most painful. In broken accents, he would often exclaim, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come!' Once, during a short interval of ease, while a sweet smile spread over his features, he said, 'O never cease to praise the Lord.' In the paroxysms of his pain, lest the source of his distress should be mistaken, he would lay his hand on his breast, and say, '*Sore physical pain!*' His departure at last was literally a falling asleep in Jesus. Mr. McEwen was a diligent student, a faithful preacher, a sound divine, and, what is more than all, a sincere Christian."

His friends loved him while living; they bowed with submission to the will of "the Lord of the harvest," who was pleased, so soon, to bid him rest from his labors. His works will follow him to the presence of the Savior, where we believe he is, and will bear witness to the earnestness, love, and simple faith with which he leaned on the promises, and by which, Christ strengthening him, he labored with patience and success.



CATHARINE H. SCUDDER.

If I know my own heart
I think I have not one
care for the future. What
if I should die in the
ocean. Shall I not reach
my home the sooner. I
leave my testimony of im-
munity to work for my
Savior. Catherine H. Scudder.

MRS. CATHERINE H. SCUDDER,

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. M. S. HUTTON, D.D.,

NEW YORK.

GOD'S way is always in the deep, and his paths are not known; but how entirely inscrutable to us is the early death of a useful missionary.

When we realize the mental and moral conflict through which the spirit must pass while pondering the solemn question whether duty to our Lord required self-exile from home for the sake of the heathen, and when, after these mighty strug-

gles have been endured, the question has been answered, and the self-disciplined heart, with all its pantings over, is laid hushed into peace at the feet of Jesus, willing to go any where and to do any thing, we feel that it must be for *permanent* good that all this has been endured.

And then, again, when we follow the devoted missionary to his new home, and see his affections thus riven from all which the heart once held dear, twining themselves around new objects on a foreign soil, the feeling becomes strengthened, and we are ready to exclaim, now surely it is for some great and lasting purpose that our kind and sympathizing Lord has thus transplanted him, when, lo ! all our expectations are disappointed, and instead of the glad story of a long life of usefulness and of success, there comes borne to us across the waters his calm and peaceful death-song.

To us, in our short-sightedness, this seems to be very strange. It seems like a mighty sacrifice made for naught—an uncalled-for waste of life, affections, and holy struggle, that, just as he has been made fit for usefulness—just as he was becoming a blessing to the darkened minds around him, the blessing is borne away from the face of the earth. Yet thus it often happens. Thus was it with the young and lovely missionary of whom we now write, and of whom we would retain some memorial in the Church on earth. The Church in heaven needs it not ; for there before the throne, with brightening crown, stands our sainted sister, and her works do follow her. Her career on earth was beautiful and short. Like some bright bird of paradise, she just lighted on the shore of heathenism, giving testimony of the existence of a happier land, and then returned to finish her song in that happier land. She died soon

after she had reached her India home, just as she was beginning to lisp in Tamul words to benighted minds the story of a Savior's love.

Was, then, we are ready to inquire, all this sacrifice of leaving home, kindred, friends, and Church unnecessary and vain? Was there no needs-be for those hours of conflict and those heart-breaking farewells? Ah! we know that a kinder, wiser heart than ours rules and guides the lot of those whom he loves. We see in these providences God taking his own way to prepare his children for heaven. He first removes them from almost all held dear on earth, takes them, as it were, alone to himself in some far off heathen land, and there, in his love and wisdom, matures them the faster and earlier for a place near his throne.

In this light we must regard the dealings of Providence with the subject of this memorial.

Mrs. Catherine Hastings Scudder was the daughter of Professor Thomas Hastings, a man well known and honored throughout the churches of our land for his valuable efforts to elevate the standard of church music, and to place the duty of praising God in the sanctuary upon its proper basis. She was born at Utica, New York, August 22d, 1825, and was but twenty-three years old when her promising life on India's missionary ground was so suddenly closed. But though so young in years, she was mature in character. One who from long acquaintance was well qualified to speak of her, says: "She was a pleasant, sprightly child; brilliant in imagination, strong in her affections, and energetic in her resolves. Energy, indeed, was strikingly characteristic of her. She could do any thing that was proper and right—any thing that she undertook. Acquisi-

tion was easy to her ; accomplishment of her task a thing of course."

We are also furnished with the following statement in regard to her early religious history : " In early childhood divine truth made little impression upon her until she beheld an open grave and the burial of an infant. The scene deeply affected her. From that time she became habitually thoughtful. Her convictions, though gradual, were distinctly marked. She was driven from refuge to refuge, till no alternative was left her but humble submission to God. At this point hope sprung up with such vigor and confidence, that her parents for a while were fearful of its soundness, and gave her an intimation of their feelings. But the consciousness of having given her heart to God was too strong for her to entertain doubts or suspicions. These, in her case, were reserved for a later period in the divine life."

In her tenth year she united with the Presbyterian church under the care of the late and lamented Dr. Erskine Mason. The development of her piety gave early premonitions of her destiny as a missionary. She was from the beginning of her Christian life an humble gleaner for the missionary cause, manifesting a readiness to undergo any privation in order to increase her little fund for this object. When about eleven years old, her heart was deeply affected by the fact that the missionaries who had charge of the Ceylon schools were obliged to disband some of them for want of funds, and to send back to the darkness of heathenism many of the native children ; and her sympathy led to corresponding action. She prepared a constitution and formed a family association to sew for the heathen, and this association continued in existence until she left home for India,

and exchanged manual for mental and moral labor in behalf of those for whom she felt such life-long solicitude.

Sheltered beneath her loving parents' roof, the incidents of her life which would interest general readers were of course few. Her daily round of duties was faithfully and conscientiously performed; and whether we view her as daughter, sister, friend, Sabbath-school teacher, or missionary, we see in her much to admire, and her memory is precious. Her decided piety rendered her active in all these relations, while her native kindness of heart and true womanly nature never led her, in her zeal, to offend true taste.

To illustrate the dealings of God with her in leading her to engage in the work of foreign missions, we quote again the language of another: "For some months previous to her invitation to a missionary field she was in much religious doubt and perplexity. During this painful period, it was her daily prayer that, if her heart had indeed ever been renewed, she might discover satisfactory evidence of her acceptance, and find opening before her some wider field of usefulness. Both of these petitions were answered on the same day. In the morning she was rejoicing in God, and in the evening the grave question unexpectedly came to her, whether, under any circumstances, she could consent to become a foreign missionary. This was a field of labor which she had never anticipated for herself. Was it 'possible that any one could imagine her fit for a missionary?' She loved the cause, and delighted in offices of kindness to those who were devoted to the holy work; but for such a work she imagined herself wholly unworthy. Could she think otherwise—could she believe that her Savior would accept her, she would go without hesitation. She would go,

though she might die in the effort. She would at least leave her testimony to the preciousness of the cause. An ocean grave was as near to heaven as was a burying-place at home.

"This was the decision of an hour, made in the closet with many tears, but adhered to unwaveringly through life. It was a decision all unbiased by partialities, which afterward ripened into a well-founded and ardent attachment for one who, it seems, was destined to become her chosen companion through life. Nor was her decision the result of sudden enthusiasm. The question to her was one of duty, of privation, and of self-denial, even beyond what she afterward experienced. But if the Master called, it was enough; she would not hesitate; no matter where or when. She was ready to make any sacrifice."

From the time in which she first contemplated devoting her life to the missionary work, her character matured rapidly, and with remarkable power. Her friends all felt that after her decision was made, a change, a holy, elevating change, had passed over her. The high resolve to do and suffer for her Lord, and the renewed consecration of herself to Him, seemed to absorb many of her natural characteristics, and the beauty of the Lord shone in and around her. She seemed like one baptized for the work to which she had consecrated her life. The severe trial to her loving heart, of resolving to sever the strong ties which bound her to home and friends, had served to bind that quivering heart more closely to Him for whose sake she endured all; and she moved among us with the cheerful calmness which betokened an entire confidence in her Savior, who she firmly believed had called her to this work. And while her own face ever beamed with a placid smile, the origin of which was evidently not to be found on earth, there was

something in her appearance which, in my own interviews with her as her pastor, almost made me feel as though I were in the presence of one who would soon be removed to the upper sanctuary. My emotions were those which I experience when I feel that God is about to gather into his own bosom, from the flock intrusted to me, one of his precious lambs. Her early death has often reminded me of these emotions, felt invariably when in her presence. Nor was I alone in this. A friend, in speaking of the intercourse which she had with her just previously to her departure from these shores, remarks, "How like a lamb did she appear among us! Not like one led to the slaughter; ah no! but like one reposing in the arms of the Good Shepherd." And it would seem that the same heavenly maturing went on when she had reached the field of her labor. One of her fellow-laborers, in speaking of her lamented death, exclaims, "Precious sister! I see now that it was because she had been ripening for heaven that she was so remarkably chastened and lovely in all her appearance while we were with her."

In September, 1846, she was married to the Rev. William W. Scudder, son of the Rev. John Scudder, M.D., who was about to return to his native India as a missionary in that field, so long the scene of his honored father's labors.

After she had parted from her family and friends, and had actually commenced her journey to her destined field of labor, in a letter addressed to her family she lifts for a moment the vail from her heart, and we are allowed to have a faint glimpse of its beatings; but brief and faint as it is, it shows something both of the struggle and of the source of her consolation. She thus writes: "But now the hour is past, the trial in its first struggle is gone, and I am all weakness. If Jesus did not

‘suffer little children,’ I should die. Affection will have its gush! What a home I have had! A father, who has stilled every throbbing pain and doubt, listened to every fear and hope, soothed my sorrows and shared my joys. A mother! oh, my heart will break! Dearest sister, you have broken the seal of my heart; but you are my own yet—all my own. Where would be the sacrifice if I did not love you. While I was at home, I kept a cold—yes, a cold exterior, for I felt that for your sakes I must be calm. And now it is all over. My heart is all open; but think not that I am sad or unhappy. No, I am all thankfulness—all joy. I think that I can trust my all with God. All my dear ones are in his care, and I will love them *in Him*. You are all praying for me, or I should not be thus sustained.”

Before they reached Madras, the ship Flavio, in which they sailed, was blessed with a revival of religion. We quote from her journal: “*Monday, March 15th*. Only 285 miles from Madras. We had a delightful meeting this evening with those of the seamen who are hoping in Christ. There were eight present. It was, indeed, refreshing to see so many who trust they have forsaken their sins and embraced the Savior. The steward said, ‘When I first came on board, every thing annoyed and troubled me, and I was all the time unhappy. But now every thing goes so smoothly, and I am so happy! I can read my Bible, and sing and pray all the time. Last night I thought I could lie awake till midnight, I love my Savior so; he is so kind and precious to me.’ Judge of our delight at hearing such language from one who used to be scolding and swearing all the time.”

Madras is without a good harbor. The following extract

exhibits the process of landing passengers: "After dinner we said our farewells to the sailors, several of whom we hope have passed from death to life, and one by one we were hoisted over the side of the vessel into the surf-boat. As the first mate was lifting me over, he said, 'I trust we shall meet above.' It was much for him to say. My heart leaped for joy. He has for the last few days attended our meetings, and seemed interested. At last our boat pushed off, and we waived our handkerchiefs and hats to the sailors, in answer to their hearty cheers. The captain wept at parting with us. We rolled and pitched about upon the waves, so that it seemed as though we should be dashed in pieces. I shut my eyes and tried to be quiet. In about ten minutes a terrible thump at the side of the boat showed us that we were near shore: a moment after another wave came, and with a thundering noise swung us round upon the sand, and we were carried one by one, in the arms of the natives, on to dry land."

Her arrival upon heathen ground did not change her views, nor excite any desire to retrace her steps. She was privileged, on her first Sabbath in India, to unite with the Church in commemorating the death of Christ, and, in describing her feelings on that occasion, she remarks, "When I thought of America, our Church and Sabbath schools came before me: that dear class, are they still careless or thoughtless? Oh! I loved, and thought, and prayed for you all, and I trust that I consecrated myself anew to the missionary work, and I rejoice that I can thus be privileged. I think that communion season was one of the most delightful I ever attended—there was so much peace and joy! Was it not pleasant that my first Sabbath should be thus spent. In the afternoon I attended Henry Scud-

der's church, and as I saw these little heathen girls kneeling on the floor, and the middle-aged and the gray-headed also, all bowed in prayer, while the preacher poured out his whole soul in the glowing accents of this strange tongue, I thought if this sight could be witnessed in America, there would be no want of laborers. I longed to clasp them all in my arms and make them love the Savior." And this devotion to her work, thus excited even amid the thoughts of her native home, never for a single moment cooled. Her allotted sphere of labor was the island of Ceylon; and there, as soon as she could master a few words of the language, she commenced her efforts to do the people good, and as she progressed in ability to teach she enlarged her sphere of influence. She was, says one who knew her best, "a devoted missionary; she loved her work; she had her little girls' school; she held her weekly prayer-meetings with the women; she often assembled the servants, and said all she could to urge them to accept of salvation through Christ. Every opportunity was promptly embraced to lead those around her to attend to their souls' eternal interests."

Referring to one of these interviews, she says, "I tried to be faithful. Oh, it seemed as if my tongue would break out in Tamul; but words would not come. If I pray for any thing earnestly, it is that I may have my faculties quickened to speak freely in this language, and tell the story of Jesus' love without the freezing help of an interpreter."

The same unwavering devotion characterized her through her whole course; and but a few days before her unexpected death, she had formed her plans to do more than she had heretofore done for her Savior. But it was not so to be. God's purposes were nearly attained. He had disciplined her spirit,



TEACHING THE HEATHEN THROUGH AN INTERPRETER.

brought his plant to maturity, and the flower must bloom beneath his own smile in the brighter world—the earthly stalk withered. She was permitted to prosecute her labors during the short period of two years; and then, while on a journey, returning from Madura, whither she had accompanied her husband on a visit to his family, she was suddenly attacked with cholera on the 10th of March, 1849, and died on the follow-

ing day. Before her decease she gave pleasing evidence of the power of the Christian hope to sustain the soul in the trying hour of death. When informed of her danger, she signified her desire that prayer might be offered in her behalf. After prayer she followed in an audible voice—thanked the Lord that she had been spared so long—prayed for those around her—committed her infant to the Lord—declared that she regretted not that she had given herself to the cause of missions—and added, say to my parents that I know that they will not regret having given me to the work—I am happy. Jesus is with me; and so she was with Jesus.

I close this memorial by only adding the lament of one of her fellow-laborers. “What a sweet, lovely person she was. She seemed to care nothing for herself, but was always engaged in doing something for others. She made all happy around her, and her equal will not, I fear, be soon found again. The whole time she was here, we can truly say that there was nothing about her that we would have different from what it was. And oh, how we loved her! We almost idolized her, and now that she is gone, what, oh what shall we do! Precious sister! your memory lies enshrined in our hearts.”

Who will say that one who calls forth from survivors such a testimony, though her life were so short, lived in vain.



PLINY FISK.

FAC SIMILE FROM LETTER TO MRS. CORNELIUS, DATED SMYRNA, NOVEMBER 25TH, 1821.

My last letter from Mr
Watts was written the day
after he heard of Dr Wor-
cester's death. Wh! who is to
fill the vacancy? But we
must neither murmur
nor despond.

Pliny Fisk.

REV. PLINY FISK.

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. ALVAN BOND, D.D.,
NORWICH, CONN.

THE subject of this biographical sketch was born in Shelburne, Massachusetts, June 24th, 1792. He was the fourth son of Ebenezer Fisk. His parents were virtuous and worthy, and trained up their children in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Their son Pliny was from early youth distinguished by an engaging disposition and sobriety. Though disinclined to youthful follies, he was not destitute of vivacity and humor. A trait of character early developed, and which was prominent in subsequent life, was an indomitable perseverance. As a child, he was faithful, dutiful, affectionate.

Pleasure, no less than duty, prompted him to meet with readiness the wishes of his parents.

In his sixteenth year his attention was called to the subject of personal religion. His mind was very strongly exercised in the contemplation of his condition as a sinner having no hope. His religious exercises were marked for pungency of conviction, thorough acquaintance with the operations of his own heart, and uncommon clearness and discrimination in his religious exercises and views. When relief was experienced by him, he was able to give with uncommon distinctness "a reason for the hope" he cherished. From a brief narrative of his religious exercises at this time, drawn up by himself, the following extracts will be read with interest: "As I was educated in a religious family, and heard much conversation about the things of religion, I often felt alarmed at the prospect of dying in my sins. Such fears, however, though frequent, were of short duration. Often did I resolve to become a pious and prayerful youth; but these resolutions were forgotten as soon as I renewed my intercourse with thoughtless companions. Although convinced that delays are dangerous, yet I cherished the hope that at some future period, when others should be seen turning to the Lord, or when the time of trial and distress should come, or when I was laid upon a bed of death, I should make my peace with God. Destitute of a sense of dependence on the renewing influences of the Holy Spirit, I was trusting to works to be performed at a future day.

"On the first day of January, 1808, I met an intimate associate, with whom I had spent much time in sin, and he thus addressed me: 'Remember, you have an immortal soul that must exist beyond the grave, either in happiness or woe.' Till

then I knew not of any change in his feelings. His appeal reached my heart ; and after much reluctance, and many hard struggles for a few days, I determined to forsake the vanities of youth, and seek religion. I read much, prayed often, and frequently attended religious meetings. But I did not feel as I had expected I should. I therefore began to fear that my expectations of being converted were delusive. This led me to be more diligent and earnest. I began to think that what I had considered conviction was not, and something more was necessary to constitute a Christian than anxious feelings or convictions of sin. I now realized, in some measure, the power of the doctrines of grace ; I found myself to be ‘dead in trespasses and sins ;’ I had no heart to love God. I was vexed that a just God possessed all power, and would do his pleasure without regard to the dictates of his creatures. During all this time, though wearisome days and nights were appointed me, I continued in rebellion against God, and refused to accept of mercy on the terms of the Gospel. And I am fully persuaded that I should have continued in my sins, rejected the Savior, and grieved away the Spirit, had not God of his own good pleasure applied to my heart ‘the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost.’ Then, as I hope, the Lord was pleased to speak the word, and I was healed. And oh, how sweet the joys of believing in Jesus ! I devote myself, O Lord, to thee ; wilt thou accept the offering and make me useful ?”

From the time when he united with the Congregational Church in his native town, he manifested a deep solicitude for the salvation of sinners ; and he often exhorted, and affectionately urged them to immediate repentance. His love for the

service of his Divine Master was so strong that he very soon determined on devoting himself to the work of the ministry. His parents acceded to his wishes, and promised such assistance as it might be in their power to render. He pursued his preparatory studies with the Rev. Moses Hallock, of Plainfield, Massachusetts, and entered Middlebury College in the year 1811. At that early period, he commenced a serious examination of the question of personal duty respecting the claims of the missionary cause. He was not long in deciding to devote himself to the foreign field. With steady reference to this work, he carefully disciplined his spirit, his mind, and his body. Possessed as he was of an elevated piety, mental vigor, unyielding fortitude, and physical energy, his early decision to become a foreign missionary may be regarded as the result of sound judgment and enlightened zeal. To this early decision of purpose respecting his course he was, under God, indebted for no small share of the singular excellences which belonged to his missionary character. Having resolved on such consecration of himself, his purpose never wavered. He counted the cost, and gloried in the prospect of such a sacred vocation.

His collegiate life furnishes few incidents of very special interest. He was not distinguished as a scholar, though he possessed a vigorous intellect, capable of sound and solid culture. His ambition in college was to be good rather than great. Very few at his age had made equal attainments in piety. A gentleman, then connected with the faculty of the college, remarked that he brought with him a religious character of inestimable value. "His piety was of no ordinary stamp. It was strikingly operative. It never slumbered nor slept. It was not like a flame that dazzled for a moment, and then flick-

ered and died away. Like the vestal fire, it was always alive, always bright. In forwarding his Master's work he was ever active and energetic." The influence he exerted on his fellow-students was most salutary. The pious were animated, and stimulated to duty by his example. Sinners listened respectfully to his pathetic admonitions, for they believed "that he was *honest* in the sacred cause." The motive that urged him onward in his course, and which grew stronger and stronger, was *love for souls*.

One of his class-mates has said of him, that "as a Christian he was distinguished for *decision* and *zeal*, and for a *promptitude* in seizing opportunities for promoting the spiritual interests of others. His deportment was uniformly amiable, and it was manifest that the love of God had, in no ordinary degree, been shed abroad in his heart." By his Christian example and pious exhortations he made a deep impression on the minds of many, an impression that some will never forget. Such an example of judicious Christian zeal and steadfast devotion is worthy the attention of every pious student in college. It shows how much good may be done while on the way to a wider field of usefulness.

While in college, his energy was put to the test, and his faith occasionally tried, by pecuniary embarrassment. Education societies at that time had no existence. His main reliance was on his own exertions and a rational trust in Providence. By rigid economy and personal services, and some slight aid from friends, he was enabled to hold on his way and accomplish his object.

In the year 1815, Mr. Fisk became connected with the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts. The studies,

scenes, employments, and society, to which he was here introduced, were peculiarly congenial to his feelings, and roused his spirit to a high activity. Here he found elements to his taste—ample materials for the feast of the soul, though he had been but moderately charmed with the fruits of classic ground.

As it respects his intellectual features, as developed at this time, nothing specially brilliant or striking was noticed. His mind was pre-eminently practical. There was little of the imaginative or the poetic in his mental constitution. With soundness of judgment he united quickness of perception, acute discrimination, and remarkable powers of analysis. His compositions, though destitute of the graces of æsthetic culture, were marked for perspicuity, plainness, and point. In respect to theological attainments, no more can be said of him than is true of many others, who in subsequent life move in an humble sphere of labor.

It was in the art of holy living, and in devising and executing plans of usefulness, that Mr. Fisk excelled. Here we see him in his strength, and here we discover the secret of that influence which he exerted over those with whom he was conversant, and afterward in the world. He was pre-eminently a man of prayer. He communed much with God and with his own heart. As a Christian brother, all who knew him could testify to the value of his fraternal services and faithfulness. He loved Christians with a pure heart fervently. In their spiritual sorrows he sympathized, and exerted himself to comfort and strengthen them. In their afflictions they were sure of his fraternal counsels and prayers. When he saw them exposed to temptation, he whispered a kind warning. He could receive reproof as well as administer it. An intimate friend

relates this anecdote respecting him: "Once, when sitting in my room with the door open, I heard him, as he came from the lecture-room, talking quite earnestly, and saying, 'I was provoked with Brother —, because he continued to speak after the professor had given his opinion.' I called to him by name; he replied, 'What do you want?' I said, 'The sun will go down by-and-by.' In about fifteen minutes he came to my room with an honest and affectionate smile, took me by the hand, and said, 'I am ready now to have the sun go down.'"

One of the professors remarked concerning him as follows: "He was very ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, and in his religious duties. But his ardor was tempered with great sobriety and judgment. To every subject which came under consideration he brought strong excitement and vigorous effort of mind. He made visible advances in piety from year to year, and felt it to be indispensable to have his growth in grace no less evident than his progress in knowledge."

It has been already intimated, that his early purpose was to devote himself to the work of Foreign Missions. This object he contemplated with growing interest, and he labored earnestly to awaken in his fellow-students a strong sympathy with this cause. That he might not be mistaken as to the correctness of his decision to devote himself to the vocation of a foreign missionary, he reviewed the question of duty during the second year of his theological course, and became fully confirmed in his purpose. The manner in which he conducted his examination of the question is worthy of a special notice. In his private diary we find the following entry: "Desirous of ascertaining my duty on this subject, I set apart this day for fasting, prayer, and inquiry. After imploring the Divine

assistance in the important work of the day, I proposed to meditate, read, pray, and write down my views. In answer to the question, *What is my duty respecting missions?* I am convinced that I ought to pray much; to acquire and communicate information respecting missions; to do what I can to excite others to suitable views, feelings, and efforts on this subject; to inquire carefully in what part of the vineyard I ought to labor. In the summer of 1810, after several months of careful inquiry, I felt convinced that, if my life and health should be spared, it would probably be my duty to become a missionary to the heathen.

“But I was young, only eighteen, when I first resolved on being a missionary. Much that is unholy has been mixed with my feelings on this subject. Many unholy motives may induce a man to desire this work. I wish, therefore, to re-examine all my past resolutions and plans, and inquire anew what I ought to do. I take it for granted that some young men, who are now entering the ministry, ought to become missionaries. Am I one of the number? In pursuing the inquiry, I desire to have no regard to private interest, personal convenience, suffering, reputation, natural attachments, advice or wishes of friends, any further than it may conduce to the good of souls. An inquiry on this subject may properly respect one’s age, health, talents, habits, feelings, connections in life, reputation, the leadings of Providence, and the teachings of the Holy Spirit.” During several months he kept the question of duty open, and carefully considered every item enumerated in the last paragraph. During the progress of this examination, he met with some things which embarrassed and perplexed him. Having weighed candidly and carefully every

consideration that had a bearing on the question, he became confirmed in the correctness of his original conclusion. Immediately he addressed a communication to the American Board of Missions, offering himself to be employed under their direction in the foreign field.

At a meeting of the Prudential Committee of the American Board, on the 23d of September, 1818, the measure was adopted to establish a mission in Palestine. This new and then unexplored field had for some time occupied the attention of the committee, and it awakened deep interest in the churches. Messrs. Pliny Fisk and Levi Parsons were, at the same meeting, appointed to undertake the enterprise of rekindling the light of pure Christianity in that land whence it first shone upon the darkness of the world, but which for centuries had been covered with the shadow of death, under Mohammedan delusion and the corruptions of Christianity.

After being occupied a year on an agency in the service of the Board, Mr. Fisk, with his estimable colleague, sailed from Boston November 3d, 1819, in a ship bound for Smyrna, at which city they arrived on the 15th of January, 1820. There they met with a cordial reception from a few Christian people, to whom they presented letters; and, after forming plans of operation, they went to Scio, for the purpose of prosecuting the study of the languages necessary to enable them to communicate with the people among whom they expected to labor. On returning to Smyrna, they visited the "Seven Churches." Soon their efforts were embarrassed by the Greek Revolution, some of the scenes and barbarities of which fell under their observation. On account of the health of Mr. Parsons, it was recommended to them to visit Egypt. They arrived at Alexandria

in January, 1822. The health of Mr. Parsons continued to fail, and in a few weeks he died, leaving his bereaved friend alone in that land of darkness and sin.

While in Egypt, he ascended the Nile, visited the Tombs and Pyramids, and directed his missionary labors to the Jewish population. On learning that Mr. Temple had arrived at Malta, he proceeded to that island, and was for a season occupied in exploring the moral desolations which there prevailed. On the arrival of the Rev. Dr. King at that place, who came to join him in his missionary work, he returned to Egypt, accompanied by this new fellow-laborer. Thence they proceeded, in connection with a caravan, across the desert to Judea, having in view a visit to Jerusalem, and other interesting localities in the Holy Land. Having surveyed the objects of interest in and around Jerusalem, he says, "I know not how to describe my feelings since I have been here. I have experienced sudden alternations of fear and hope, despondency and confidence, timidity and courage. I can not move my eye without seeing awful evidence that the curse of God rests on Jerusalem. Turkish avarice and despotism, Jewish unbelief and hardness of heart, the superstition and idolatry of nominal Christians—for these things I weep. The associations connected with these places affect me more deeply than I had anticipated. My window opens toward the east, and shows me at once the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the mosque on Mount Moriah, and Mount Olivet. I look at them again and again with new emotions of wonder, gratitude, and grief. O! when will the Savior be truly adored on the mount where he suffered? May the Lord hasten the time!"

It was the design of Mr. Fisk to extend his researches

through the more interesting parts of Syria, and thus "spy out the land" before becoming permanently located. The information thus acquired would be of important use to succeeding missionaries, besides the advantages to himself. It was thought advisable, however, to spend the hot season on Mount Lebanon. He accordingly left in the month of June for that destination. He reached Beirût in July, and proceeded thence to the mountains. With the sagacity for which he was distinguished, he marked Beirût as a promising location for a permanent mission. In the autumn he returned to Jerusalem, and, in accordance with his original plan, prosecuted his researches in Syria for about five months. As the way did not seem to be open for the establishment of a mission at Jerusalem at that time, he returned to Beirût, where a mission had been established by the Rev. Messrs. William Goodell and Isaac Bird—the first in Syria. They had reached the place some time before Mr. Fisk returned. His spirit was greatly refreshed on meeting these brethren and their wives in this new and untried field, where they expected to pursue together their labors of love in the patience of hope for the salvation of the bigoted and degraded people around them.

Speaking of this joyful meeting, he remarks, "We were brought together just when, worn down by studies, sickness, and journeys, I most needed repose and relaxation in their society. We have joined as one in praising God for bringing us to this land. We have consulted freely on the measures to be adopted and the difficulties to be encountered. We have spent two days in fasting and prayer, and once have we renewed our vows at the table of the Lord. If, with all the imperfections that attend our intercourse here, Christian society

is still so cheering and so sweet, what will be the joys of that day when all the ransomed of the Lord shall meet, each perfect in the image of the Savior!"

After having enjoyed a few weeks of rest with the mission family at Beirût, Mr. Fisk, in company with Dr. King, visited the principal cities in the northern part of Syria. On the 26th of June, 1824, they reached Damascus, where they remained several weeks for the purpose of studying Arabic, in which language that city furnished accomplished teachers. In company with his fellow-laborer, he joined a caravan, and proceeded thence to Aleppo. On their way, they encountered perils from robbers, and perils in the wilderness, from hot winds and sand storms. At Aleppo the study of Arabic was resumed, and such missionary labors were performed as were practicable in a place where Mussulman fanaticism was so jealous and watchful. Under the protection of the British consul, preaching was maintained every Sabbath. Frequent opportunities were enjoyed for discussing with Arabs religious subjects. Proceeding on his journey, Mr. Fisk visited Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians. Here he had an opportunity of surveying the ruins of the terrible earthquake that occurred in the year 1822. A few Christians were found in this ancient city, once "the eye of the Eastern Churches," who were driven to the forlorn extremity of using a little grotto in the side of a mountain as a place of worship. After visiting Tripoli, he returned to Beirût, having been absent nearly five months. During much of this time he had been occupied in arduous and dangerous travels. He found, wherever he went, that principalities, and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places were leagued to oppose missionary

operations. But he expressed unwavering confidence that, though the conflict might be sharp and protracted, victory was sure.

Referring to the bigotry and moral blindness of the people with whom he had intercourse. he remarks: "In whatever way I come in contact with the minds of men in this country, it seems like walking among the broken walls and fallen columns of its ancient cities. All is ruin, confusion, and desolation. It is an open valley, full of bones; they are many, and lo! they are very dry. 'Can these bones live?' Yes, when the Spirit of God shall breathe upon them, they shall live, and stand up an exceeding great army." The unsettled state of the country was such, that it was not judged advisable to attempt, at that time, a permanent mission in Jerusalem. Mr. Fisk accordingly abandoned this favorite measure, and in May, 1825, he took up his residence at Beirût in connection with the mission there established. His health had been impaired by his unmitigated labors, travels, and exposures, and it was thought advisable for him to enjoy a respite from his work, with a view to the improvement of his impaired strength and health. He had been in the field five years; and, by his extended observations and knowledge of languages, could render important aid to his missionary brethren, in consulting with them about future labors. At this time he conducted an extensive correspondence with Christians and ministers, in which he urged with characteristic zeal the claims of the missionary work.

In his intercourse with the sects of Eastern Christians he discovered, as he thought, a little light, though buried beneath the rubbish of forms and superstition; and in view of it, he ex-

pressed the hope of what has since been realized as true. He says: "I hope there are some true Christians among the ignorant and superstitious members of the Oriental churches; but it is very difficult to find them. The increase of light may bring forward some who will afford important aid in rekindling the light of true Christianity where it has become almost extinct. But our dependence must be on the Holy Spirit. To procure this, prayer and preaching are, I believe, the principal means."

The autumn of October, 1825, was an unusually sickly season in Beirût and vicinity. Many Europeans died of the prevailing fever. Early in this month Mr. Fisk was attacked with the malady, and on Sabbath morning, the 23d day of the same month, he finished his course. During his sickness he was able to converse at times with those around him, and to dictate a few short letters to his friends. His conversation showed that his whole heart was in heaven, and that he was prepared for his removal to that world of rest.

His disease soon assumed a type which made it evident that he could not long continue. He was informed of his situation, and the inquiry was proposed, whether he had any particular messages to leave for his friends—brothers, sisters, father. At the word *father* he was sensibly affected. "Oh, Brother Goodell," said he, "my father—my father" (he paused). "But he'll bear it. He knows what afflictions are. When he hears the news, the tears will roll down his furrowed cheeks; but he'll not complain. He knows where to look for comfort." Here he stopped, saying he hoped to renew the subject when his thoughts were collected. His missionary brethren, as they stood by his bedside, asked him if he could not give them some

directions how to live and labor in the mission. "Yes," said he, "'tis done in a few words ; live near to God, dwell in love, and wear out in the service of Christ." His words were few during his sickness ; but they were such as indicated the same spirit of love, faith, and entire self-consecration to Christ and his cause that had, with singular uniformity and consistency, been manifested in life.

A day or two before his death he dictated the following brief letter to his father :

"MY BELOVED AGED FATHER,—I compose a few lines for you upon a sick, probably a dying bed. When you gave me up for this mission, you gave me up for life and death. You know to whom to look for consolation and support. The same God who has comforted you so many years under so many troubles will comfort you under this. You know his consolations are neither few nor small. I leave these lines as a pledge to you, and my brothers and sisters, my nephews and nieces, that I love you all most dearly, though so long separated from you. I hope all, or nearly all our number, have been enabled to give themselves to Christ, and that we shall meet with our departed mother in heaven." Here some interruption occurred, and the subject was not resumed.

Thus, at the age of thirty-three years, was this eminent missionary suddenly dismissed from his labors, and called home to his reward. Having commenced the great work of publishing the Gospel in the land where the glad tidings of salvation were first proclaimed—having sounded from the hill of Zion the trumpet-note of preparation to awaken the Church to the glorious enterprise in which he had led the way, he retired, amid the commotion which his own efforts had excited, until the in-

dignation were overpast. But his work was done. He had proved himself a devoted and faithful laborer, "always abounding in the work of the Lord;" and his God, having other services for him, permitted him here to rest from his labors and enter into peace. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing."



LEVI PARSONS

The Holy Bible will soon bless
these shores, & many churches
offer to God the song
of redemption, saying, We
give thee thanks Lord God
Almighty because thou hast
taken to thee thy great power
& hast reigned.

L. Parsons.

REV. LEVI PARSONS,

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. MILES P. SQUIER, D.D.,

BELOIT, WISCONSIN.

LEVI PARSONS, the second son of Rev. Justin and Mrs. Electa Parsons, was born in Goshen, Massachusetts, July 18th, 1792. He was hopefully converted, and united with the Church in the spring of 1808. His classical course was prosecuted at

Middlebury College, Vermont; his theological, at Andover, Massachusetts. It was not till he entered college that I made his acquaintance. He had a pleasant, readable countenance, was frank and conciliating in his manners, with a stature a little below medium size, and a frame rather slight. In his aspect and demeanor, he reminded you more of Martyn than any other of our modern missionaries. He was always respectable as a scholar, but not distinguished. He was more like the good Samaritan than the Apostle Paul. If you classed him with the eleven disciples, it would be with John rather than Peter. You would be sure to find him at the prayer-meeting; to know who of his associates were pious, and to feel the first pulse of the revival, when the season of refreshing came from the presence of the Lord.

The journal of Mr. Parsons for April 5th, 1812, contains the first record of his thoughts in respect to a foreign mission: "I frequently think," he writes, "of spending my life as a missionary to the heathen. This consideration sometimes fills me with uncommon zeal. I hope God will cause me to know his will, make me willing to go wherever he pleases, prepare me to fight his battles, and afterward receive me to his kingdom."

A further notice occurs May 17th, 1814: "Read this day the memoirs of Harriet Newell. Her love for the souls of the heathen enabled her to triumph even in prospect of death. She left her beloved country and friends, and received even in this life, by divine consolation, an hundred fold; and then entered joyfully upon her recompense of reward. This is the portion of those 'whom the King delighteth to honor.' The subject of Foreign Missions has of late excited considerable solicitude in my mind. It has been a subject of prayer. I think I can say,

if it be the will of God, I will go to Asia. Where duty will direct, I know not. My own will I dare not consult. Divine Redeemer, send me where I can best promote thy glory. Not my will, but thine be done."

At his college graduation in August, 1814, he pronounced a eulogy on that distinguished Scotch Reformer, John Knox, and entered upon his theological course at Andover in October following. His journal, which, in the retirement of study, must be the main inlet to his soul, has this entry for March 3d, the day of the semi-annual fast of the Theological Seminary: "There appears to prevail a general spirit of prayer in this institution. Never was I more sensible of the divine presence, and, I think, I never enjoyed more intimate communion with my Savior. Especially in the closet, the character of God was revealed in an unusual degree. I could have spent an eternity in such a state. It was heavenly joy. As Jesus drew near, my soul went out after him. It is the voice of my beloved, saying, 'Open to me, my sister, my love.' My soul failed when he spake. In the evening, had some pleasing views of the Savior, his greatness, his loveliness, his compassion. Oh for the privilege of doing a little for this Jesus! Or if he bid, I could die for him; but if he leave me, of all beings I should be the most miserable."

Under date of April 6th, 1815, he says, "I would not lift my hand to choose where I must labor. I will let Jesus choose for me. If he go with me, I can go into a dungeon, and spend my life in irons. His presence among the degraded Hottentots would more delight me than a throne. I ask not for worldly pleasures, for wreaths of honor, for desks of popularity; I ask for the continued presence of Jesus—I ask no more."

His habits of faithful self-examination are seen by reference to his diary for August, 1816: "Set apart this day, with a number of my brethren in the Seminary, for private fasting and prayer, particularly to deplore the present declension of piety. As for myself, I find much occasion for repentance and humiliation. Oh for the piety and devotion of those who are resting from their toils, and whose memory is blessed! Oh for the spirit of Baxter and of Brainerd—for that ardor of piety, that tenderness of soul, that deadness to the world, that concern for sinners, which were so conspicuously manifested in their daily conversation! Never, never may I cease to struggle and fight, till every sin is subdued. Take from me, O my Redeemer! every thing that impedes my progress in the divine life, and bring me to thyself, the source of all consolation. Let me never grieve thy children—never bring a reproach upon thy cause."

Mr. Parsons was licensed to preach the Gospel in April, 1817, by the Salem Association, and ordained to the ministry for the missionary work, at Boston, in August following. A little after this latter event, he wrote to his parents, "Before the reception of this letter you will learn the interesting events of last Wednesday. It was a day which I shall ever remember with peculiar pleasure, as the day of my public dedication to God and to the Church. I was not sensible of the least reserve. I could subscribe with my hand to be *forever* the Lord's, to be sent *any where*, to do *any thing*, to suffer *any affliction*, to endure *any hardship*, to live and die a missionary. I could lay my hand on my heart and say, 'Lord, send me to the ends of the earth; send me to the rough and uncivilized regions of Africa; send me to prison, to tortures, to death, if it be thy will and for the promotion of thy glory.' God has truly veri-

fied his promise, that his grace shall be equal to the day. And I have strong confidence that he will *never* leave me, *never* forsake me. Though my way be on the great deep, he who said to the troubled waves, 'Peace, be still!' will be ever by my side. Though I linger in a prison, or expire at the stake, I will fear no evil, 'for thou, Lord, art with me.' Never was I more deeply sensible of my entire weakness, and utter unworthiness of Divine favor. If I get to heaven, I must sing every step of the way thither, *grace, grace, boundless sovereign grace.*"

We now come to a new era in the history of Mr. Parsons—to the commencement of his public labors as an evangelist and missionary. Several applications for ministerial services had been made to him, but he chose to accept an invitation from the Vermont Missionary Society, having had unusual desires to be useful in this state before his departure from his native land. His labors in the northeastern counties of this state were remarkably successful, and form one of the most interesting chapters in his eventful life. In his report to the Society, he says, "During the thirty weeks employed in this mission, I have preached one hundred and forty-six sermons, made five hundred and sixty-five religious visits, attended fifteen church meetings and thirty-nine religious meetings, visited six schools, assisted in the organization of three churches, baptized forty adults and forty-six children, admitted ninety-seven to the communion, and seven times administered the Lord's Supper." His journal contains a notice of his last visit to one of the towns most blessed by his labors. "November 29th, at Troy, Vermont. This day preached my last sermon to my dear little children, whom I am not to see again till the heavens be

no more. The dear lambs of the flock were nourished with spiritual food, and seemed to be under the protection of the Shepherd and Bishop of souls. Precious have been the seasons of the year past. A few months since, and this whole region was a moral wilderness; now the desert rejoices upon every side. More than one hundred give evidence of adoption into the family of Christ. The sacrament was administered to more than sixty communicants, who we trust will come with Christ in the glory of his father. Now, O Shepherd of Israel, to thee I commend these dear disciples. I give back the trust which I have received. I come to thee to keep, protect, and comfort thine own children. Oh may they be sanctified through thy truth, and received to glory."

The Prudential Committee of the American Board, at a meeting held at Andover, Massachusetts, September 24th, 1818, requested Mr. Parsons and Mr. Pliny Fisk to prepare, as soon as convenient, for a mission to Western Asia. The object of the mission was stated to be,

"I. To acquire particular information respecting the state of religion, by correspondence or otherwise, in Asiatic Turkey.

"II. To ascertain the most promising places for the establishment of Christian missions, and the best means of conducting them.

"III. To inquire by what means the Scriptures and religious tracts may be most advantageously circulated."

In his journal we find the following notice of this event: "*September 24th, 1818.* Received this morning the request of the Prudential Committee that immediate preparation be made for a mission to the Holy Land. With mingled emotions of joy and sorrow, I received this interesting information. In

view of my entire inability for a work so important, I could often plead, 'Lord, send by whom thou wilt, let *me* be excused;' and the reply was as often returned, 'Who hath made man's mouth, or who maketh the dumb, or the deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? Have not I, the Lord? Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say.' Here my doubts were removed. Lord, with thy presence I will go; with thy armor and shield I will fight the battles of the Most High; with thy spirit I will leave all I hold dear below, rejoicing that I am counted worthy to bear to the land of darkness and woe the light of salvation, the glad tidings of peace."

Although Messrs. Parsons and Fisk had been directed to make speedy preparation for a mission to Western Asia, yet the Prudential Committee judged it expedient to retain them for a season in this country, to labor as agents for the Board. Mr. Parsons, after visiting several towns in Vermont, passed through Cambridge and Albany to Buffalo, New York, and went west as far as Painesville, Ohio, visiting most of the churches on the route. "The whole sum collected and subscribed was \$6000. Several circumstances contributed to the success of this mission. Mr. Parsons' patience and perseverance, the loveliness of his disposition, the pleasantness of his manners, the attraction of his public addresses; the fact, also, that he was destined as a messenger of mercy to the most interesting spot on the earth—that he expected soon to walk on the mountains of Zion, Calvary, and Olivet—all conspired to make a favorable impression, and render his agency prosperous."

After religious services, of which one of the pastors said that "there had not been so interesting a time in Boston for fifty

years," Messrs. Parsons and Fisk sailed from that city November 3d, 1819, and arrived in Smyrna January 15th, 1820. Here they entered at once upon the study of the language, and such missionary labors and explorations as they were able to perform. After the sojourn of nearly a year at Smyrna, it was thought best that Mr. Parsons should visit the Holy Land. December 2d, 1820, he writes, "Next Tuesday I expect to leave Smyrna for Jerusalem. My passage is engaged. I go in a Greek vessel with pilgrims; am to land at Joppa; and from thence go with the pilgrims to Jerusalem. The opportunity is considered to be a good one; the path of duty seems to be plain. Perhaps I may do some good to the pilgrims who accompany me to the Holy Land." February 25th his eyes rested on Jerusalem. "At twenty minutes past four, my guide exclaimed, *To oros ton Elaion* (the Mount of Olives), and in just half an hour we entered by Jaffa gate the Holy City."

He continued at Jerusalem in his work of Bible and Tract distribution, and missionary explorations and excursions to the interesting localities in the vicinity, for the space of four months. "*April 26th.* At nine o'clock, left Jerusalem for the Jordan; the pilgrims were several hours in advance. At twelve o'clock, stopped at a fountain where *it is said* our Savior often refreshed himself on his way from Jericho to Jerusalem. At four o'clock, pitched our tent on the plains of Jericho. Went to view the present village of Jericho, consisting of a few mud huts in the centre of an extended plain. Toward the east, beyond Jordan, we beheld the mount which Moses ascended, and whence he viewed the land of promise; to the west, the wilderness in which our Savior fasted forty days and forty nights, and was afterward tempted of the devil.

"*April 27th.* After sleeping two hours on the ground, we were awaked at half past two o'clock, and ordered to proceed to the Jordan. On our way some remarks were made concerning the Scripture history of this river. The armies of Israel passed it on dry land 'right over against Jericho.' Elijah took his mantle and wrapped it together, and smote the waters, and they were divided hither and thither. Here, also, Elisha cried, *Where is the Lord God of Elijah?* and smote the waters and they divided. Here, at the baptism of our Savior, were the heavens opened, and 'Lo, a voice from heaven saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.'



THE JORDAN.

"At five o'clock, stood on the banks of the Jordan. The pilgrims all rushed into the stream and plunged themselves beneath the sacred waters.

“At six, left the Jordan and bent our course toward the Dead Sea. Arrived at half past seven o'clock; the water of the Dead Sea is excessively bitter. We could see far toward the place where were engulfed the guilty cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, the inhabitants of which are set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire. Left the Dead Sea at eight o'clock, and arrived at our tent, on the plains of Jericho, at half past nine. At two P.M., set out for Jerusalem, and arrived at eight in the evening.”

May 8th he writes, “Early this morning visited the bishops and took my leave of them. They said, ‘We wish to see you soon again in this city.’ Left the city at six o'clock by Jaffa gate. As I ascended the hill west of the city, I turned to take another view of the dearest spot on earth. The words of David were fresh in my mind, ‘If I shall find favor in the eyes of the Lord, he will bring me again, and show me both it and his habitation.’”

On his return to Smyrna, he tarried a while in the island of Syra, where, on recovering from severe sickness, he wrote to his mother, October 11th, 1821, the last letter he ever addressed to her. We make the following extract: “I think that Job says, ‘When I lie down thou scarest me with dreams.’ I believe that most sick people say that terrific dreams are a great affliction. In my sickness the Lord mercifully saved me from this pain. It has been a great consolation to me. My sickness, it is true, has been a long dream. I was sometimes in America, building meeting-houses, theological seminaries, teaching children. If my dreams are true, I believe I have done as much in America the past month as any one minister. But I was often in Jerusalem, preaching with great

success, and once I reasoned before the governor of Smyrna, as Paul did before Felix. You see I am a child ; true, I am very weak. Now, my mother, the Lord bless you in the family, in retirement, in your visits, in your attempts to do good ; the Lord bless you in all things."

After an absence of a year, he rejoined Mr. Fisk, his companion, in Smyrna. December 23th, he wrote to his brother-in-law, the writer of his memoir, from which our extracts are taken, "I arrived here December 3d, and have had a precious month with Brother Fisk. We can not be too thankful for the privilege of meeting again on missionary ground after a year of separation. It has greatly increased our desire to be united for many years in our blessed work. We design, if the way is plain, to sail for Egypt soon, in hopes of seeing Jerusalem before the Passover."

"*January 1st, 1822, New Year's day.* Set it apart for prayer and confession, and for supplication in regard to the future year. Seldom has a year dawned upon us with more sweet and melting seasons of devotion. Perhaps never have we enjoyed more nearness to God in social duty. My present very feeble health reminds me of the probability that the next New Year's day sun will shine upon my grave. I wish to think that I stand near to that dreadful hour." * * *

"My health is very much reduced. It is the decided opinion of the doctor of Smyrna, of Brother Fisk, and of my other friends, that I should sail immediately for Alexandria, in Egypt. I yield to their opinion, hoping that the Divine blessing will attend this design. I wish to set sail in view of life or death, having my eye fixed on the invisible world."

"*January 8th.* Our trunks are ordered on board ; I must-

go, leave the event, look up to the Keeper of Israel, endure what my heavenly Father shall appoint for me."

Their passage to Alexandria was remarkably quick—only five days from Smyrna; but Mr. Parsons' health was not much, if at all improved. January 21st, he thus writes: "Find my strength greatly reduced. Desire to be in readiness to meet my summons from the world—have but little expectation of recovering strength before I go hence to be here no more. My great desire is to honor God and religion, even to the moment of closing my eyes. As this earthly tabernacle is dissolving. I pray God to build me up into a new, vigorous, spiritual man; then can I sing with a dying voice, 'O Death, where is thy sting?' I *did* desire to slumber till the resurrection on the holy hill Bethlehem, the birth-place of our Savior. But I rejoice that the Lord has brought me to Egypt. As to the future may I say, 'The will of the Lord be done.'"

February 4th, he wrote to his brother-in-law: "This morning (monthly concert), far from your dwelling and people—far from those with whom we were accustomed to meet on this holy, consecrated day, we thought ourselves for a moment surrounding the same altar, and pouring out our souls before the same throne of grace. In this way we gather a flower in the desert, we catch a glimpse of light just before the dawn of the celestial, everlasting day. My dear brother and sister, that blissful vision of the paradise of God will not long be concealed from our waiting eyes. Is not the *thought* of it *amazing* bliss? But no ruined sinner, like myself, can think of it but with the prayer, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.'" Two days later he wrote, "It is better to walk in great tribulation than in the glory of this passing world. The path of the Christian

is a very mysterious one. In the darkest night, he sees a light above the brightness of the sun; in the greatest danger, he is under the protection of an Almighty Friend; in wasting sickness, he has a physician for body and soul; in temptation by Satan, one hastens to his aid before whom devils tremble; in death, the last agonies are rendered even joyous; when the mortal frame decays, the immortal one becomes vigorous and glorious; when the *world* withdraws, *heaven* opens to his view. At last, all is heaven. All is glory. God is all and in all."

In this state he died, February 10th, 1822. At Alexandria, and not at his own desired Bethlehem, they buried him, and in the church-yard of the Greek convent there is his grave unto this day. Thus, in his twenty-ninth year, closed the earthly pilgrimage of the first modern missionary who visited the Holy Land. In his life ardent, devoted, and uncompromising; in his death placid as the summer's lake, and full of glory. The life of such men is like the dew of Hermon, and the dew that descended from the mountains of Zion—their memories fragrant as the breath of heaven. The "Christian Spectator," in referring to the death of Mr. Parsons, gives the following very just tribute to his memory: "Mr. Parsons was greatly beloved, and is greatly lamented. He was a very devoted Christian, of highly respectable talents and various learning. He was accomplished as a man; in disposition, manners, and address fitted to find welcome access to, and to adorn the most intelligent and refined society. He was eminently characterized by a graceful and dignified mildness of demeanor, a readiness of utterance and action, and a happy adaptation of himself to surrounding scenes and circumstances. He was, indeed, among modern missionaries what Melancthon was among the Reformers."



SARAH L SMITH

I love you dear Sister,
let us pray for each
other I love dear bro-
thers daily -
very affectionately
your Sister
Sarah L. Smith.

MRS. SARAH L. SMITH,

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. E. W. HOOKER, D.D.,

SOUTH WINDSOR, CONN.

THIS eminent female missionary was a native of Norwich, Connecticut, born June 18th, 1802. Her father was Jabez Huntington, Esq., a merchant in that city, and for a long course of years a beloved officer in the Second Congregational Church. Her paternal grandfather was General Jedidiah Huntington, of New London, an associate of Washington in the war of the Revolution, and one of the early corporate members of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Her maternal grandfather was Peter Lanman, Esq., a merchant in Norwich. The ancestry of her family, by her father's side, has been traced so far back, and so nearly to the

venerable John Robinson, as to leave little room for doubt that she was a descendant of that eminent Puritan father.

Mrs. Smith's early developments of intellectual character were such as to foretoken her taking an eligible rank among American women. She had unusual fondness for intellectual pursuits, and for employment in dealing with mind. Even before she had become hopefully a Christian, she entered with great earnestness into the employment of teaching in a Sunday-school, in the establishment of which she was one of the principal movers. While in this scene of her efforts, she was awakened by the Spirit of the Lord to her condition and duties as a sinner; and, under the consciousness of entire spiritual unfitness to be a Sunday-school teacher, she at one time meditated resigning her place. It was not long, however, after the awaking of this feeling, before she became hopefully renewed by Divine grace, and prepared to go on with her duties as a teacher under the new and holy motives of a Christian. Her hopeful conversion occurred when in the nineteenth year of her age. She engaged in the duties of the Christian life as being also her sweet and chosen privilege, and devoted herself to the good of other souls with an earnestness rarely surpassed or equaled. Hers seemed one of those cases in which a female character of unusually interesting endowments, yet without religion, at length receives its finish and beauty by the renewing of the Holy Spirit, and a delightful preparation for usefulness and influence on others for good, while treading the path to heaven.

The period of Mrs. Smith's early life, from the date of her conversion to that of her decision on devoting herself to missionary life, was employed in such studies and cultivation of

her intellectual powers as, it now appears, her heavenly Father designed should especially fit her for that service. In the home of her father, and in the circles of her relatives and acquaintance at Norwich, Hartford, New Haven, New London, New York, and elsewhere, and in journeys in which she mingled in the society of intelligent strangers, she moved in the spiritual gracefulness of the cultivated and mature Christian, carrying her religion every where with her, and making impressions on the minds of those who became acquainted with her never to be forgotten. With her whole soul she interested herself in the revival and prosperity of religion in the place of her home, elsewhere, and every where. The conversion of her three brothers, whom she loved with all the ardor of a sister and a Christian, and also of the numerous members of her circle of relations, both distant and near, and living without the Christian hope, was an object for which she watched, prayed, and labored with almost ceaseless solicitude. She entered with lively interest into all the well-accredited enterprises of Christian benevolence, and gave herself, and solicited the contributions of others, toward their advancement. Nor was she satisfied to be externally busy and active in the promotion of religious interests. She cultivated in her own heart the spirit of humble, earnest, and fervent piety. Her views of Christian experience in the Divine life, as well as of Christian faith and practice, were scriptural, deep-felt, and influential over her whole habit and manner of life. Rarely is a Christian character found in the Church, and in the circles of Christian society, more symmetrical, or more visibly marked with "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report."

Mrs. Smith's contemplations of Christian missions, as a field

of effort in which it might be her own duty to engage, began in the year 1823. Various instrumentalities contributed to enlist her feelings in this great object. Listening to preaching on the subject of Christian missions; reading the *Missionary Herald*, and tracts on missions; attending anniversaries of missionary societies auxiliary to the American Board; attendance on the monthly concert, in which she was exemplary for her steadiness; looking at the great field of the world, so desolate, and pondering the need of more laborers in the field—all these instrumentalities exerted their influence. Their effect was increased by fixing her attention upon the spiritual condition and wants of a remnant of the Mohegan tribe of Indians, living six miles from Norwich; by devoting herself, personally, for several months to their instruction; corresponding with Jeremiah Evarts, Esq., the secretary of the American Board, in reference to their being provided with a missionary preacher and teacher; and also with Hon. Lewis Cass, then Secretary of War, relative to a government appropriation for their moral and intellectual improvement; and in soliciting aid from other sources in furtherance of this object; on which her heart was so much set. To see a young lady of her intellectual character, taste, and refinement, moving in the first circles of society at home and abroad, and therefore under so many inducements to indulge herself in the enjoyments of home and the society of her friends—to see such a one leaving all these, and spending a whole winter among a community principally Indians, with a few white families, in teaching a day-school in the week, a Sabbath-school on the Sabbath, and employing herself for the reformation of the intemperate, the enlightenment of the ignorant, the elevation of the degraded, the com-

fort of the sorrowful, sick, and dying, and the religious counsel of those who were anxious and asking after salvation—to see a young lady thus denying herself, and thus laboring for the good of others, and, amid toil and privation, steadily advancing in her interest in the great subject of Christian missions, was to see evidence that truly there is such a thing in Christian experience as that Paul declared, “*For the love of Christ constraineth us.*”

In the course of this time her mind made such progress on the subject of missions, that she came to the conclusion expressed in the following extract of a letter to her second brother, “Our annual meeting of the Foreign Missionary Society was very interesting. I then made the resolution, that whenever my dear parents want me no longer, if unfettered as I am now, I shall devote myself personally to a mission among the heathen. So you may consider me henceforth a *missionary in heart*, and, when circumstances favor, must be ready to resign me, unless God should put insurmountable obstacles in the way.”

In 1833 arrived the time when one so devoted in heart to the great cause of Christian missions was to have opportunity to enter upon actual service. The Rev. Eli Smith, D.D., who had been for several years devoted to missionary researches in Syria and Persia, and had returned to spend a few months in this country, invited her to the relationship of a missionary wife. Notwithstanding all the ties, tender and strong, which connected her with her paternal home, and a wide circle of relatives and her beloved country, she was not long in coming to a conclusion on her duty, and to a decision to accept the proposals offered, and to attend the devoted and efficient mis-

sionary in his return to his field at Beirût. The history of the months which elapsed between the time of her decision, in March, 1833, to that of her embarkation with her husband in the following September, could it be here written, would be a history of happy anticipations of entrance on the missionary service, which not all her love to her friends, nor all theirs to her, nor all her anticipations of the sacrifices she was about to make, could interrupt. The loveliness and beauty of *that* spring and summer, opening around her in the pleasant residence of her father and its vicinity, were before her for the last time. She writes, however, to her only sister at that delightful season of the year, "All nature seems joyous, animate and inanimate. This little plain looks like a paradise, and I sometimes sing with pleasure, rather than pain, Eve's lamentation :

" 'Must I leave thee, Paradise !
Thus leave thee, native soil,
These happy walks and shades ?'

"Yes ; with joy I leave thee, that souls, whose value outweighs a world's delights, may become heirs of 'the sweet fields beyond the swelling floods.'" As the time of her departure approached, she felt all her attachments to her home and friends strengthened, enlivened, and made doubly tender ; and the deep feelings of her heart as a daughter, sister, relative, and friend were called into exercise, powerful and sometimes almost overwhelming. Yet those who corresponded with her, or were about her to the last moment before she sailed, saw no indication that she repented her decision. Writing to her father, on the eve of her embarkation, she says, "And now, my dear father, I take my pen for the last time, and address my

self to you. Nature struggles hard, and I stop to wipe the tears, which gather fast and intercept the traces of my pen. But I must not indulge myself in saying what is in my heart. God only knows those deep, *deep* fountains of feeling which he has created there. Your letters and brother's have been all received, and were more valuable than gold. They will often be read on our voyage. * * * * I have urged Dr. and Mrs. Wisner to go and see you. The former, particularly, has strong hold of my heart; I hope you will become acquainted with him."

* * * * *

"And now must I say, adieu ?

" ' Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I—can I say farewell ?'

Dear father and mother, sisters and brothers, I forsake you for Christ. You all love Him, and your claim to me you joyfully relinquish. To him I commend you; at his feet I leave you; and there, this morning, have I cast myself, with this plea, ' Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner !' As such, I hope to be borne through the labors and trials of life, and to the gate of heaven. There we meet to part no more. Till then—*Farewell !*"

After a prosperous voyage, in which she devoted herself to the admiration of ocean scenes, in storm and sunshine, and to the study of the Arabic language, and to endeavors, with her husband and their missionary associates, for the good of the sailors, she arrived at Beirût, January 20th, 1834.

Mrs. Smith, viewed in her missionary home, appears, first of all, as a devout, heavenly-spirited, and prosperous Christian; next, as an affectionate, devoted, and happy wife; and, with

these, a diligent and patient student of the Arabic language, through which she soon gained access to the minds of those around her ; as also a diligent and skillful teacher of the native children and youth ; as, with her female assistants, a judicious and active deviser of good for the souls with which they were surrounded ; and as an accomplished entertainer of strangers and others who visited their station.

On missionary and exploring excursions with her husband and others, she appears as a traveler, seeing every thing in the Holy Land with the eye and the feelings of a Christian ; as a woman of taste and just sentiments ; and also with the eye of one who felt for the ignorance, degradation, guilt, and wretchedness of the sons and daughters of Arabia.

She sought, by correspondence, to interest American females in the enterprise of missions to that country, and succeeded in persuading her lovely and excellent friend, Miss Rebecca Williams, of East Hartford, Connecticut, to come out and be her associate in missionary efforts for the good of Arab females. She visited Jerusalem and its environs, and, without yielding herself at all to the superstitious credulity and sickly sentimentalism which work in the mind of the Romanist, she dwelt, with the deep feelings of a Christian, upon the history of the days and years of the Savior of men as passed there.

She visited Gethsemane. Her own record, written on the blank leaves of her pocket Testament, and which she returned to the donor, in this country, shortly before her death, will best tell how she passed her time in that sacred and eventful spot, and how she remembered the scenes of the night of the Savior's sorrows and agony, and betrayal there : " When you presented me with this precious little book, my dear brother, you



GETHSEMANE.

probably did not expect to see it again. It has been the companion of all my wanderings since I left my native land. And now I return it to you, for the single reason that it has made a visit to the Garden of Gethsemane. In that spot I seated myself, and in solitude perused Matthew, xxvi., 36-56, with peculiar feelings; and then I plucked the sprig which you will find herein. Take this little Testament to your communion-table, and urge upon your church, once more, the parting command of their suffering Savior."

Returning, with her full heart, to her home and its duties, she went forward, doing, with greater earnestness than ever, and with her might, whatsoever her hand found to do. The detail of her employments would lead to the wonder how she found time for them all. Her love for her duties and her ardor in prosecuting them were such as to lead one of the missionary

brethren of the station to write of her thus : " Mrs. Smith's female school prospers wonderfully, but it is the altar of her own health ; and I fear that in the flame that goeth up toward heaven from off that altar she will soon ascend, as did Manoah's angel. May the Lord prolong her valuable life ! We can hardly spare her ; she is our only hope for a female school in Beirût at present." Amid all the employments which engaged her, and all the scenes which she visited, or in which she moved and labored for the good of others, she may be truly said to have lived continually breathing the breath of prayer. She " walked with God," and soon she " was not, for God took her." Indeed, in the nature of the case, a life so arduously occupied, under an interest so intense in the great objects of the mission, could not be long. From some exposure of health in the rainy season, early in 1836, permanent and fatal pulmonary complaints set in, and, in the month of June, had so far advanced, that, by advice of her physician, she left Beirût with her husband on a voyage to Smyrna. On their voyage they were shipwrecked, on the northern coast of the Mediterranean, beneath the mountains of Caramania, in Asia Minor.

After perils many and critical, and detentions various, and with greatly-reduced strength, Mrs. Smith arrived with her husband at Smyrna, and took up her residence for a few days at the house of Rev. Mr. Temple, then American missionary at that place. She was subsequently removed to the more retired residence of Rev. Mr. Adger, also a missionary at Boojah, five miles from town. This proved to be her last resting-place and residence this side the heavenly Canaan ; and here, with her husband, and among many surrounding friends, missionaries and native Christians, she took her last steps to her grave.

The records of her exercises from the 7th of August to the 30th of September, the day of her death, can neither be condensed nor abridged; and the limits assigned to this article forbid their insertion here. It must suffice, therefore, to say, in brief, that her steps toward the grave, first taken with "fear and much trembling," by reason of her distrusts of herself, and under the severe scrutiny which she used in self-examination, through strengthened and lively hope, finally became firm; and for the last three or four weeks she advanced from day to day, and hour to hour, toward the close of life, in sweet composure, calm hope and joy, and steadfast faith in her Divine and Almighty Redeemer. "No visions of angels," said she, "are given me, and no excessive joy, but a settled quietness of mind. I believe all that is written in the Word of God; and upon the strength of this faith I am going into eternity." Relative to her having left her home and country for the love of Christ, and to make him known to the perishing sons and daughters of Arabia, she said, "Tell my friends, I would not for all the world lay my remains any where but here, on missionary ground." The final scene—the hour of her departure, is thus described by her affectionate husband:

"*September 30th.* It was about half past four when I entered the room. Her hand had a death-like coldness as I took it, and I perceived that her hour was come. As soon as all were assembled, I asked her if Mr. Adger should pray. With indistinctness she replied, 'Yes.' It was the last word she spoke. Convulsions had begun before he commenced, but she was quiet, in a good degree, while he prayed. We then remained silently watching her, feeling that we had nothing more to do but to pray in our hearts for her speedy relief from suffering.

"Involuntary groans were occasionally uttered in her convulsions. These, as we were listening to them with painful sympathy, once, to our surprise, melted away into musical notes; and for a moment our ears were charmed with the full, clear tones of the sweetest melody. No words were articulated, and she was evidently unconscious of every thing about her. It seemed as if her soul was already joining in the songs of heaven, while it was yet so connected with the body as to command its unconscious sympathy. Not long after, she again opened her eyes in a state of consciousness. A smile of perfect happiness lighted up her emaciated features. She looked deliberately around upon different objects in the room, and then fixed upon me a look of the tenderest affection. Bending over her, I touched her lips with mine, and she returned my token of love. It was her farewell. Her frequent prayers that her *Savior* would meet her in the dark valley have already been mentioned. By her smile she undoubtedly intended to assure us that she had found him. Words she could not utter to express what she felt. Life continued to struggle with its last enemy until twenty minutes before eight o'clock, when her affectionate heart gradually ceased to beat, and her soul took its final departure, to be forever with the Lord."

We close this sketch with the following inquiries, to which it naturally leads, from the same pen. : "From what did such devotedness and such industry spring? Their seat was in her *heart*. They were planted there by *grace* and by *nature*.

"*Grace* nourished in her heart a piety whose prominent features were essentially missionary. Her devotions, upon which it lived, were of a nature that brought eternity, with all the immortal interests of the soul, unusually nigh, and constant-

ly presented a great variety of objects to be embalmed in her most devout affections. Prayer was emphatically her vital breath. It was the life of her soul. Her customary meals she diminished in number, and often omitted, but prayer never. When traveling and when at home, it was equally indispensable. Often, when so situated that retirement could not well be obtained otherwise, did she rise while it was yet dark, and all others were asleep, that she might go alone to God. But this she did not merely in such circumstances. She loved to do it. It was this feature in her devotions that helped her to bring eternal things nigh to her. She removed as far from the world as she could, and in doing so she got very nigh to eternity.

“ Her seasons of devotion were as sacred from all intrusion as her Sabbaths. She made it an essential item in the arranging of her house to appropriate one room for an oratory. When this was secured, she richly enjoyed her hours of retirement. Her regularity in them, and her partiality to the quietness of the early morning, while the world was yet asleep, have been already mentioned. In her prayers she was explicit and particular, even in little things; for she felt that He who cares for sparrows, directs and takes an interest in the least matters, and that nothing is too small to be referred to him. She put him in the relation of a familiar, though exalted friend, and her devotions were a reverential cultivation of intimacy with him. And, in thus *drawing nigh* to God in the recesses of such retirement, she found heaven drawing nigh to her. It was in that field her rich imagination delighted to roam. Nothing gratified her so much as to gather from Scripture some new or striking thought about that blessed world. And in no con-

versation was she so animated as in such as had this for its subject. So great was her heavenly-mindedness, that the favorite subject of her waking thoughts often occupied her also in sleep. Heavenly scenes were objects about which she frequently dreamed.

• “With the spirituality of mind she thus cultivated no bodily indulgence was allowed to interfere. She delighted to ‘keep her body under, and to bring it into subjection.’ It was with her a principle to contract no habit of any kind, in regard to food, so strong that it could not with perfect ease be dispensed with; for she would by no means consent to be, in any sense, a slave to bodily appetite. This it gave her pleasure to sacrifice to the interests of her mind. Food was to her a most insipid topic of conversation, which she avoided with care, even at table; and to blunt her mind by indulgence in it, was what she was almost ignorant of by experience; while those who did it lost thereby much of her esteem. Her diet was almost wholly of vegetable food, and of that she ate but little, for the reason that her thoughts were thus left more free, and her affections more lively. With those who esteemed fasting an inconvenience or unprofitable, she felt no sympathy. She usually fasted the first Monday of every month, in connection with the monthly concert, when she ate nothing until the day was closed. And at no time did she have more elasticity and cheerfulness of spirits, or enjoy herself more than on these occasions.

“Thus she lived above the world. And is it wonderful, that with a mind so pure and spiritual, and a heart so fixed on heaven, she should not hesitate, when her summons came, to leave the body and go to be forever with the Lord? It is be-

lieved she prayed for recovery but once during the whole of her sickness. She was induced to do it then by reading the 33d chapter of Job.

“But such habits of spirituality and heavenly-mindedness did not merely prepare her own soul for heaven. They gave her an overwhelming sense of the guilt and danger of those who, devoting themselves altogether to the world, lose all sight of eternity. When she found herself surrounded by an entire community wholly of this character, her emotions became sometimes almost too strong for her constitution to sustain. Occasionally, when walking upon a terrace which overlooked the city of Beirût, and reflecting that the thousands upon whose dwellings she gazed would almost inevitably soon descend into a miserable eternity, did she express such exercises of soul as could be experienced only by one to whose faith eternity was unveiled with the clearness of unclouded vision.

“It was a heart swelling with benevolence of such an origin that impelled Mrs. Smith in her course of untiring labors. Yet she rested not satisfied with the interest in the eternal welfare of others, to which spirituality of so heavenly a cast naturally gives rise. She cultivated it by long and persevering practice.

“Her devotions were as little selfish as her life. Others had a large share in them. Her manner of observing the monthly concert of prayer for missions has been already alluded to. She had also many private concerts of prayer with friends, for particular objects and particular persons, which her heart would by no means allow her to neglect. For a large circle of friends she prayed individually, remembering some in rotation, and others at stated times. Were the list of individuals to be summed up who thus found a place weekly in her prayers,

it would surprise many a cold-hearted Christian, who knows little of her attachment to the closet. Yet, instead of feeling it a burden, she always loved to increase the number. Thus she suffered those deep, heartfelt emotions, which the soul only knows when it is alone with God, to go away from herself; and benevolence found its way, and imparted its coloring to the very innermost sources of feeling in her heart. These emotions, too, thus sent abroad, entwined themselves around the objects she prayed for, and drew them into a close and sacred union with herself. It was like a generalizing of her being, and to feel for others became so much a part of her nature as largely to share the throne in her heart, with the love of self naturally predominant there.

“The analysis of Mrs. Smith’s character for benevolence would be imperfect without adding that what grace thus cherished in her was ingrafted upon a stock unusually congenial by *nature* to its growth. Her distinguishing characteristic, naturally, was warm and generous affection. She delighted to love; and her love was expansive. It sought to embrace a wide circle, and was ever seeking for new objects to rest upon. She would often discover something to interest her in a character where others could discover nothing; and she would still feel and hope for a friend, and be devising ways to do him good, when all others had given him up. It might almost be said that nature did for her what grace fails to do for some. While yet in an unconverted state, and quite a girl, she took a leading part in the establishment of one of the earliest Sabbath-schools in New England; and in after-life she was once greeted as a Christian sister by one who traced her conversion to instructions received from her at that time as a member of her class.

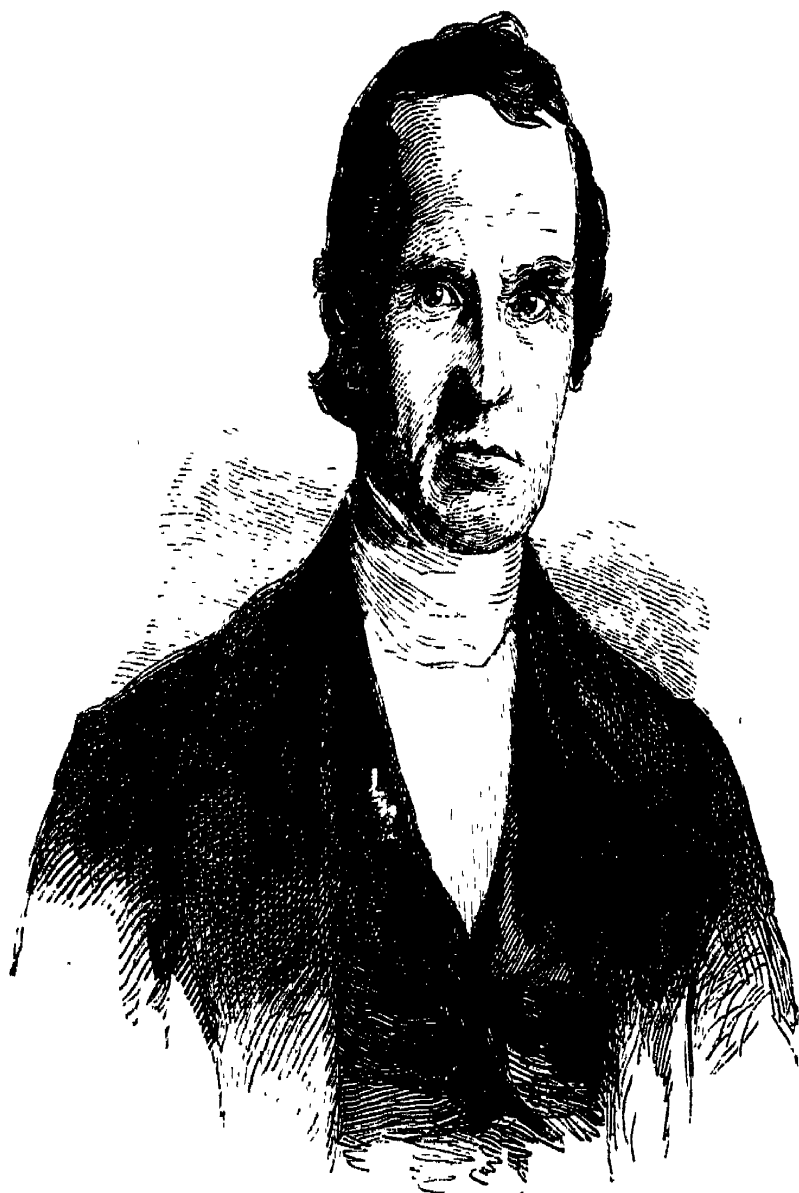
“The generosity of her affections was such that she delighted to forget herself in giving pleasure to others; nothing was too good for her friends. The best and most gratifying use she knew how to make of any thing she valued was to give it away; and this she was very sure soon to find some occasion to do. *It was her way of laying it up.* She enjoyed it more in the hands of her friends than in her own; and she secured, besides, a place in their recollections. She was carefully and systematically economical in whatever she used in her family and in her labors. She was avaricious of only one thing—*the affections of her friends.* They were a treasure she loved to secure and increase.

“The strength of her emotions was often the occasion of wonder and admiration to her friends. They were a great deep in her breast. Yet so thoroughly were they under her control, as to form no disproportioned excrescence or deformity in her character. And as she felt strongly herself, she liked this trait in others. An intellectual character, even of the highest order, she could look upon with comparative indifference. But let her catch indications of strong affections, and her interest was secured. She seemed to feel a sympathy of soul with such a person.

“From such generous and strong emotions, directed and so highly cultivated by divine grace, did Mrs. Smith’s devotedness and industry in the cause of benevolence spring. They were the irresistible, untiring, moving power, that urged her on in her labors of love. And oh! what a soul of ardent, benevolent feeling swelled her breast! Her dearest friend, near as he was to her, never felt that he fully comprehended it. Its depths he could not fathom, and it was to him a constant ob-

ject of admiration. Had her frame been as strong as her soul was great and ardent, she might have been still going on in her course. But her bodily strength was literally consumed by the flame which burned within her. Now, however, she is tied to no such clog to hinder her in her heavenly course; for surely such a character was not brought to so high a degree of excellence to be at once and forever extinguished by death. Can we doubt that she is transferred to scenes where her noble heart finds scope for its most expanded emotions? And much as limited views, and personal attachment, may tempt her friends to feel that she was taken from earth too soon, her character almost authorizes us to say that earth had her labors long after she was ripe for heaven."

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DANIEL TEMPLE.

In the midst of this
darkness we are
waiting & wishing
& praying for the
day, & consoling
ourselves with the
assurance that it
is coming on.

Daniel Temple.

REV. DANIEL TEMPLE,

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. WILLIAM GOODELL,

MISSIONARY AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

DANIEL TEMPLE was born at Reading, Massachusetts, December 23d, 1789. He was the eldest of thirteen children, of whom eleven lived to adult age. His parents were Deacon Daniel and Sarah Beard Temple. Till he was more than twenty-one years old, he was employed in mechanical labors, and

worked in a shop which still stands opposite to the old homestead—a *hallowed spot*!

In an extensive revival of religion in 1810, Mr. Temple was hopefully converted, and in December of the same year he united with the church in his native town, of which the Rev. Peter Sanborn was pastor. He was then just twenty-one years of age. In the following winter he read Dr. Buchanan's "Christian Researches," and early in the following summer he commenced his studies, with the hope of becoming himself a missionary.

His preparatory studies were pursued at Phillips Academy, Andover, of which the greatly beloved and revered John Adams, Esq., was then principal. Mr. Temple graduated at Dartmouth in 1817. His influence in college was always great, and one of the years he spent there was emphatically "the year of the right hand of the Most High." Some of the best talent developed in college was consecrated to Christ; and not less than seven of those who then became hopefully pious have since become distinguished presidents and professors in our various colleges and universities, to say nothing of those who entered the sacred ministry. While in college, he received about forty dollars a year from the funds of the Union Academy, New Hampshire; and for the rest, he assisted himself by teaching, in his winter vacations, both grammar and singing schools.

Mr. Temple spent three years at Andover Theological Seminary, and was licensed to preach at Billerica, by the Andover Association, in August, 1820. After being employed as an agent of the American Board one year in Massachusetts, he was ordained, at the same time with the Rev. Isaac Bird, at North Bridgewater, October 3d, 1821, the Rev. Dr. Storrs

preaching the sermon, the Rev. Dr. Codman giving the charge, and the Rev. Samuel Green the right hand of fellowship.

In December of the same year, he was married to Miss Rachel B. Dix, daughter of Colonel Timothy Dix, of Boscawen, New Hampshire. He sailed from Boston for Malta, January 2d, 1822, and carried with him the first printing-press,* which has since proved such a blessing to the people of the East. The beloved wife of his youth died at Malta, January 15th, 1827, and his two youngest children followed her to the grave in March and April succeeding. The two eldest still survive, and they are both of them engaged in preaching the everlasting Gospel.

After the death of his wife, Mr. Temple returned to this country; and January 4th, 1830, was again married, at Hartford, Connecticut, to Miss Martha Ely, daughter of Deacon Nathaniel Ely, of Longmeadow, Massachusetts. He sailed a second time for Malta, January 18th, 1830; and in December, 1833, he left Malta for Smyrna, and carried with him the whole printing establishment. Though he first set up the press in that island, and was a missionary *in* Malta, yet he was not a missionary *to* Malta, for all the operations of the press were for the regions beyond. And when he removed with the press to Smyrna, and fought its battles there, when it was ordered away from the country, though he continued with it until he left the mission, he was never, properly speaking, a missionary to Smyrna. Schools, indeed, among the Greeks, he superintended there, and the glorious Gospel of the blessed God he preached there, generally in English, as he did

* This press was purchased and given to the Board by a few benevolent individuals in Boston.

with great power and success at Malta ; but his principal labors were in connection with the press. And whoever would see what he did must go to Constantinople, to Aintab, and, indeed, through the whole length and breadth of that land. Wherever the numerous books that issued from his press went, there he spoke ; and in whatever city, or town, or village the reading of those books was blessed to any individual, there the fruits of his labors appear. With the press he was connected from the very first, and he continued his connection with it till he left the mission, June 7th, 1844. The Annual Report of the Board for that year makes the following reference to his return :

“ Mr. Temple embarked in the Stamboul on the 7th of June, on his return home, and arrived in Boston on the 16th of August. His return was a clear case of duty, and was so regarded by himself ; but had not the Lord so remarkably hedged up his way among the Greeks, he would have regarded it far preferable to remain and lay his bones in the field of his missionary labors.”

After his return to this country, he was, as ever, engaged about his Master's business. At Phelps, Ontario county, New York, where he was settled for a season, his labors were greatly blessed, to the edifying of the Church of Christ, and the quickening to life of many who were dead in sin. For some time before his death he was unable to preach ; but in sickness as in health, in sufferings as in labors, he glorified his Master, until he was called to enter upon his reward. He died at Reading, Massachusetts, among his relatives and the friends of his youth, August 11th, 1851.

The reference I feel constrained here to make to myself will

be pardoned, when it is known that the circumstances of my acquaintance and intimacy with this man of God were peculiar. We studied together nine years ; at Phillips Academy, at Dartmouth College, and at Andover Theological Seminary. Seven of those years we occupied the same room, ate at the same table, prayed in the same closet (for the rooms we for the most part occupied unhappily contained but one closet), and at night threw ourselves down upon the same couch. For nine months we lived together under the same roof in Malta. And though we were afterward separated, and were under the necessity of occupying different stations, yet we repeatedly met each other, and our correspondence was never interrupted. This correspondence, during all the latter years of his sojourn in the East, was not a monthly, but a weekly correspondence. Many hundreds of these epistles of his love I have received and preserved ; and they are all of them as fresh and good as though they had come directly from some of the mansions above, rather than through the post-office in Smyrna.

The appearance of Mr. Temple was truly patriarchal and apostolic. Whoever saw him would be likely to think at once of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Peter, or Paul. Though always kind and courteous in his manners, yet he was as venerable as we can well imagine any of those ancient worthies to have been. He always secured the respect of men, even of the most thoughtless and gay. At college, neither the ambitious, on the one hand, nor the idle and dissipated, on the other, were ever known to trifle with his name or character. He was never nicknamed. Whenever he spoke he commanded attention, and every voice would be at once hushed, however noisy and boisterous before. It was not his logic, but his goodness ; not his great reasoning

powers, but his great candor of mind and courteousness of manner, that always secured for him a patient hearing. For, though he was a good scholar, and stood much higher in the estimation of his tutors and class-mates than in his own, yet it was not his scholarship, but the moral excellence of his character, that made him so great, and that gave him such influence.

His manner in the pulpit was always serious and impressive. His voice was sonorous ; his demeanor dignified ; his thoughts weighty and solemn ; and his fine, open countenance would be generally lighted up with a bright glow of animation. His sermons would never fail to secure the close attention of all his hearers, but they would be especially prized by all the inquiring, the praying, and the spiritually-minded ones of the congregation. With metaphysics and politics he never meddled. The Scriptures were his metaphysics. The Scriptures were his theology. The Holy Spirit and his own experience were his masters, and he knew no other. It is believed that but very few could, from Sabbath to Sabbath, "bring forth out of their treasures things new and old" for "the edifying of the body of Christ" like this good brother.

His acquaintance with the Scriptures was wonderful. He was familiar with every part of them. He drank deeply into the spirit of them. "The Word of Christ dwelt in him RICHLY;" nor was this in a foolish or in an unprofitable manner, but it was "*in all wisdom.*" All his prayers and his preaching, and even his common conversation, showed his familiarity with these spiritual classics. Though he did not always quote them, yet his allusions to them were constant, and were most natural and happy. He loved them ; he revered them ; and he used them in a manner no less reverent than pertinent.

His manner of explaining the Scriptures was most simple and easy; and, from the beginning of the year unto the end of it, he could sit and explain them all day long, in a manner the most familiar, instructive, and unostentatious, and with a glow of countenance which indicated how deeply his own heart was affected with the truth. In this respect I never knew his equal. In this respect he "was higher from his shoulders and upward than any of the people." This habit made him a very instructive and agreeable companion; and it fitted him most admirably to take a prominent part in little social prayer-meetings. For all meetings of this kind he always seemed as ready as though he had just received a fresh "unction from the Holy One;" by virtue of which he had clear and impressive views of truth and duty, and "knew all things."

The habits of Mr. Temple were always devotional, and that to a very extraordinary degree. His hours for retirement were most sacred. He had daily intercourse with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ. His prayers were always pertinent, fervent, and copious; and those who united with him might well wonder why he ever finished them, for he always seemed to have as much to say at the close as when he first began.

This man of God never obtruded himself "where he ought not." From the first day of my acquaintance with him till the last, in all his intercourse with his fellow-students, or with any others, I never knew him to take any other than "the lowest place;" and that place he always kept till called upon by those present to "go up higher." He was, indeed (in the language of one of his parishioners in this country), "*as complete a gentleman as St. Paul himself.*" He was no Frenchman in his manners, but he was as emphatically "*courteous*" as that lib-

erally-educated apostle enjoins all his Christian brethren to be.

Though he was not so acute a reasoner as some, yet he was exceedingly fond of religious discussion; or, rather, so great was his love for religious truth, that he could not refrain from conversing about it with every body, even with Universalists and other opposers. But his patience under interruption and contradiction, and his forbearance with all the ignorance and self-conceit frequently manifested by such persons, were truly astonishing. He always made such discussions a personal matter with them, and pointed out their danger with great plainness; but withal he manifested such a sincere and tender regard for their temporal, and especially eternal welfare, that they seemed to feel he was their best friend; and, it is believed, he never made any one his enemy by such plain dealing.

When Mr. Temple commenced his studies, he could not be prevailed upon to take any exercise. During his whole college life, it is not believed he ever took three steps, put them all together, for the sake of exercise. He felt the need of none, and took none. But he enjoyed good health all the time, and studied full three or four times as much every day as his chum was able to do. In after-life, however, he found it necessary for his health to take exercise, and he attended to it with much regularity. So, in the former part of his religious course, he very seldom indulged in a real hearty laugh. He thought it savored of levity. And when he saw his less scrupulous roommate indulging himself in this respect beyond what he thought was meet (which was by no means an uncommon event in those days), he would bring down his fist with mighty energy upon the table, and exclaim, "I said of laughter, it is mad ;

and of mirth, what doeth it?" But in after-life he found this also conducive to health, and he did not hesitate, at proper times, to indulge in it with great freedom, as though he had all confidence in the efficacy of the medicine. Indeed, his spirit was more cheerful in the latter part of his life than it was in the former part; and "so much the more as he *saw the day approaching.*"

The character of this good man as a missionary can be readily inferred from his general character as a Christian. All that spirit of candor, of prayerfulness, of entire consecration, which distinguished him as a Christian, he carried with him into the missionary field. On account of his connection with the press, however, his labors did not tell as the labors of some others have done. He was connected with the press from first to last, though this connection was rather an unnatural one, being much less suited to his taste than more spiritual labors, which would bring the very tones of his voice into contact with the consciences and hearts of men. But he was "faithful in that which is least."

Wherever he was found, whether at the Academy, the College, or the Theological Seminary; whether at Malta or Smyrna; whether in the pulpit, at the press, or in the street; whether employed in that which was secular, or in that which was spiritual—he was always recognized as a stranger here, "whose citizenship was in heaven." He had no occasion to say to men that he "was free-born," for his very manners and countenance attested to his high parentage and heavenly birth. Among the various nations, and tribes, and sects of the East, his name is held in high estimation. Even Jews, Turks, and Infidels will some of them pronounce it with something of the

same reverence with which we should ever pronounce the name of "*Our Father in Heaven*." His bare word would sooner be taken by many of them, than the note of hand of any merchant in the place, however great his capital, and however punctual his payments might be. He was trained to habits of economy from his youth, and these habits became, in riper years, sanctified by the word of God, and by prayer. He received no salary during any part of his missionary life; and all the expenses of his household, and of the great printing establishment with which he was connected (so far as the latter could be controlled by him), were curtailed with special reference to the account he must render at the great day.

All the money of the Church which passed into his hands for his own necessary expenses, or through his hands as treasurer of the Station, he ever most sacredly regarded as belonging, every farthing of it, to Christ; and he would no more think of using the very smallest part of it unnecessarily, or for his own personal gratification, than though the Lord Jesus had himself been the treasurer to whom he had to send back his annual list of expenses. He would have been willing, at any time, that his Lord and Master should come and look at every book he bought for his library, at every article of dress in his wardrobe or furniture in his parlor, and at the quantity and quality of every thing that came upon his table.

To most of the missionaries who have since gone into those countries, he was a father, and his house was a home. Many of them dwelt for a longer or a shorter time beneath his roof; with many of them he kept up a regular correspondence, and all of them regarded him as a wise counselor, and looked to him for advice in every time of need. In his intercourse with

his associates he was always frank and courteous, always ready to yield every comfort and every predilection of his own for the sake of others, and ever ready to make a most ample apology even before he had committed any offense.

The three languages of which he made constant use in his intercourse with men, were the English, the Italian, and the Greek; and by his connection with the press, he may be said to have used also, to some extent, the Turkish and the Armenian. His study of the Bible—the whole Bible—in various languages, from beginning to end, and his familiarity with the very language of the Bible, the copiousness and pertinency of his prayers, the seriousness of his deportment, the perfect ease with which he would introduce religious conversation even of the most personal kind, and the truly Christian courteousness of his manner under the contradiction of cavers, were all wonderful. So kind and courteous was he on all occasions, that I never knew him in any instance to give offense by his faithful personal conversations with men, though he not only embraced every opportunity that naturally occurred for such conversations, but sought opportunities and made them occur. His labors were blessed wherever he went, and soldiers and sailors, as well as many others, looked up to him as their spiritual father. No person could remain many hours in his family without beginning to feel deeply that God himself was there in the family. Every stranger present at his family prayers would be almost sure to feel that he was carried by him into the holy of holies, and placed directly before the mercy-seat, where he was drawing down upon himself and those around him the special attention of his Maker. Some (sea-captains and others) who were providentially members of his family for several days,

and thus came with him to the family altar, there learned for the first time the way to the throne of grace, and how to worship God in spirit and in truth.

In every place, and at all times, he was known as one of God's friends, as one who "waited for the Lord more than they who watch for the morning; I say more than they who watch for the morning." Our Savior once said of himself, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." I have often thought that the same language might, though not absolutely, yet in a secondary sense, be used of our departed brother. When the Prince of this world comes to men generally, he finds much in them that immediately takes hold of his baits; but the world might come up in ten thousand ordinary forms before the mind of our departed brother, without finding any thing in him to correspond to the temptation presented. That is, most of those forms that so inflame the passions of worldly men, had long ceased to have any effect upon him, or, rather, they excited in him only such affections as are pure and holy. And why? Because he "was dead to the world and alive to God."

The first time I saw him after my arrival in this country, though he was unable to speak a loud word, he whispered in my ear, "*I am a happy man.*" And, indeed, it was so. Every thought of his seemed a happy thought. Every view he had of eternal things was a bright view. Every prospect was a most cheering prospect. Not a passing cloud obscured his vision. The darkness was past, and the true light now shined with unwonted splendor. Indeed, he seemed to be already an occupant of one of the outer of those blessed mansions which the Savior went to prepare for his friends.

In the good providence of God, he was brought home to die among his relatives and the friends of his youth. Silver and gold he had none; but they of his Father's house received him as a brother much beloved; and, by the liberality of Christian friends, all his temporal wants were supplied. When I proposed leaving him a small pittance to procure any little delicacy, he promptly refused to accept any thing. "Should my Savior," said he, "ask me if I lacked any thing, I should lift up both my hands and say, *Nothing, nothing.*"

Shall I now take you, reader, to his dying bed, that you may see him in some of the last days of his earthly pilgrimage? But those *last* days of his pilgrimage scarcely differed at all from the *first* days of his pilgrimage.

In great mercy, his reason and the power of expressing clearly the feelings of his heart were continued until the very last moments of his temporal existence. Do you ask for some of his last words? But all his words for the last forty years of his life were "*last words.*" His thoughts were always solemn and weighty, like those of a dying man, and they were always uttered with the frankness and fervency of a man's last thoughts. In his dying moments, he "had no new commandment to give, even to his own two sons, but only that which they had heard from his lips from the very beginning." The only marked difference between his living behavior and his dying behavior seemed to be this: that his prayers, like those of David the son of Jesse, were ended before the night of death came, and the blessed remainder was filled up with the most lively gratitude and thanksgiving, with holy joy and praise. "*I am looking forward to an eternity of holiness,*" said he, in his own emphatic manner

I only add, that “he is not, for God has taken him.” “He is not,” “he is not” here—“he is not” dead; but he still “has life, and has it more abundantly” than ever before. “I am the resurrection and the life,” said the Redeemer, as he stood up among our sepulchres; “I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.”



AZARIAH SMITH.

FAC SIMILE EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO HIS MOTHER, DATED CONSTANTINOPLE,
OCTOBER 17TH, 1845.

*Oh how different would this land be,
if all men sought not their own but the things
of Jesus Christ!*

*Affectionately, Your Son
Azariah Smith*

REV. AZARIAH SMITH, M.D.,

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.,

PHILADELPHIA.

THE loss of a godly and faithful man, cut off in the midst of his years and usefulness, we have ever been accustomed to consider one of the heaviest afflictions that can befall the Church of God. It matters little as to the manner in which he is taken away, whether by martyrdom, like the Christian protomartyr; by accident, like the lamented Dr. Armstrong; or by sudden and unexpected disease, like him of whom we are about to speak; the result is the same in either case. So much light has gone out in the midst of a dark world! So much salt is wanting to save it from corruption. If "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," equally so ought their death to be esteemed in the sight of their brethren. With each new vacancy that occurs among the soldiers of the cross, should go up the earnest cry, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

AZARIAH SMITH was born in Manlius, Onondaga county, New

York, February 16th, 1817. His parents, the Hon. Azariah Smith and Zilpah Mack (the daughter of Colonel David Mack, whose history is given in Tract No. 487 of the American Tract Society as the "Faithful Steward"), were from Middlefield, Massachusetts. Though both of them became professors of religion within the recollection of their son, he "could not remember the time when his father did not have regular family prayers, and his mother did not weekly, if not daily, converse with her children on the subject of personal religion." This, with the further instruction he received in the Sabbath-school, and the careful attention of his parents to cherish habits of industry, and prevent the evils incident to idle, roving habits, and association with bad company, is sufficient evidence of the care bestowed upon his early moral and religious education. Nor was his intellectual and practical education neglected. From the age of four or five to that of seventeen, he was kept at school, studying, in addition to the ordinary branches, Algebra, Latin, and Greek, with the exception of about two years spent in an extensive country retail store, and about six months which he spent laboring on a farm with his uncle in Massachusetts. We mention these facts to show, what we hope to make evident in the course of this narrative, that few missionaries, if indeed any, ever left the American shore more variously and more thoroughly furnished for their work.

In the spring of 1834 he entered the Freshman class in Yale College, where, as one of his class-mates, the writer first became acquainted with him in the Gymnasium. In athletic exercises, requiring strength of muscle, there may have been one or two who excelled him in particular feats, but certainly it was characteristic of the man, that there were none who

could perform *so many* feats *so well* as he. *God had use for those limbs*, and he was thus knitting them for future arduous service. Naturally thrown, in this manner, into the companionship of those whose spirits were the most exuberant, he still more fully identified himself with this particular circle by uniting with the literary society that was principally composed of students of this description. From this time forward until the spring of the following year, the influence of college life upon him was more for evil than for good. To use his own language, "In spite of all parental restriction and counsels, my disregard of God, at this period of my life, exhibited itself in almost all forms not embraced by human laws under the name of crimes." But while thus, as it were, in the very whirlpool of ruin, revolving nearer and nearer to its vortex, the prayer of parental faith was not in vain. The arm of an Almighty Savior was interposed for his deliverance. God had purposes of mercy toward him; he had much for him to do in his Church; as "a chosen vessel" of the Lord, he was yet "to bear his name before many Gentiles;" he was yet to do and suffer great things for the advancement of Christ's kingdom.

Previous to the time of his leaving home for college, he was often the subject of serious impressions. "But," said he, "as they were awakened by causes external to myself, and always smothered by the carnal heart, none of them resulted in any particular good." In the spring of 1835, however, a revival occurred in college, which resulted in his conversion and that of about twenty of his class-mates. The case of Dr. Smith was the most peculiar of them all. After having been confined to his room for some weeks with a mild attack of scarlet fever, when he began to attend again upon college duties, he found

many of his former associates very serious. This excited a little surprise on his part, but nothing more, until at length, to use his own language, "Having returned to my room one morning without any thing particular having occurred to make me serious, but yet with the thought on my mind that perhaps, if I did not during the present revival of religion become pious, I never should, I sat myself before the fire, with my Bible by my side, unopened before this, perhaps, for months, and thought thus with myself: For once I will throw aside all my indefinite notions of the intangibility of religion, and I will look the subject in the face. I believe in a God who made all things, and has my destiny in his hands. I believe I can act so as to obtain his favor, and that my present course will insure his eternal wrath. Nothing, however, but heart service will please God—that will, for he says so in his Word. I believe I ought—yea, I believe I will—yes, and I will henceforth render it to Him! I then prayed for God's aid and direction while I reflected and resolved upon the life I should lead."

This *single hour* (for it was but an hour) was the turning-point in his destiny, and from this time forward, having thus put his hand to the plow, he never looked back for a single moment. "I have consecrated myself," said he, "soul and body, to the service of God. I would be a merchant; a manufacturer, a mechanic, a teacher, a farmer, a pastor at home, or a missionary abroad, or any thing else, so that the employment shall afford me the widest field for doing good!" Such being his feelings, we are not surprised to learn that, very soon after his conversion, his "mind was made up to become a missionary," that he joined the "Missionary Band" in college,

who had pledged themselves to the same work, and that as early as the winter of 1836 he had communicated his purposes to Dr. Armstrong, one of the secretaries of the American Board. We need not add, that during the remainder of his college life the reality of his conversion was admitted by all. No one doubted his sincerity. Sudden as the change was, it was a radical one.

Immediately after he was graduated, August 16th, 1837, he went to Geneva, New York, where he pursued the study of medicine, in the office of Professor Spencer, until May, 1839. Though attending six lectures a day, and reading extensively in the intervals, he found time, nevertheless, during the first four months, to write more than forty letters, chiefly on the subject of religion. Nor was he too busy to engage in Sabbath-school instruction, to act as secretary of the village Tract Society, to prepare matter for their monthly meetings, and assist in tract distribution.

In June, 1839, he went to Philadelphia, where he spent three months enjoying, under the special favor of Professor Hodge, the privilege of free access to the Pennsylvania Hospital, and, through Dr. Gerhard, valuable opportunities of improvement in the Philadelphia Dispensary and Alms-house. In Philadelphia, as at Geneva, he seemed to rise to a higher level in the Christian life. "I feel," said he, "that I am not my own, but that I am bought with a price, even the precious blood of the Son of God. I consider myself as consecrated to the service of God, and, of course, am to have no will of my own, apart from a desire to advance the kingdom of my Redeemer; and hence, unless some good follows each action, I feel that I must condemn myself, not as an unfaithful servant

of my Master, *but as a servant of sin and Satan, so far as that action is concerned.*" This expression, if we mistake not, gives us the key to his entire life. It was not *his*, it belonged to Christ.

In October, 1839, he entered the Theological Seminary in New Haven, where probably his notes of the lectures were the fullest and best that were ever taken. During the succeeding fall and winter, with his regular studies in the Seminary, he combined attendance upon the course of lectures in the Medical School connected with the college, and received the degree of M.D. January 24th, 1840. From that time he devoted himself more particularly to his theological studies, attending also a daily recitation, in the Law School, in Blackstone's Commentaries. "The multitude of things to be acquired, and the importance of learning them well," having begun, almost simultaneously with his conversion, to make their due impression on his mind, the Higher Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Botany, Geology, and the various branches of Natural History, afforded him "great enjoyment, intellectually and *spiritually*" (the italics are his own). In short, active employment in all matters where continuous personal application was necessary, amounted almost to a passion with him. Time which others would have wasted he spent in posting books, preparing catalogues of minerals, plants, books, taking inventories of accounts, &c., thus exhibiting an energy, an industry, an indomitable perseverance rarely equaled. Even his humor partook of this peculiar characteristic. His exact professor will remember when he carried out his logarithms to twenty places of decimals!

His arduous course of preparatory study being at length

completed, after some trying and unexpected difficulties, during which he had "rich consolation in the feeling that all things were in God's hands," and in the promise, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," he was ordained at Manlius, August 30th, 1842; embarked for Western Asia the 19th of November, and arrived at Smyrna after a voyage of fifty-three days. His journal during this period, written for his friends at home, is truly a model, and just what might be expected from such a man.

The limits within which we are necessarily confined in this work will permit us to give but a brief sketch of his arduous and untiring labors from the time that he entered the missionary field. Such a sketch, however, will not be without its use and meaning to those who are acquainted with the condition of things in the East, and who know how much more difficult traveling is in that country than in our own.

In 1843, he resided at Brûsa two months, returned to Constantinople, and thence proceeded to Trebizond, where he remained for five months. The remainder of the time he spent in Brûsa, being engaged, for the most part, during this year, in studying Turkish and practicing medicine. In 1844, he visited Smyrna, Rhodes, Cyprus, and Beirût, and made a tour in the interior to Aleppo, Orfa, Diarbekr, and Mosul. He resided at Mosul while Botta was disentombing one of the palaces of ancient Nineveh. In this connection, also, it may be proper to state that he traveled for a time in company with Mr. Layard. At Mosul it was his sorrowful privilege to watch over the dying bed of the excellent Dr. Grant. It was in this year that he made a trying and dangerous tour in the mountain Nestorian districts of Koordistan, going, through much peril, as far

north as Julamerck, returning to Mosul, and thence to Alexandretta.

In 1845 he traveled extensively, after visiting Constantinople, including a journey from Trebizond to Erzerroom, a ride of seventy-two days, from Erzerroom to Trebizond, and back to Constantinople.

In 1846 he made another journey to Trebizond and Erzerroom, where he remained about seventeen months. In July of this year, he was mobbed for affording protection to an Armenian priest, who fled to his house; but, in consequence of his determined courage and perseverance, the offenders were punished, and damages were recovered from the Turkish government. The remainder of the year was filled with various journeyings, which no one but a man possessing his extraordinary powers of endurance could have undergone.

He often went many miles out of his way on these journeys to leave prescriptions for the cholera at different missionary stations. What was so widely known and extensively used in this country, in 1849, as "Dwight's cholera mixture," was a preparation of Dr. Smith.

On one occasion, in the desert, and with but a single attendant, he was attacked with this dreadful disease. Fearful of contagion, his attendant pitched his tent some distance off, and promised, in the event of his death, to secure his journal, and forward it to some of his missionary brethren. But, after two days' suffering, he was able, though in very great weakness, to proceed on his journey.

At length, in 1848, he found himself, in the providence of God, at Aintab, about seventy miles north of Aleppo. In consequence of his peculiar adaptation to different fields, he had

labored for longer or shorter periods as a pioneer, but here was to be his missionary home. He had preferred to commence the life of a missionary unmarried; but now that his circumstances seemed to render a change desirable, he once more turned his face toward America, where he arrived May 23d; and, on the 6th of July, he was married to Miss Corinth S. Elder, of Courtlandville, New York. The same week it was the delightful privilege of the writer to meet him on one of the North River steam-boats on his way to Boston, where he was to embark for Smyrna and Constantinople. Never shall we forget the earnestness with which he entered into the now so well known history of the Church at Aintab, and the lofty enthusiasm with which he expressed his hopes for the progress of the Gospel there. Strange to say, however, he seemed utterly unconscious that he had any such enthusiasm! In the last letter we received from him, he says, "I feel deeply *my want of earnestness*; and though I shall *never*, probably, impart that fire to my efforts that one of a warmer temperament might, yet I pray that the flame may be ever on the increase, until this corruptible shall put on incorruption." Feeling as one who was soon to give an account of his stewardship, and who wished to have his work well done, he was continually "forgetting the things that are behind." At Aintab, he was in just the spot in which he wished to be. "With ten or fifteen thousand Armenian Christians in this city of twice that Mohammedan population, we have a wide field *at home*; and with several times fifteen thousand Christians in other cities within reach, none of which are occupied by evangelical laborers, only as we occupy them, we have a *foreign field* large enough to wear out the most untiring energy of several men.

"I am now," he continued, "about to use a little of what the Lord has given me in building a room for a chapel which will contain three or four hundred persons. You can not imagine the kind of Christians I have around me. Women who earn their living by spinning for two cents a day contribute to the Gospel from one to six cents monthly; and I assure you I do not believe there is a church or congregation in America that does, *proportionally*, for benevolent objects, what our people are doing! Alas! alas! when gold mines are to be found, you can spare hundreds and thousands of husbands and brothers to go to California; but the eye of faith is so dimmed that you do not see that there are unfading riches to be laid up in the treasure-house of eternity, if you will but cross the great sea eastward."

With such evidences as these before us, we can readily admit the testimony of his missionary associates as to the extraordinary extent of his general information; his "unwearied diligence;" his "high standard of piety;" his eminently "benevolent and self-denying spirit;" his entire consecration to the great work of spreading among the heathen the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. Every thing he knew, he knew thoroughly; every thing he did, he did for permanence—he did "with his might." Nor were his labors confined to the missionary field alone. As the author of valuable papers on Meteorology and Syrian Antiquities, published in the American Journal of Science, he at once took rank with the best scholars in our land, affording yet still another proof for the assertion that "never, since the Macedonian conqueror filled the cabinet of Aristotle, have richer contributions been made to the material of the naturalist and geographer than are now making by the

missionaries of the Cross." The name and labors of AZARIAH SMITH will find a worthy place with those of Carey, Hall, Judson, Morrison, and others, benefactors of the race, "whose country is the world—whose countrymen are all mankind."

It only remains for us to say that he who had so faithfully endeavored to live the Christian's life, died the Christian's peaceful and triumphant death. Though his illness (lung fever) was sudden and unexpected, yet he went down into the valley of the shadow of death fearing no evil. He told his people, his brethren, his family, not only that he was going, but whither he was going. Fixing his eyes on a mirror in a clock that reflected the light from a small window in the upper part of the room with almost dazzling brightness, the appearance of which was very peculiar, seeming to be at a distance, and like a bright window in the heavens, "That," said he, "reminds me of the light which the Christian beholds as he enters 'the other world.'"

"On Sabbath, in the forenoon," says Mr. Crane, "he requested me to pray with him; and immediately after I closed, he commenced and offered a short, but coherent and peculiarly interesting prayer. He began with a very free confession of sin; then expressed entire confidence in the sufficiency of the atoning blood of Christ to procure pardon; then immediately exclaimed, in view of the benignity of God, 'We see thy goodness; we see thy love; we see thy mercy, and tenderness, and compassion!' and closed by casting all on Christ, whose blood is sufficient to cleanse from all sin. Some time afterward, he was heard by Mrs. Smith to repeat the third and fourth verses of the 1st chapter of Peter, and then added, 'Prepare for this inheritance!' Tuesday morning, June 3d, 1851, he made several unsuccessful efforts to speak; and after

painful struggles, which amounted almost to agony, in the after part of the day, he gave utterance, in *Turkish* (which he seemed to find less difficult of enunciation than English), to the emotions of his departing spirit, in view of the glory about to burst on his wondering vision, ‘Joy, joy! Praise, praise! Amen!’ His countenance seemed to indicate consciousness till six P.M., when he gently fell asleep.”

His remains, accompanied by six or seven hundred greatly afflicted citizens, were deposited in the Protestant burying-ground by the side of his only child.

Fair rose his sun of life!—few such

Indeed!—to set at noon;

His Master must have loved him much,

To call him home so soon!



DAVID ABEEL.

I should feel very unhappy at having separated myself so far from you if it were not for the sustaining consciousness that I have left "father & mother" for Christ's sake.

D. Aheel.

REV. DAVID ABEEL, D.D.,

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. T. E. VERMILYE, D.D.,

NEW YORK

THE Reformed Dutch Church of North America traces its origin to the Reformed Church of Holland, and claims the high honor of having first introduced Christianity to this Western Continent. Before the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, and with a piety as fervent as that which afterward animated them when they laid the foundations of New England's glory in the Church and the school-house, the early settlers of New Amsterdam had brought hither their church organization; and as soon as circumstances would allow, they

also established their common school for the training of the youth of both sexes in secular, and especially in religious knowledge. The first church they founded still exists, by regular succession, in the Collegiate Dutch Church of the city of New York; and the school is perpetuated in their Parochial School, which, after the lapse of more than two centuries, continues to flourish among the best the city can boast.

The Dutch Church is Presbyterian in its system of government, and strictly Calvinistic in its creed. Its symbols of doctrine are the Articles adopted by the famous Synod of Dort, which all its ministers, before ordination, are required to subscribe. Yet, while exacting of all within its own limits a tenacious adherence to its avowed principles, it has never failed to extend to Christians of all other denominations the fraternal recognition and good offices which so strikingly characterized and ennobled the Church of Holland at the period of the Reformation. And at this day, among co-religionists of various classes, it has a marked and well-known reputation for the maintenance of evangelical truth without intolerance; for earnest piety without fanaticism or moroseness; and for beneficence by no means confined to merely sectarian limits and objects.

At their first settlement, and even down to the Revolution, the colonists were obliged to depend upon Holland for the education and ordination of their ministers. From this fact, and from experience of their own wants, a love for the missionary enterprise was early engendered in the Dutch Church. And, although the continued use of the Dutch language in their families and in public services, long after it had been supplanted by the English as the common, spoken language of

the provinces, had the effect greatly to circumscribe the influence and to retard the advancement of the denomination, an effect it has not ceased to feel even to this day, yet the missionary spirit has never died out in its bosom; at home and abroad, alone and in connection with others, it has from time to time contributed of its substance, and put forth efforts to spread the savor of Christ's name among the destitute.

Before any regular church organization for conducting Foreign Missions, several of the children of the Dutch Church had gone forth to the heathen; foremost among whom were Dr. Scudder and family, of the Ceylon Mission, and subsequently David Abeel. A growing feeling of duty and desire on this subject led the Church, in 1832, to the formation of a distinct Board for that department of Christian benevolence, which was made auxiliary to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, by whose agency the work has ever since been prosecuted. Highly qualified and devoted missionaries have entered this field; some of whom, amid the toils and discouragements of this self-denying service, still labor on in faith and in hope; and others, Abeel, Thompson, and Pohlman, have already fallen asleep in Jesus, leaving memories fragrant as the breath of morning; examples which, we trust, will yet become efficient for good in a higher consecration of the Church at home, and in the salvation of many poor, perishing heathen abroad. Being dead, they yet speak.

The Rev. DAVID ABEEL, D.D., the subject of the following brief sketch, was born in the city of New Brunswick, New Jersey, on the 12th day of June, 1804. His family on the father's side, who is represented to have been a man of unusual energy and courage, and great moral worth, was from Amsterdam,

Holland; and the name has, in this country, been borne by several who attained to high respectability in various walks of life. His mother was Jane Hassert, of New Brunswick, a woman of great natural sweetness and benevolence of temper, elevated and refined by fervent and consistent piety. From personal knowledge of the missionary, we judge that there was in him an exceedingly happy combination of the characteristic qualities of both parents: a clear intellect, and great decision and strength of will, blended with a most affectionate and gentle disposition; qualifying him to win the love while he commanded the respect of his fellow-men; and, when grace should have done its renewing work, to become the missionary whose heart overflowed with tenderness for the heathen, and whose unabating zeal expended itself in life-exhausting labors.

The early years of David Abeel were not marked by any uncommon events, nor, so far as is now known, by any very peculiar religious impressions. His youthful vivacity was great, and displayed itself in the usual boyish freaks and athletic exercises. At the age of fifteen, led in some degree, probably, by the example of his father, who had been a prominent officer in the navy of the United States during the Revolutionary war, he sought admittance to the Academy at West Point, designing to pursue a military life. But He who had separated him from his mother's womb to be a soldier of the Cross, disappointed his desires in this respect; and not long after, when about sixteen, and while turning his attention to medical studies, his mind was effectually wrought upon by Divine truth, and permanently turned unto God. His convictions of sin seem to have been pungent and soul-subduing. The law set home its sanctions with terrific power. Conscience was overwhelmed

with sight of the transgressions of his past life and the natural depravity of his heart. During these disclosures of his spiritual defects, he was subjected to a painful and protracted agony. Nor was he allowed, by the blessed Physician who wounds to heal, and who was preparing his young servant for peculiar paths of usefulness, to adopt superficial views of his ill desert, nor to satisfy his mind with a hope hastily entertained, and which might rest on no solid foundation. The wise and faithful counsels of Dr. Livingston, to whom he applied for instruction, were invaluable; and probably, under God, were the means, at that critical period, of leading young Abeel to that complete self-renunciation, that unreserved dependence upon the Savior, that high standard of Christian attainment, which afterward so beautifully appeared as the distinct features of his religious character, and so eminently qualified him for his special work.

He was not now slow in deciding what should be the business of his future life. God, he hoped, had revealed his Son in him, and he longed to preach Christ crucified to others. From the first, he evidently aimed to make his consecration to God's service final and complete, and he felt that the Gospel ministry alone could give scope and exercise to the new-born desires of his soul. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1823, he commenced his theological course in the Seminary at New Brunswick, and, at the expiration of three ~~years~~, was licensed to preach, on the 20th of April, 1826. Almost immediately he was appointed to labor in the village of Athens, Greene county, New York; and in October, 1826, was ordained by the reverend Classis of Rensselaer to the work of the Gospel ministry as an evangelist. The place to which he was thus di-

rected as his first sphere of labor was desolate indeed. The service required was of a strictly missionary nature, well adapted to try the qualities and to train the spirit of the young pastor. He was in labors most abundant, and not a few were hopefully converted in that unpromising field. For two years and a half he remained at Athens, much occupied with pastoral duties, and much engaged in the cultivation of personal religion, when failing health, the incipient stages of the disease which, after long-protracted sufferings, carried him to his grave, compelled him to resign his charge and seek restoration by travel.

The subject of Foreign Missions seems early to have engaged Mr. Abeel's thoughts. He says, "When in the Seminary, my attention was awakened to this subject, and ever since it has been a matter of the deepest interest to me. I think the intelligence from the Sandwich Islands was the instrumental cause of enlisting my feelings in behalf of the important object. Since I have been at Athens, my mind has been frequently and seriously exercised in relation to my duty on this subject." The writer of these lines remembers, about this time, to have met, on board the steam-boat from Albany to New York, a young ministerial brother, about his own age, pallid with disease, yet of most engaging countenance and manners, whose conversation was all of Foreign Missions. It was his first interview with David Abeel, then thinking of the missionary life. Twenty years later, it was a mournful privilege, at the meeting of the American Board in New Haven, to pronounce a short eulogium on the character and services of the same beloved brother, just taken from terrestrial toils to his rest above.

While at Athens, his mind seems to have come to a decision as to his particular duty in regard to this momentous question. He believed that he ought "to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ;" but declining health, and other obstacles, for a time prevented him from carrying his well-considered purpose into immediate effect. The winter of 1828 he spent in the island of St. John's. On his return, Providence unexpectedly opening the way, he departed from New York for Canton, in company with the Rev. Mr. Bridgman, also a missionary, in October, 1829. Thus was the long-cherished wish of his heart gratified. At length he was on his way to the heathen. He went out as chaplain, under the auspices of the Seaman's Friend Society; but, at the expiration of a year of labor at Canton in that capacity, he was transferred to the care of the American Board. He then visited Java, and crossed to Batavia by land, whence, after several months' sojourn in the family of Mr. Medhurst, aiding him in his missionary work, and studying the Chinese language, he sailed to Singapore, and thence to Siam, where he remained six months, performing the duties of a diligent and devoted missionary. At these several places he labored at different times, and apparently with very considerable success, notwithstanding frequent and complete prostration of body and mind by wasting disease; but his strength failing utterly, he was compelled, in 1833, to embark for his native land. He returned by the way of England, where, as also in Holland, France, and Switzerland, he awakened much interest by his private intercourse, and the spreading of missionary intelligence.

To illustrate the character of his influence and labors, we

quote from a letter written by a Christian lady whose hospitality he enjoyed while in England :

“Twelve years have elapsed since his brief sojourn in this land ; but none who had the privilege of knowing him then are likely to forget him, for he was indeed ‘ a burning and a shining light.’ He came to us immediately on his arrival from the East, worn by disease, and apparently disqualified for active service. Such was his prevailing spirituality of mind and devotedness to the Redeemer’s cause, that it was impossible to be within the circle of his influence without deriving advantage from it. There was nothing austere, narrow-minded, or extravagant in his religion. There was a beautiful symmetry, a holiness, refinement, and tenderness about it, which struck the most ungodly. Every one felt that he was in earnest, that he had a deep enjoyment of divine things, and an aptitude to seize upon every occasion of usefulness, far beyond what is usually attained. There was in his character that combination of faith, hope, and charity, which the Apostle Paul so well delineates ; and, as it regarded his daily life, it might indeed be said that he ‘ walked in the Spirit.’ During his abode in our family, his physical debility and sufferings were at times great ; but he knew how to rejoice in tribulation, and could say from the heart, ‘ The will of the Lord be done.’ Often, after seasons of pain and exhaustion, he would ask one of us to read him a portion of the Bible, and as he became interested in the subject, his spirits gradually revived. It was his custom, while rising of a morning, to sing a hymn ; and he always left his Bible open on his dressing-table, that, whenever he went into his room, some passage of divine truth might arrest his eye. At the breakfast-table he generally asked what

we had been reading in our closets ; and, whether others were prepared or not, he was always ready to furnish his quota of spiritual entertainment. This plan greatly interested the younger members of our family, and even the servants lingered in the room at meal-times to catch some gracious word that fell from his lips. During his voyage from China, he had been useful to three persons on board the vessel ; and while he was in England, the same success attended his efforts to win souls to Jesus. To more than one individual in our circle he became peculiarly endeared as a father in Christ ; and to others he lent the helping hand, and was regarded by them in every sense as a brother and friend. I might introduce many touching incidents which are engraven on their hearts, but I forbear. I would, however, notice one point of no small importance, as accounting for his remarkable success. He was unusually devoted to prayer. He could indeed say, ‘For this thing I prayed,’ for there was nothing vague or indefinite in his petitions. Usually he spent some time in his chamber toward noon, for the purpose of remembering certain individuals on whose conversion his heart was set ; and at other times he would unite with Christian friends for this same purpose. He loved to speak of heaven, for it was a theme on which he was peculiarly at home. His favorite view of it was that of being with Christ to behold His glory. At that time he scarcely expected to reach America, much less to return to China ; but he was always urging upon us to do our utmost for that vast land. His representations of the state of the heathen, and of the responsibility of the Christian Church, were most solemn and affecting. He had no sympathy with a hollow, half-hearted attachment to the cause of Christ. His had never been the

‘middle walk of Christianity ;’ having himself forsaken all for Christ, he could and did insist, in every case, upon the same surrender. Not in private life alone, but at the anniversary of our Bible Society at Exeter Hall, he came forward, notwithstanding his weakness, and challenged the young students in our colleges to join the missionary host. I think I see and hear him now, turning to them, and saying, with unusual energy, ‘And who has given you a dispensation to remain at home, when the whole world is calling so loudly for assistance ?’

“Before he quitted England, he united with the Rev. Baptist Noel and a few ladies in forming the Society for promoting Female Education in China and the East. The first appeal was drawn up by him, and the profits of his *Missionary Narrative* were devoted to its support. Nearly forty ladies, of different denominations, have been sent out as the result of this effort, and much assistance has been rendered in other ways toward the encouragement of mission schools.

“As the time drew near for his departure, our intercourse became increasingly serious and prayerful. We felt it very unlikely that we should meet again in this world, and from the maturity of his Christian character it appeared as if he might soon be summoned to his heavenly home. Never can I forget the energy with which he continually spoke of the believer’s privileges and responsibilities. Indeed, his whole residence under our roof formed an appropriate comment upon that passage, ‘Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.’”

In America, though bowed down by continued ill health, he yet accomplished a vast amount of labor, and was greatly useful in stirring up the missionary spirit among the churches and

theological seminaries, and especially in the Seminary at New Brunswick; that place, at that time, enjoying a most cheering revival of religion. He also "contributed to the cause of missions by writing a description of his residence in China and the adjacent countries during his first visit to the East, and by publishing a work advocating the importance of the great object to which he had devoted his life, entitled 'The Claims of the World to the Gospel.' The former work was published soon after his return from China in 1835; the latter shortly previous to his departure for Canton in 1838. His 'Residence in China' discovers a quick apprehension, and a just perception of the beautiful and the repulsive in nature and in morals. His 'Discussion on Missions' bespeaks close discrimination, accurate representation, with candid and powerful argumentation."*

Yet his soul longed for personal labors among the heathen. Twice he made his preparations to return to China, and was prevented by severe illness. At length, however, in October, 1838, he a second time sailed from New York, and reached Canton in February, 1839. Great were the changes which had occurred during his absence, and great the difficulties which impeded the missionaries, owing to the opium war between the English and the Chinese. Dr. Abeel availed himself of the opportunity, created by these unforeseen obstructions to his proper work, to perform an extensive missionary tour. He visited Malacca, Borneo, and other places; examined the fitness of Kolongsoo for a mission station; and at length settled there, laboring alone for two months, until joined by the brethren Pohlman and Doty, whom his own Church had sent to his aid,

* Funeral Discourse of Mr. Abeel, by Isaac N. Wyckoff, D.D.

with the intention, if possible, of forming a Dutch church mission. Again his health gave way. And after trying the efficacy of short sea voyages, in the hope of thus being enabled to remain on the field, and receiving no permanent benefit, he was finally forced, in January, 1845, to set sail, with but faint expectation of ever reaching America, or enjoying the sympathizing attentions of kindred and friends, and dying amid the scenes and associations of his native land. He, however, did survive the passage; revisited the home of his youth, from which both parents had been called away during his absence. For a year, as his strength would allow, he traveled from place to place, blessing the friends with whom he associated by his godly conversation and most Christian example; with a submissive will, in the serenity of faith and the patience of hope, waiting until his change should come. He expired at the Manor House in Albany, where he had often enjoyed the comforts of a refined Christian hospitality, on the 4th of September, 1846, aged forty-two years. His remains were brought to Brooklyn, and interred in the Greenwood Cemetery. A plain monument, erected by Christian friends, arrests the steps of the stranger as he wanders over those beautiful grounds; and its simple inscription tells him that beneath it, in hope of a joyful resurrection, reposes all that was mortal of THE BELOVED ABEEL.

This rapid review of his life and labors gives but an imperfect idea of the character and usefulness of Dr. Abeel; and a few words may be allowed more distinctly to present his mental and moral lineaments to the reader's mind. While there was, then, no deficiency, yet there was nothing very remarkable in his intellectual conformation: no uncommon reasoning powers, no lofty imagination, no brilliant conceptions, nor

force of utterance, to mark him for a great man in the worldly use of the phrase. He never, probably, could have risen high as an original or profound thinker or writer. He was not a genius. Yet he had, what is ordinarily vastly more conducive to the usefulness of the possessor and the good of the world, that felicitous blending and balancing of the solid qualities of mind which constitute what is called strong common sense. His judgment was sound and reliable, and his skill and efficiency in practical affairs prompt and admirable. His affections were pure, and true, and strong. His heart was full of genial warmth, giving him, in social intercourse, and in public action and address, a controlling influence over the sympathies of those around him. He was of the school of John, "that disciple whom Jesus loved." The fact that his friends always speak of him by the simple designations "David Abeel," "The beloved Abeel," of itself indicates the endearing character, and the kind of power which belonged to him. And his gentle, noiseless, persevering, unconquerable spirit, accomplished results which often surprised those who had occasion to observe his operations. But it was divine grace that gave direction and force to his natural endowments. His piety was simple and ardent. He cultivated his own heart by prayer, self-examination, and the appropriate means of spiritual improvement, with uncommon diligence; and came to possess in an eminent degree a self-renouncing, obedient, holy, loving temper. His Savior and the souls of men; the spiritual good of the poor heathen, were with him the great objects of love and desire, and hence he had power with God and with men.

His usefulness was great. While at Athens, souls were given to him as the seals of his ministry. And though a mar-

tyr to disease for the residue of his days, yet his spirit and zeal were unabated. In his various missionary labors he is represented to have accomplished great good. At home he certainly was the instrument of awakening the missionary spirit in his own Church and in the Theological Seminary, and of engaging several young men to devote themselves to the foreign missionary work. The gifts which the sovereign Lord dispenses are various, and all are to be employed to his glory. That peculiar courtesy and refinement of address which fitted Dr. Abeel to move among the cultivated and polite classes were used by him in that sphere with great effect to the end of edification. And many such persons, several known to the writer, in social intercourse first won by his kind, attractive manners, and then awakened and impressed by his faithful admonitions, will have reason to bless God throughout eternity for their acquaintance with this holy man. Heaven will disclose the valuable results of his simple, unostentatious devotion, truly acting out the sentiment of Paul, "One thing I do." Splendid worldly triumphs did not mark his way. But how sweet the thought that from far distant parts of the globe, from America, and England, and China, the Savior's ransomed ones shall greet this faithful missionary on the shores of life, and converted souls from various climes shall be crowns of his rejoicing in that day.



FREDERICK B. THOMSON.

Yet as the cherished object
of my heart & I may here men-
tion the cause of missions &
especially our mission
in Boorne.

F. B. Thomson.

REV. FREDERICK B. THOMSON,

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. A. V. WYCKOFF,

DEARMAN, N. Y.

FREDERICK BORDINE THOMSON was the eldest son of Archibald and Maria Thomson, and was born in the city of New Brunswick, New Jersey, on the 5th day of November, 1809. In his early life, he evinced unusual thoughtfulness and seriousness, and gave promise of that admirable character for persevering piety and Christian industry which was afterward so remarkably developed. His first religious impressions date very early, but it was in the Sabbath-school, under the instructions of a faithful teacher, that he became deeply exercised in mind. The storm within, however, after a while was quelled, and, finding peace in the Savior, he soon made a public profession of piety, uniting with the Reformed Dutch Church in New Brunswick. He was soon after advised by judicious friends to prepare himself for the work of the ministry.

After many anxious thoughts, he felt it to be his duty to follow their advice, and accordingly entered the preparatory school at New Brunswick, in the year 1827, and graduated from Rutger's College, with distinguished honor, in July, 1831. Pursuing immediately his theological studies in the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Dutch Church at New Brunswick, he concluded the usual course with the high satisfaction of his preceptors, and was licensed to preach the Gospel in July, 1834.

On the 1st of October of the same year, he was united in marriage to Catharine, eldest daughter of Nicholas Wyckoff, Esq., of New Brunswick, and soon after accepted a call from the Reformed Dutch Church of Upper Red Hook, New York. On the 12th of November he was ordained, and installed pastor of this church. But though surrounded by a kind-hearted people, among whom he had many testimonies to the efficiency of his labors, Mr. Thomson did not feel satisfied as to the path of duty. His mind was deeply agitated on the subject of Foreign Missions, and from harassing doubts he could get no respite, until, after many days and months of prayer and anxious deliberation, he resolved to become a missionary to the heathen. In a document, dated Middletown, New Jersey, September 19th, 1837, he writes, "It is now almost two years since I was brought to the firm conviction that God had said to me, in language too plain to be mistaken, 'Depart, for I will send thee far hence to the Gentiles.' That conviction was not cherished without the most diligent pains-taking, and (as far as I can read my own heart) honest examination of the solemn subject, accompanied with constant prayer, and dependence upon the guidance of the Holy Ghost." And then he enters

upon a most searching and minute review of the whole matter, scrutinizing every motive, weighing his own personal fitness for the work, and striving to bring out from its hiding-place every lurking desire that was incompatible with the exercise of the only correct motive. With these views, feeling that he was now called upon to devote himself to the great cause of Foreign Missions, Mr. Thomson resigned his pleasant charge amid their regrets and tears, and removed from Red Hook in the month of November, 1836. Having already with his wife been accepted as missionaries by the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, with a view to labor in some field that might be opened in the Indian Archipelago, it was the intention of the Board to hasten their departure in the following spring. During the intervening time, Mr. Thomson was most efficiently engaged in presenting the cause of missions to the Churches, and striving to awaken that part of Zion with which he was most immediately connected to the claims of duty. He was eminently successful; and many an affecting reminiscence is still told of him, as he moved from flock to flock like a burning and a shining light. All felt that he was a holy man, upon whom the Lord had poured his Spirit largely; and all saw that he was peculiarly fitted for his work. Ecclesiastically he was under the care of the Classis of Poughkeepsie, being sent forth as their missionary, and it was in this body that the greatest impression of his labors was felt.

The next spring opened gloomily. Disaster followed disaster in the commercial world, and this derangement in monetary affairs soon affected the finances of the Board. When the time appointed for sailing had arrived, the Prudential Commit-

tee found themselves unable to send forth the large band of missionaries then in waiting. The time of Mr. Thomson's sailing was in consequence delayed for a year, which he spent in highly useful labors with the congregation of Holmdel, New Jersey.

On the 25th of May, 1838, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, in company with Messrs. Pohlman, Ball, and Wood, and their wives, embarked from New York on the ship *Albion*, for Singapore. Their design was to proceed from thence, as soon as practicable, to the island of Borneo, or some other eligible spot in the Indian Archipelago, which the God of Missions might open for their immediate labors. After a pleasant voyage of one hundred and five days, on the 10th of September they arrived at Angier, and on the 17th anchored in the harbor of Singapore. Not a moment was lost in idle curiosity, but with characteristic energy and industry, Mr. Thomson proceeded at once to make arrangements for his labors. He took up his residence with Mr. Doty, one of a missionary band that two years before had gone from the bosom of the Reformed Dutch Church to the Indies.

On the 18th of December, the brethren forwarded a petition to the Governor General of Netherlands India, for a dispensation from that restriction which makes it necessary that all missionaries, previous to locating upon Borneo, should spend at least a year in the city of Batavia. While awaiting the answer to this petition, Mr. Thomson gave himself to the acquisition of the Malay language, as it had been determined that he should labor among the Dyaks of Borneo; and to give earnest of his work, we find him very soon commencing the translation of his "Defense of the Integrity of the New Testament

Writings," under the superintendence of Abdullah, his Malay teacher.

The answer to the petition of the brethren was delayed until the following July, and was then denied. Learning that a dispensation could not be granted, Mr. Thomson embarked for Batavia, where he arrived on the 2d of October. This was the fifth anniversary day of his marriage, and we find him fondly alluding to the subject, with scarce an apprehension of the severe trial through which he should soon be called to pass. On the 16th of November it pleased God to remove Mrs. Thomson from her earthly labors, and to leave her desolate partner a stricken mourner. She died, universally regretted at home and abroad, leaving behind a savor of meek, unobtrusive piety, and an example of Christian energy and efficiency which finds but few equals at the present day. Staggering under the blow, yet still upheld by a gracious God, our brother went forth again to his self-denying labors. A favorite resort of his was the market, whither he was accustomed to go early in the morning to distribute tracts, and to converse with the Malays.

His was no ordinary devotion to the missionary work, as was evinced by an incident which took place at this time. An apparently favorable opening for missionary labor in the island of Sumatra had just occurred, and Mr. Medhurst suggested to Mr. Thomson whether he ought not to consider it his duty to occupy the field thus providentially prepared. The reply of Mr. Thomson was characteristic: "I think I can truly say I am ready, if it is the Lord's will. It does, indeed, look appalling to anticipate an entire exclusion from Christian ordinances, and especially to be destitute of a single kindred spirit;

but I know the Lord can supply all my need. To him I would commit the matter." And forthwith the devoted missionary petitioned government for permission to go to those savage wilds, there to labor alone, if it was the will of the Master. The answer to the petition, however, did not appear favorable.

On the 9th of November, 1840, Mr. Thomson was again united in marriage to Miss Emma Cecilia Combe, a most estimable Swiss lady of eminent piety, sent forth to labor in the East by the "Female Missionary Society of Geneva." Once more enjoying the comforts of a happy domestic circle, Mr. Thomson by no means relaxed the severity of his labors, but seems to have continued his work with unsparing zeal and earnestness.

Two years had now nearly elapsed since he had landed at Batavia, and his labors were suddenly closed. On the 10th of September, 1841, he was called before the Resident and ordered to shut up his school, and in three weeks prepare to go to Borneo. On the 13th of the following month he set sail for the scene of his last labors. After a tedious and dangerous voyage, tried by many perplexities, the missionary band arrived at Pontianak on the 4th of February, 1842, and took up their abode with Mr. Youngblood.

During the months of April and May of the same year, Messrs. Thomson and Youngblood, desirous of making their labors as effective as possible, made a tour among the Dyaks to learn their condition, and at the same time to observe the facilities for missionary operations among them. The result of their observations is thus expressed in Mr. Thomson's own words: "We are fully satisfied that there is no apparent obstacle to our settling immediately in the midst of these inter-



MISSION STATION, KARANGAN, BORNEO.

W. H. B. G. - 1881

esting people, and teaching them without reserve the principles of the doctrine of Christ." He further says, "It is our intention, so soon as the country is again sufficiently quiet, to go and attempt a settlement at Karangan. All things considered, we judge this to be the most eligible location under the present circumstances." The place thus selected as the scene of many interesting labors, and still remembered with interest by many in the Church, is situated upon the River Landak, distant about eighty miles in a straight line from Pontianak, the nearest European settlement, and one hundred and forty miles by the river, the only thoroughfare. Thither, in the month of September, 1842, our lonely missionary wended his way. There were trials before him which might have appalled the stoutest heart; yet, often near sinking, he was enabled to triumph at last. From his home in the midst of the wilderness, he writes, October 9th, "The standard of the cross is at length planted on the banks of the Karangan." At length, after innumerable hardships, baffled again and again by the interminable delays of the Dyaks, and obliged to perform a great part of the labor with his own hands, Mr. Thompson succeeded in getting his house roofed and one room inclosed, and immediately set out for Pontianak to bring his family to their new home. On the 18th of January, 1843, we find him once more at Karangan, relieved somewhat of his loneliness by the presence of his family. The missionary band was still further increased in the month of March by the arrival of Mr. Youngblood and family. Thus strengthened, our brother went forth with renewed energy to his joyful toil, and when the Dyaks did not come to his own house in as large numbers as he wished, he would seek them in their homes; and frequently alone, sometimes accompanied with Mr.

Youngblood, he made excursions to the various Dyak settlements.

Affliction often quickened into exercise humility, and taught him to look up to his Master for strength. He affectingly writes, October 5th, "Our dear little infant, Emily Adeline, sleeps now in the bosom of her mother earth. On a pretty little knoll, a few paces from our back door, is her lonely grave." In March following, while the parents were still in grief for their infant, death came again, and removed from the arms of a loving father his second child, Eliza. Sorrowing himself, Mr. Thomson was cheered to observe that the repeated deaths in his family had had their effect upon the almost insensate hearts of the surrounding people, and he strove to strengthen the impression. In the mean time the mission had received the valuable accession of Mr. Steele in the month of December, 1843, but it again suffered a severe loss in the month of March, 1844, by the removal of Messrs. Doty and Pohlman to Amoy, in China. Under these depressing circumstances our brother still was enabled to persevere, and having previously effected a translation of Brown's Catechism, and a small Hymn Book, in Dyak, we find him in the same month for the first time conducting service and preaching in the tongue of the savages around him. Two months after, he finished the printing of his little Hymn Book, comprising about twenty familiar hymns, and remarkable as being the first book printed in the Dyak language.

Again was our brother called to suffer severe affliction. The following is the language of his chastened soul, under date of February 5th, 1845: "For the last three months and more my journal has been quite neglected. It seems that of all the

most eventful periods of my life I can keep no record. Here, as I sit solitary and alone, stripped of all the dear objects of affection that were so lately about me, I desire once more to begin anew my Christian pilgrimage." As he started upon a journey the following day, his sad record is that "he had many tender recollections upon his lonely situation, his poor motherless children, the state of the people among whom he labored, &c., and was enabled to pour out his soul in their behalf with fervor and affection." The reader will infer from this the nature of the new affliction that brought him prostrate again. In the month of December, Mrs. Thomson, having been for some time quite indisposed, concluded to journey to Pontianak for the purpose of seeking medical assistance. No apprehensions were at that time cherished of dangerous illness, and as she insisted, with a noble sacrifice, upon her husband remaining at his post, she was suffered to depart in company with her children and a native attendant. On her way, however, she became rapidly worse, and by the time the vessel had reached Pontianak she was found to be in a dying state. Mr. Youngblood hastened on board, but it was too late. The spirit of Emma Combe Thomson had gone to its rest. She had breathed her last with none near but her babes and her Dyak woman. This made the trial ten-fold more severe to her husband—that he was not able to speak one word of consolation, or close the eyes in a last farewell of his beloved partner. A most distressing season followed this dispensation, and Mr. Thomson, left alone by the temporary absence of Mr. Steele, was seized with such an alarming illness, that he was led to apprehend his speedy death. No kind physician was near to administer the healing potion, but the heavenly Physician

took pity and restored his servant. New trials, however, were making the promises sweet, and drawing him close to God.

Again he was called to mourn, for letters from Pontianak informed him that God had taken his infant son to himself. "My only darling son," says he, in the bitterness of his sorrow, "has gone to sleep beside his fond mother in the dust of the earth." Yet not a murmur escaped his lips, not a regret was ever expressed that he had devoted himself to the work of missions. Again prostrated on a bed of sickness, he could say, "The Lord be praised for his goodness. Hope I have a heart to devote myself anew to his service, and to walk before him with all humility of mind and meekness of disposition. May he give me grace henceforth to bury self and exalt the Savior alone." So beautiful and consistent was the piety of this devoted missionary!

March 26th, 1845, was another eventful day to him. "Had the high satisfaction this P.M. of finishing my translation of the Gospel according to Matthew. It was a touching moment, and what could I do but commend the work to the approbation and blessing of God." His translations being now carried on with a great deal of regularity, he notes, on the 15th of October of the same year, his having finished his first MS. volume of the book of Genesis, extending to the twenty-first chapter. Intent upon perfecting the medium of communication between himself and the Dyaks, and reducing their language to some intelligible order, he writes, April 4th of the following year, "To-day I have set about an arduous task, viz., the preparation of a Dyak-English Dictionary. The materials for this I have, of course, been long collecting, and it struck me

that the time had come for a vigorous effort to get the arrangement and translation of the words fairly under way."

Under all these manifold labors, and the unusually severe anxieties and trials to which he was subjected, a naturally robust constitution at length gave way, and during the month of May, while upon an excursion to some of the neighboring tribes, he noticed the first alarming symptom of that malady which carried him to the grave. The necessity of a season of relaxation for the recovery of his health, together with the urgency of providing for his motherless children, had led him, some time previous, to apply to the Board for permission to return to America for a short time. Leave was granted, and he was released from his duties to return home by way of Berne, Switzerland, whither he was anxious to go, to convey to her grand-parents his daughter Emma. Accordingly, on the 1st of September, Mr. Thomson, accompanied with his two children, bid adieu to his missionary brethren, and turned his back forever upon the scene of his trials and labors. It was a moment of touching interest, and the season was made solemn by prayer from the brethren, in which Mr. Thomson joined, and commended all to God. Under the reviving influence of the moment, he writes, that "he felt not a little cheered with the hope of a brighter future." He did not then anticipate that there would soon be ready for him a brighter rest beyond the skies.

On the 3d of November, a favorable wind wafted his little vessel from the shores of Borneo, and on the 22d of the same month he arrived at Singapore. There the kindness and cordial welcome of Mr. Keasbery made the missionary feel once more at home.

It was the intention of Mr. Thomson to take passage immediately for Europe ; but it was so ordered that no opportunity offered until three months had passed away. The intervening time was busily occupied in passing through the press some tracts that had been prepared at Karangan. The labor, with other duties necessarily pressing upon Mr. Thomson at this time, proved too much for his feeble strength, and in the month of January, 1847, he was alarmed by a copious hemorrhage, apparently from the lungs. The bleeding returned again during the month of February, and it was then he remarked, " I feel bound to consider all this as indicating an early passage to the tomb, and, in truth, my own apprehensions, or rather, perhaps, my own melancholy temperament, says probably *very* early."

On the 22d of the same month the long and anxiously expected " Comte De Paris" hove in sight, and in a few days set sail again, bearing away from heathen shores Mr. Thomson, with his two children, accompanied by Dr. Bradley of the Siam Mission. The latter purposed to go in company no further than St. Helena, at which point he was to take charge of Helen Maria Thomson, who was there to leave her father on her way to America. The voyage was most prosperous and rapid ; and it was graciously ordered so, for the frequent notices in Mr. Thomson's journal indicate that the earthly tabernacle was crumbling, and there was an urgent necessity for his finding a comfortable home before disease had too far advanced.

On the 16th of May the rocky shores of St. Helena loomed in sight, and there the father bade a last adieu to his daughter as they separated—she for America, he for Berne, Switzerland, the pleasant home of the grand-parents of little Emma,

where he arrived on the 12th of August, "to the great joy," as he writes, "of Emma's fond family. Her aged grandmother showed me her texts for the day, which she noticed as sweetly appropriate. They were Isaiah, xxxviii., 5, and John, xvi., 24." Here, in the bosom of a pious household, his life flowed peacefully along; and here it was, surrounded by these tender friends, that he was to close his eyes forever on this world. His time, notwithstanding the melancholy symptoms of his decay, seems to have been delightfully taken up. Occasionally a friend would break in upon his retirement, with whom he would hold sweet intercourse; and he had been at Berne but a short time before he had the pleasure of extending a welcome to that excellent missionary, Dr. King, then a fugitive from the persecution that raged against him at Athens.

In this brief sketch it will be impossible for us to present to the reader the details of Mr. Thomson's illness, as from time to time repeated and violent hemorrhage slowly wasted his strength, although we should be glad to mark the blessed exercises of his soul during this period. Well was it said that "his silent preaching then was humility, resigned suffering, and uninterrupted looking for the Lamb of God."

Happily the pen of his aged mother-in-law, Madame Combe, has preserved some of the incidents of Mr. Thomson's life while residing at Berne, and to her we leave the description of his last moments in her own touching language. "From the commencement of his sojourn with us," she says, "our common friend had, from time to time, turns of raising blood, but of little consequence. The physician hoped much from the *grape cure*; and although the season was backward, and the quality of the grapes not at all good, he nevertheless was strengthened

and continued with advantage the use of grapes so long as they could be procured. From Aigle, where especially the air seemed to benefit him, he wrote us the most lovely letters; and he made with readiness one or two mountain excursions, of which he preserved an agreeable remembrance. This momentary favorable state he employed in the study of the German. Every morning he exercised himself in speaking with me, repeating the lessons learned in the grammar. French, especially, became easy to him. He was really indefatigable; and his daily life was shared between exercises of piety, the study of the languages, literary labors, and the cares demanded by the state of his health.

“At the festival of Christmas, he repaired to the church and took the Holy Supper. The ceremony was long, and he suffered from cold, for our churches are not warmed. He did not speak of this until some time after; but the germ of a new development manifested itself in this circumstance. His cough during the night became harassing. It was evident that he had taken cold, and he was not truly well until the last day of the year 1847, when it was granted us to see him more communicative and happy than usual. After tea he composed a precious meditation on humility—it was his last.”

“We had much cold weather during the month of January, and, notwithstanding my care, he often suffered from our rigorous climate, for he could not bear to be warmly clad. He then took, in its greatest severity, the influenza, which prevailed at that time. But he recovered little by little again, and was in a measure comfortable, until the month of February, when turns of raising blood recommenced, and, from the 8th to the 10th, the hemorrhage was so violent as to be arrested with difficulty.

Then, for the first time, he said to my daughters, "*I am going to pass over Jordan;*" and we were in sorrowful expectation of this. Not daring now to apply himself to study, he was drowsy during the day, and his nights passed in painful sleeplessness. It was then that his heart conversed with his God in touching and ardent prayers. His work was always the object of his breathings to God—he would wish to labor still again in the midst of his poor Dyaks. Up to Wednesday, March 31st, he was peaceable externally, but on that day he was seized with a great agitation. He was dressed, and with our aid walked over the rooms of our apartments. Then the fever mounted to his brain, and, without scarcely speaking of it, he showed that his head caused him much suffering. He passed a troubled night on Friday, but on Saturday he was more tranquil. On Saturday night his disease became fixed, and the pain in his head did not give him a moment of release; his tongue was burning, and expectoration ceased. Many prayers were then made around his bed, and toward six o'clock in the evening a season of great distress came on, which caused all our sighs to ascend to the throne of grace, and which terminated at half past nine o'clock. The friends who surrounded his bed in numbers could not be persuaded to leave it, this struggle had so awakened their sensibilities. When he breathed his last our pastor pronounced a thanksgiving, and a profound peace was spread over the features of our friend. We separated with the assurance that he had entered into the joy of his Lord, and was victorious through him who had loved him."

Thus departed to his rest Frederick Bordine Thomson. He fell in the prime of his life, for he was but little more than thirty-nine years of age, and just at the time when his great

usefulness became apparent, and at a peculiar crisis when the Church most needed his labors. Had he lived to the ordinary age of man, he would undoubtedly have stood among the very first missionaries of the present age. When the news of his decease reached America, the whole Church was bowed in grief, while, at the same time, she acknowledged the just hand of the Master in her chastisement.

As a missionary, Mr. Thomson was prudent, enterprising, and persevering. He served the Master with all his heart wherever he was placed, and the whole Church had the utmost confidence in him.

We are amazed at his industry and perseverance. Nothing was left undone; no pains spared that could serve his cause. Toiling all day through the jungles and marshes of Borneo, night found him at his translations. Even while a fatal disease was fast advancing, a moment of relief was given to the study of some of the modern languages. His Dyak vocabulary, his translations, and the large mass of MSS. he has left behind, attest his toil. Had he lived, he would have completed an important work on the "Economy of Missions," the materials for which he has left behind.

His piety was deep, ardent, sincere, as his life has shown, and his record attests. Often was he made to drink of the cup of affliction, but trials only brought him closer to his God. He was emphatically a man of prayer. Besides his ordinary devotions, he frequently set apart days and special hours for communion with God. For benighted Borneo often he prayed up to the latest hour of his life. May the Lord yet answer those cries of faith, now that he has taken to himself the Dyak's friend.



HENRY LYMAN.

When at home I used to
say, O you have given for
me; Jesus Christ will sust
-tain me in all times of trou-
-ble. Now, mother, I can ^{say},
In all time of trouble Jesus
Christ does sustain me - &
the nearer danger & death
come the more desirable does
heaven appear. -
H. Lyman.

REV. SAMUEL MUNSON AND REV. HENRY
LYMAN,

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. G. B. CHEEVER, D.D.,
NEW YORK.

THE violent death of these two beloved missionaries is the only instance in which the labors of the American Board have been sealed in blood. It was a profoundly inscrutable provi-

dence, that these young men should be consecrated to God from childhood, carried through all the temptations and dangers of their college career, baptized with the Divine Spirit, largely poured down upon them, appointed to their field of labor, and carried safely thither—a field extensive and promising, and in which their hearts panted for the privilege of toiling for the benefit of immortal souls—and that then, just toward the completion of a preparatory survey of the positions of heathenism, they should be suddenly struck down, as by a wild and terrible heedlessness and mistake, as little connected with any enmity against the Gospel, as if a dozen tigers from the jungle had sprung upon them—it was an unsearchably mysterious dispensation, only to be answered with, *Thy will be done!* Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight!

But so was the death of Stephen, a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, a most mysterious dispensation; just a man of such qualities as were pre-eminently needed for the conflicts and successes of the Gospel in its Pentecostal power. The death of Stephen seems more natural, merely because it was the direct result of enmity against the Gospel, bitterly aroused and malignant. If Munson and Lyman had perished while preaching, as Stephen did, the tragedy would really have been more appalling, but, in some respects, would have seemed less unexpected, less mysterious, less needless.

As to the Church of Christ, if nothing had remained of all this tissue of life and preparatory providence—nothing from all the expense laid out on God's part or man's, but just the account of the deep piety of his servants, and the example of their missionary spirit and joy, impressed so deeply by the ar-

resting suddenness and violence of an unexpected death; that would be enough; enough for even human calculation to say, He hath done all things well, and the end gained is well proportioned to the means, the harvest worth the husbandry.

FAC SIMILE EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO REV. GEORGE E. ADAMS, DATED BATAVIA,
OCTOBER 7TH, 1833.

*It may truly be
said that the door,
which is opening in
these islands for
the preaching of the
gospel is both
'wide & effectual'.
S. Munson.*

The conversion of Munson took place at nineteen years of age. He was born in New Sharon, in the State of Maine, in the year 1804. He had been left an orphan at ten, but had been religiously instructed by parents, both of them the subjects of the grace of God. His native qualities were a winning frankness, sweetness, and cheerfulness of temper and disposition, a kind and sympathizing heart, joined with a quiet decision of character, an accurate judgment, and great perseverance and patience in the application of his powers. He was

modest, unassuming, conscientious; and his religious character, developed in his college life at Bowdoin with beautiful harmony and consistency, manifested the traits requisite for a patient and devoted missionary.

He received his theological education at Andover. From the outset his attention had been turned, through his whole religious experience, to the work of the Gospel among the heathen; but, just before entering on his theological course, he seems to have received a new impulse in the same direction, by a missionary sermon preached to the students at Bowdoin College by Rev. C. Stewart, from the Sandwich Islands. His career of study at Andover, and of progressive intellectual improvement, was thorough, systematic, and, at the same time, more varied than usual. The development of his piety continued, as from the first, deep, earnest, habitual; and his intentions toward the work of foreign missions were constantly ripening to an intense, unalterable determination. Yet he analyzed with great care his motives, his feelings, his views, and was anxious to admit nothing merely imaginative, but to be filled with the sense of duty and the love of Christ. The year after leaving Andover, he studied medicine in Boston and Brunswick, in order that he might go forth with a fuller and more abundant preparation for usefulness among the heathen. His sermon, preached before embarking for the missionary field, was from Acts, viii., 4: "Therefore they that were scattered abroad went every where, preaching the Word." It was published by the American Board as one of their missionary papers. Its author had been made by the Savior to drink deep himself into the spirit of primitive Christianity, and, like the early disciples, he went forth on no romantic expedition, nor

with any fitful or transitory impulse, but in the solemn and habitual dedication of his whole life to the service of his God and Savior. It had not been without great struggles that he gained his education: hardships had to be borne, difficulties overcome, strong faith exercised; and from the outset his heart had been fixed upon the work of missions.

The Churches of Barnstable county, in Massachusetts, made themselves responsible for Mr. Munson's support in the foreign field; and, in his correspondence with them, the following interesting passage affords a delightful development of the state of feeling with which he had entered on his labors and was prosecuting his work. He speaks of the period of his conversion, and says, "From that time to the present I have had but one desire and one purpose, namely, that I might become a herald of salvation to the heathen. I have often reviewed the grounds of this decision, but each time I have been more convinced. I speak it with humility and self-distrust, that it is for this work that God has raised me up. It is a blessed work, the cause of humanity and the cause of God; and I wish to bind myself to it by every obligatory cord which can entwine itself around a moral being. Every day that I look at the great enterprise before me, it appears greater and more glorious. To use the simile of another, if once it appeared to be a remote star, just glimmering in the distance, now it has become a *sun*; and my prayer to God is, that it may go on increasing in magnitude and splendor till it shall fill the whole horizon of my moral vision, so that I shall see, and feel, and be warmed and fired by nothing else." As to contentment and happiness in his work, he said that he never felt more singleness of purpose, or a more fixed determination to devote all to the

cause of God, than since he had really commenced his missionary labors.

Lyman was the youngest of these two devoted missionaries. He was born at Northampton, in Massachusetts, in the year 1809, and both before his birth and after was consecrated by parental faith to God, and not only so, but dedicated to the work of the ministry. In the confidence of this consecration, in reliance on the promises and grace of his Redeemer, the father never doubted that his child would be a subject of that grace; and therefore, though he passed the period of childhood, still unconverted, and, according to his own description, a very wicked boy, his father had set him apart for a college education, and sent him, much against his own will, to begin it. His two younger brothers had their choice. He was *sent* to college. Young Lyman was so vexed at this, that he says himself, "I was wicked enough to think of running off to be a sailor, and once got ready and actually started, but a kind and overruling Providence prevented me. It was only love for my father that induced me to study, and now I feel that I can never sufficiently thank him for insisting upon my going to college, nor enough thank God that He gave me such feelings that I preferred to forego my own pleasure rather than displease my father." "Well do I recollect," says the sister of the future missionary, "standing by my father's side, when my aunt said to him, 'I am surprised, Theodore, that you still persist in keeping Henry at college. He gives no evidence of piety, and does not wish to study. Why force his inclinations?'"

"'Sister,' said my father, 'I have faith to believe that I shall hear Henry preach before I die.'" Some six years after this conversation, in the autumn of 1832, this child of faith and

prayer was ordained to the work of the ministry; the next June he sailed for Batavia as a foreign missionary; and in August the believing father, having seen the cradle vow of consecration accomplished and the prayer answered, died, a little while before the sacrifice by which the two missionaries, undivided in death, ascended together to their heavenly rest.

Young Lyman's childhood was endangered by many temptations, and stained by sins that, had it not been for God's mercy, might have passed into habits which must have ruined him for time and eternity. In the review of his early life, from a later holy and solemn mount of vision, he remembered his very first oath, and has recorded the beginning of that guilt, and the reproof within and without, in a most impressive paragraph.

"My first oath is written on my memory as with a pen of iron. The time, the place, the circumstances, are before my mind as if it were yesterday. When at the age of ten or twelve, I had returned from school with two or three of my companions, and was standing near my father's house, I muttered out the oath, for I feared to speak it boldly. 'What would your father say if he heard that?' exclaimed my companion; 'Henry Lyman, what would your father say if he heard that!' was the response of conscience. I felt as if I had taken a great stride in the broad road. It was truly a fearful step. I felt my moral nature tremble under the shock. Every thing around, as if taking cognizance of the fact to bear testimony at the judgment-day, impressed itself on my mind; and at this day, though twelve years have passed, I see the appearance of the buildings, the earth, the sky, the countenances of my companions. I hear even now that oath ringing in my ears, and the voice that uttered the reproof."

Young Lyman entered college, at Amherst, in 1826. He was full of energy and enterprise, ardor, activity, and gayety. There were perilous influences round about him, and for a year and a half the frankness, manliness, and joyousness of his nature made him a favorite and a leader with the more careless and irreligious portion of his class; and if Divine grace had not interposed, none can tell what destruction might have followed. In 1827 a powerful revival of religion intervened, and changed the course of many. Mr. Lyman's own account of its effect upon himself is deeply instructive and interesting; recounting his resistance against the influence of the Holy Spirit; the judgments, struggles, conflicts, and distresses he passed through; the vows made and broken; the depths of despair visited, almost to madness, till his mind seemed torn in pieces; the passage from self-reliance to self-despair, and the infinitely blessed heavenly transition by faith from self-despair to Jesus. It was a change sudden, bright, entire, permanent. The same ardor, energy, sympathy, and sensibility that had marked his social and personal career before, were all turned at once and decisively into the service of his Savior. And as he had received Christ Jesus the Lord, so did he walk in him, unspoiled by philosophy and vain deceit, the traditions of men or the elements of the world, advancing continually to the realization of the promise, Ye are complete in Christ. It was evident to President Humphrey, as he met his pupil from time to time, "that he was growing in grace, and would, if life should be spared, more than fulfill the highest expectations" indulged by his friends concerning him. "Take him all in all," said President Humphrey, "he was a young man of great promise in the sacramental host of God's elect."

The sincerity and earnestness of his love to Christ were manifested in his care and compassion for other souls, and first of all, in an obedience to the sweet injunction of the Savior, "Return to thine own house, and tell how great things the Lord hath done for thee." Some of his letters remaining show the faithfulness and affectionate persuasiveness with which he labored with his brothers and sisters to win them also to the Savior. Some of them had the joy of attributing their own conversion to his beloved and valued instrumentality. His own experience taught him never to despair in the case of others, and prepared him for the work of a believing and loving ministry among benighted souls. His own qualities, and those of his companion united, formed a most admirable and effective combination of missionary power.

As in the case of Mr. Munson, so with Mr. Lyman; the beginning of his religious character was the beginning of his missionary aspirations and career. In prayer, in his studies, investigations, meditations, and every way under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, his heart and his determinations were concentrated on the missionary enterprise. It seems to have been the same year in which Mr. Munson's fervor of heart toward the work of God among the heathen received a new impulse from Mr. Stewart's missionary sermon, that Mr. Lyman speaks of hearing a discourse from Mr. Dwight, appointed on a mission to Greece, which led him to seek Divine aid, that he might thoroughly practice that self-denial which he deemed an essential qualification in a missionary.

These two missionary disciples were united in their theological studies at Andover; and though differing much in native traits of mind and disposition, yet the investigations and ex-

perience through which they were led (so far as we know, unrevealed at first to each other), in deciding on their missionary career, were remarkably similar. They wished to accustom themselves to labor, self-denial, and fatigue, and the love of Christ constrained them. In some respects Mr. Lyman must have had the greatest difficulty in the formation of missionary habits, Mr. Munson having the precedence in early self-training and equanimity of character. But things are very much equalized by compensations and balances in the Christian life. It is not the natures that have the least corruption to contend against that make the most shining Christians, but those in whom grace overcomes corruption. There is an analogy, perhaps, in nature. It is not the purest flame that throws out the greatest quantity of light and brilliancy, but the most vivid effulgence arises from the burning of the particles of carbon, or other substances, mingled with the flame. When a candle or a lamp smokes, if you put a glass cylinder over it, you compress and condense the flame, and the smoke is itself commanded and consumed, giving out, at the same time, a vastly greater effulgence. Just so, difficulties conquered in the pursuit of holiness, and evil propensities overcome, will produce a brighter light, a greater permanent glory, than if there had been few evils or none to vanquish. These faithful souls had each their peculiar trials in the process of heavenly discipline.

Like his companion and fellow-worker, Mr. Lyman also finished his course of preparation for their missionary field by medical studies at Boston and in Brunswick, after having been ordained at Northampton. They were both happily married, and were designated the first missionary families from America to the tropical islands of the Chinese Seas. They were to spend

a short period at Batavia, and thence to explore the isles of Nyas and Sumatra, Amboyna, Timor, and Borneo. Perhaps never in the world did missionaries embark with greater joy for their field of effort. And throughout the voyage their hearts were filled with grateful and happy anticipations. When they crossed the equator, and lost sight of the North Star, as one thing after another was dropping off that could remind them of their country and friends, Mr. Munson wrote to his beloved sister some little record of his happy frame. "I sometimes almost wish," said he, "that I could have that pensive, melancholy state of feeling which such events are calculated to produce; but it is not so. To tell you the truth, my heart beats with all those cheerful and warm emotions which I should feel were I returning home after a long absence. Home! I am going to the home my heart has most ardently desired to see for many years."

Just so it was with Mr. Lyman, though there were in his case more ties to sever, and more affectionate hearts to be filled with sorrow by his departure. Yet he says of the parting, "It was a joyful day to me. Not one desponding feeling, not one heart-rending emotion, not even a suppressed sigh was elicited by giving the parting hand to so many friends, and taking the last look of the steepled churches of my native land. I had long looked forward with a kind of dread to the parting with my dear parents. This, I thought, would be a trial. Had we not been so hurried in our departure, I know not how it would have been. As it was, the composure of my parents, and my mind being filled constantly with the thought that we should soon meet in heaven, buoyed up my spirits."

The following extract from his first letter on the ocean to

his beloved parents is worthy of being preserved and pondered, were it only for the encouragement it records and demonstrates for parental faithfulness and prayer.

"There were several causes of regret to me," he says, "that we were so unexpectedly called to embark. One, by no means a small one, that I could have no opportunity of expressing to you, my father and mother, the obligations under which I feel myself laid for your ten thousand kindnesses in all my past life. All that I am, I owe, under the blessing of God, to you; my education, my character, my salvation in a great measure, my all. I wished, too, to ask your forgiveness for all the trouble and trials I have willfully cost you; I wished to ask you to help me praise God for his unbounded grace toward me. You are not, I have always believed, aware how great a sinner your son has been; how I was foremost among my companions, in Northampton and at college, in carousing and profaneness, and every other species of vice to which dissolute young men will stoop, and how I attended religious meetings to hide all this from my Christian friends. But I will not enter into particulars; it is enough that I rehearse my iniquities in the ears of the Lord, and ask his forgiveness.

"But during the whole of my wanderings, the voice of parental caution and the effects of parental prayers were not lost entirely. No: I have retired from the midnight revel, but could not forget myself in sleep till I had called first on the name of God, the Being whose name I had been for hours using in the worst connections, and most trifling and profane manner; and this because of the early instructions of those who watched over my infancy. I often complained in my early life of your strictness in my education; now I thank you

for it. I have caused you much trouble and anxiety; I should have caused you more could you have followed me to all my scenes of dissipation. All the return I can make is to *pray for you*, a compensation which will neither feed nor clothe you; but, if the prayer be accepted, will enable you to bear both hunger and nakedness. It was in my heart to have sent you a small, though substantial pledge of filial obligation; but there were a thousand things at the last, which drew away dollar after dollar, till I found it utterly impracticable to do as I desired. The Lord reward you a thousand, thousand-fold. If you have done all in the Lord's name, he *will* reward you. It will be you, not me, whom the heathen will rise up and call blessed, if the Lord sees fit to bring any to a knowledge of the truth through my labors. I shall teach them to pray for those who have raised me up and sent me out to do the work.

“Be not discouraged, my dear parents, at the waywardness of any others of your children. Methinks you can have none so dissolute, so reckless, so abandoned to every sin as the one who is now addressing you. Though they may not seem to hear your instructions, yet in due season you shall reap, if you faint not.”

On their arrival at Batavia, the missionaries were most cordially welcomed by Rev. Mr. Medhurst, of the London Missionary Society, and, as soon as they had procured a house, commenced the study of the Malay and Chinese languages, the distribution of tracts, and the establishment of a medical dispensary in the town, where the needy might receive their advice and medicines. This they visited three times a week, with tracts and portions of the Scriptures, medicines for the body and medicines for the soul. They found the prospect for

religious effort in the whole island much more favorable than they had expected; and the Mohammedan Malays neither so bigoted, nor so prejudiced against Christianity as they had been led to suppose. Tracts were readily received; their opportunities for doing good were very great; so much encouragement for labor, and so great need of it, that they had hardly time to think of home.

They had come on shore September 23d; by the 24th of October they were settled in their own hired house, and Mr. Lyman was writing to his parents a minute description of their situation and prospects. "Our field of usefulness," said he, "is very great. There are hundreds and thousands of natives all around us—a whole village within a stone's throw of our house. In the city there are about two hundred thousand Mohammedans, twenty thousand Chinese, and a thousand Europeans and Americans, mostly Dutch." He sketched a detailed account of their own mode of housekeeping and employments for the perusal of his parents. But even while he was writing, one of those beloved parents had been carried to his everlasting rest, and could survey the situation of his children from a post of observation in the Upper World. In January Mr. Lyman received the first intelligence of the death of his father, and for once he wished himself at home, but remembered the promises, and found it an unutterably blessed privilege to commend the bereaved circle there to Him who had promised to be the widow's God, and the Father of the fatherless.

They soon began to address themselves to the first great work marked out for them in the instructions of the Board. They were to undertake an exploring expedition in Nyas,

Sumatra, and Borneo, to determine the most eligible locations for other missionaries whom it was the intention of the Board to send. In this undertaking they expected to be absent from their families in Batavia about six months; and they found the task of separation from those they loved—in the midst of a heathen country, for the purpose of a deeper plunge into the depths of heathenism—a very different thing from leaving home to enter on a foreign mission. It was a great trial, and they had looked forward to the separation with many anxious forebodings, though with entire and humble acquiescence in the will of God, whatever the result might be. Gloomy presentiments for a season overshadowed both their minds. Mr. Lyman felt that if he returned it would probably be to find his beloved wife in her grave, for he feared she was already beneath the hand of an incurable sickness; and as to his companions, the Sabbath before their separation, when the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Munson was baptized in the missionary chapel, where the little band of Christian communicants united in celebrating the Lord's Supper, it was so strongly impressed upon the mind of Mr. Munson that he was about to bid her and their dear little one a final farewell, that he could not help telling her that he had but a faint expectation of ever meeting her again in this world at the table of the Lord.

As to their missionary life itself, every thing seemed to them to have been but preparation, until they had left their families, and from the outposts of civilization stepped forth into the darkness. But the strength of the Lord and the consolations of the Gospel were with them; and the fulfillment of the promise, Lo! I am with you alway, prevented, after they had once set out, every reality of gloom, every feeling of despondency. "In

our evening devotions," it is recorded in their journal by Mr. Lyman, May 9th, on leaving Padang, "the twenty-seventh Psalm was read; my soul seemed to enter into every word of it; prayer was sweet; it was pleasant to thank the Lord that he counted us worthy of the work, and to resign all into his hands for life or death. It was pleasant, too, to return thanks for all his dealings in bringing us to this time, and to pray for all those friends whom in his infinite mercy he has raised up to assist us. It was sweet, also, in breaking away from this last point of the civilized world, and plunging for months into the depths of darkness and moral desolation, to raise one more anxious prayer in behalf of Christendom that the Church may be watered, and her watchmen not cease to lift up their voice while a sinner remains."

An entry in the journal by Mr. Munson, a few days after this date, is solemnly impressive and beautiful. "After a little troubled sleep, I rose and went on deck. The air was cool and refreshing; the night was calm; the stillness of death reigned, except the distant roar of the waves beating on the shore. At such a time my thoughts naturally turned toward the land and the friends I had left. I thought of the scenes of my boyhood; the causes which had conspired to place me in my present circumstances; and of the objects of my present pursuit. As I thought on the nature of the work that had been assigned me, the extent of the field, and the amount of labor to be performed, I felt it impressed upon me that this is to be the theatre of the remainder of my earthly existence. I felt as if bidding adieu to my friends forever; as if saying to them, Farewell, we shall meet no more in this world. The days of our intercourse have been many and sweet, but they are past.

I shall return to you no more. The seasons will go and return ; days, months, and years will roll on ; but I shall see you no more. Neither shall I see as I am seen, or know as I am known, till the heavens be no more ; till the slumbers of the grave are finished, and the voice of the archangel and the trump of God call all nations before the throne of retribution ! It was a solemn parting, and though only in thought, I have no wish that it should not be real."

In a letter to his mother, Mr. Lyman spoke of the severity of the trial in parting with his beloved wife, then in very feeble health, and adds, "The struggle, however, was short. The consolations of the Gospel have been so abundant, that I have been quite happy all the time. Yes, dear mother, the Lord Jesus is so kind in fulfilling his promises, notwithstanding my neglect of him, that I can truly say I rejoice in him with joy unspeakable and full of glory. * * * When at home, I used to say to you, Never grieve for me ; Jesus Christ will sustain me in all times of trouble. Now, mother, I *can* say in all time of trouble Jesus Christ *does* sustain me, and the nearer danger and death come, the more desirable does heaven appear. With such past experience of mercy from the hand of God, shall I not continue to go onward in his service ? Surely, so long as the promises continue yea and amen in Christ Jesus. Look, for example, at the Daily Food for to-day. 'Fear not, for I am with thee ; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.

"When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay ;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

'Lo ! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'

This letter was forwarded to Batavia, and sent by Mrs. Lyman, who added, in a postscript at a later date, an extract from one of her husband's letters to herself. "Henry writes, 'Notwithstanding our raised expectations, we are more interested in the Nyas people than ever; and for one, I should *rejoice, rejoice, rejoice*, could I be permitted to learn their language, and spend my life in leading them in the way of salvation. I long to go home and bring you, and go about the work at once.'"

This is a delightful exhibition of the heavenly spirit of a true Christian missionary. Animated by such feelings, these two fellow-laborers in Christ could not but be happy; the Savior, whom they loved and served, was with them, sweetening all their trials; and perhaps, in all their Christian course on earth, they never enjoyed more than now, when the trial of separation from all that they loved on earth was the greatest, and when perils even unto death were beginning to thicken around them. They loved their work for Christ better than all things else, and could say with Baxter,

"Come, Lord, when grace hath made us meet
Thy blessed face to see!
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What must thy glory be!"

A letter from Mr. Lyman to one of his friends, written at the beginning of this exploring expedition, shows how the consolations of the Gospel abounded with them, in proportion as their toils and trials abounded.

"Of my own poor self I can say I never enjoyed so much in America in one year as since I have left there; *nor so much any where, as since I have left wife and all, and commenced the present voyage.* True, I have not been free from troubles;

but you know medicine is sometimes made exceedingly pleasant to the taste by an excess of the medium in which it is taken, and, after its operation, leaves the body in a more healthy and vigorous state; so has it been with what little I have seen of trouble. The separation from home, and recently from my wife, were bitter pills, but I would like to go through with the same next week, if it could be attended with the same consolations from on high. I mention this to make one remark, namely, a New England home, with all its endearments, is not a *sine qua non* for happiness in this world. Many in America thought I was making myself perfectly miserable in engaging in the missionary labor. I could not convince them that God can 'make thorny beds as soft as downy pillows are.' Now I can speak from *experience*. While the blessings of New England are rich, and calculated to make one happy here, yet happiness does not consist in *them*, but rather in the *mind*, in the man himself. One may be perfectly wretched in New England, while in the midst of savages another may be perfectly happy.

"And why can a missionary be happy? Because God fulfills his promise, 'Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world;' and also, 'According as thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' In our little boat of eight tons, managed by Malays, who are rather indifferent navigators; in our little cabin, partitioned off by mats in the back part of the hold, with not room sufficient to stand upright; amid all the smell of bilgewater and stores, with our chests on each side for sleeping and writing places, and a clean mat spread on the floor, on which to eat our rice and chicken broth, for want of room to place a table, *I was never more happy*, if I except the

few first hours after I opened my eyes in the kingdom of Christ.

“Why is it that so many will cling to the good things of this world, as if in them was centered all happiness—as if God had no power to make these very blessings the bane of their existence—as if he were not able to give them grace sufficient when they follow his commands, and to make what appears to be a sacrifice a blessing? The truth is, no Christian makes a sacrifice when he follows Christ; no more than the impenitent sinner does when he gives up the world and yields his heart to his Savior. He receives a hundred-fold more; if not in this world, yet he lays it up in a sure banking-house for the next. Oh, had I a voice that could be made to ring in every Christian’s ear, I would send peal upon peal the cry, *Live for Christ—devote all to him!* until it should make an abiding impression upon his heart, and lead him to throw away his unsatisfying, transitory, worldly gratifications, and find all his happiness in the work of his divine Master.”

With these feelings the time of their voyage wore happily away; and when they took the last plunge, as they expressed it, from the verge of civilization into the depths of heathenism, and their labors and dangers increased daily, they were still encouraged and borne onward by the promises and grace of Christ. The journal of their progress and investigations, is instructive and deeply interesting; marked by accurate observation of the islands and their inhabitants. In some of the Malay villages, it seemed as if every person knew how to read; they found schools taught by Arabs, and attended by fine-looking boys; and the Malay books, which they took with them, were so eagerly sought for, that they had not enough to supply half

the applicants. The people seemed free, frank, and open-hearted. The missionaries came to the earnest conviction that a missionary station ought to be established among the Nyas at Batu. "It is with feelings of deep interest," said Mr. Munson, "that I look forward to the result of these hasty efforts to explore Nyas. In imagination, I can leap over the few intervening years of darkness that remain, and dwell on a brighter morning. I can already see men, filled with the apostolic spirit, traveling along these shores and climbing over these hills, telling to one and another, as they go, the story of Jesus and him crucified. I can see the solemn assembly called to hear the truth preached in its purity and power; sinners listening, and turning to the Lord; saints singing and praying, and angels rejoicing. These are but the conquests that the Spirit of God is yet to work in the hearts of these now benighted idolaters. The Lord hasten it in his own time!"

These remarks were made June 12th. Their steps were now turned toward the Batta country, where they were to finish their exploring tour, and on the 17th they arrived at Tappanooly, where was a Dutch fort and government establishment, and where they lodged in the house of the post-holder, a Dutch officer, who received them very cordially. He had traveled in the country, and was able to give them some information. June 23d, they set out from Tappanooly for the interior, with some thirteen coolies and assistants, and the head man of one of the Batta villages for their interpreter. Before they left Tappanooly, they wrote their last letters to their friends and to the Board; and it would appear, from Mr. Medhurst's account, that the journey had been represented to them as comparatively free from danger, though the traveling would be exceeding-

ly difficult. There was no such prospect of peril or of difficulty as, in their view, could be considered sufficient to justify them in relinquishing the expedition, and so they set forward. Their way, indeed, was found to be very laborious, over steep hills, with deep ravines, and through dense tangled thickets; yet they managed for four days, the 24th to the 28th, to advance at the rate of twelve miles a day toward Tobah, their place of destination, and each night were received and lodged with hospitality and respect by the rajahs of the different villages where they had arrived. Their last starting-point was from the village of Goeting, on the 28th, toward the village of Sacca, where they intended spending the night, as before, with the rajah of the place. But that day was their last. They had marched without interruption till about four o'clock in the afternoon, when suddenly, near a log fort, which they unexpectedly approached, they were surrounded by a crowd of about two hundred armed savages. Their assistants and the interpreter instantly fled and escaped, all but one servant, who was killed. The two missionaries gave up their arms, which they had carried for protection against the wild beasts, and besought the crowd to wait a moment till they could hear the interpreter, but in vain. Mr. Lyman was first shot down by the savages; then they rushed upon Mr. Munson; and both were killed almost instantly, without the least provocation, in the attitude of peace and gentleness, the only true friends that had ever visited this poor benighted people. It appears that the savages were, just at that juncture, in a quarrel with a neighboring village, and were, on that account, filled with anger and fear at the approach of the strangers. This is the only explanation of a ferocity otherwise quite unaccountable. In the actual tumult,

agitation, and fury of war, they seem to have murdered the defenseless missionaries without knowing what they did.

It was, therefore, not an event that could ordinarily have been expected ; it was not the result of any malignity against the Gospel ; it was not an encounter that could have been foreseen and provided against. It was a divine, inscrutable providence, ordaining the sudden and violent termination of a mission, commenced with as earnest a devotion to God, as sincere a compassion for souls, and a love to the Redeemer as pure as, perhaps, ever marked any effort for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. It was a blow beneath which the friends of the dear, devoted missionaries, and of Christ's cause among the heathen, could only bow in submissive sorrow, and say, "Thy will be done !" What to think men knew not, but only knew that God reigns.

It is distressing now to read, that "when it became known from natives on the coast, and from others on the road, that the murdered brethren were good men, and had come to do the Batta nation good, all the villages around leagued together for vengeance against that village where the outrage was perpetrated, and demanded blood for blood. In an unsuspected hour the surrounding population came upon it, set the houses on fire, killed as many of the inhabitants as they could, and destroyed their gardens and fields. Those who escaped were dispersed, some in one direction and some in another, so that their community was dissolved. In their fields, and the place where their village stood, a thick jungle or swamp is now growing up, and the name of the village of Sacca is heard no more."

It is an interesting fact recorded in regard to Mr. Lyman,

that, before his last separation from his beloved wife, he had agreed with her that they would mutually, at the same time, read in course the Psalms. The arrangement was so made, that it is said to have been known that before he set out on his journey that last fatal day he would have perused the twenty-seventh, and his heart must have been secretly encouraged by it, even when advancing—not knowing the future—to a violent death. “The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell. Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident. * * * In the time of trouble, he shall hide me in his pavilion.”

With his mother in America, he had also proposed, as indicated in a passage in one of his letters, to read the little volume of sweet, selected texts for every day of the year, entitled *Daily Food*; and the text on the day of his death was, “We are more than conquerors through him that loved us.” The coincidence is very impressive; beautifully and joyfully so indeed, for the two Christian brethren and faithful fellow-laborers were that day to receive their crown. They had fought a good fight, they had kept the faith, they were ready to be offered. They were translated, almost in a moment, from the world of prayer and conflict to the world of praise and everlasting rest.

As a record of the religious experience and feelings of Mr. Lyman only thirteen days before this fatal termination of his labors, a letter written to his sister-in-law in America is very

precious. It was dated on board the praoe Tanjah, off the west coast of Sumatra, a little below Tappanooly, June 15th, 1834.

“DEAR MARY,—Allowing for the difference of longitude, you have not yet consulted your Daily Food. When you do, your thoughts will doubtless run in the same channel that mine have, as you read, ‘In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.’ The chapter of Baxter’s Saint’s Rest, which occurred this morning in my course of reading, was quite a comment upon it; and although the whole work is interesting at any time, occurring as this did, so *apropos*, has made it doubly so. How ashamed we shall be at the judgment day, when we look back, and see how little we have kept in view the price of our discipleship. Our Savior informs us in the outset, that in the world we shall have tribulation. But when afflictions come, we exclaim that all these things are against us, and envy those who are freed therefrom. We would fain believe that because we are the children of God, he is bound to free us from the common evils of life, and make all our way smooth and easy. God has nowhere thus promised. He will send his rain on the evil and the good; he will send tribulation, not free us from it. He fulfills his part of the covenant, not by

“ ‘Our being carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,’

but by comforting and sustaining us,

“ ‘While we fight hard to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas.’

It is in bearing us through the Red Sea, not in destroying the enemies behind us, that the Lord displays his grace to his

children. Had we no troubles, how illy should we be fitted for our everlasting rest! Our affections are all centered in the world, 'till afflictions cool and moderate them.' 'Afflictions speak convincingly, and will be heard when preachers can not.' 'If our Lord did not put these thorns under our head, we should sleep out our lives, and lose our glory.' 'Every Christian, as well as Luther, may call affliction one of his best school-masters; and with David may say, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word.' 'Oh, what difference is there betwixt our prayers in health and in sickness; betwixt our repentings in prosperity and adversity! Alas! if we did not sometimes feel the spur, what a slow pace would most of us hold toward heaven!' I believe the more we study the Divine government and our own past experience, we shall find that although at the time many things have appeared dark and mysterious, yet all has been well; there has been no mistake in the government of God. Why, then, is it that we are so slow to learn the lesson our kind heavenly Father is desirous of teaching? Why can not we show our gratitude to the Redeemer by trusting him when clouds obscure the sun of righteousness, or the cold damps of the world cut off the soul-reviving rays of the Spirit? Oh what strange creatures are we! What strange things our hearts! We see that prosperity makes us easy, happy, contented *here*; and yet we complain when that is sent which tends to wean us away from earth, and centre all our affections in the object of the saints' love and the angels' praise!

"Dear sister, I would say it to my own heart, and trust you will not object if I say, let *us* strive more to look upon all the events of life as directed by the hand of Infinite Wisdom; upon

all the adversities as coming directly from Him, though it may be through the agency of some fellow-creature, and learn a lesson from Providence for the benefit of our souls ; not finding fault with ourselves as the objects of this adversity, nor with our fellow-men in various circumstances of life, as the immediate agents of the evil. If we can bring ourselves to 'be of good cheer' amid the tribulations of the world, we shall let our light so shine before men, that others, seeing our good works, shall be led to glorify our Father who is in heaven. Read the whole of that tenth chapter of Baxter ; if it does you as much good as it has done me, you will find yourself amply repaid.

"I do not forget that, while rocked about in the 'filthy hold of this little praoe, in a room partitioned off at the ends by mats, scarcely four feet high in the centre, scarcely six feet long and eight broad, with only room sufficient to sit and lie down, and eat on the floor or our chests, God is as near as he will be in your large, airy, nicely-finished church. But really it seems as if it would refresh my soul once more to unite with your large congregation of intelligent Christians in the worship of the sanctuary ; especially to have my thoughts raised upward, my heart melted, and my soul brought into sweet unison with the solemnities of the day, by the performance of your well-trained choir, and the full-swelling notes or softening melody of your beautiful organ. But farewell ! a long farewell ! I have voluntarily given up this, to me, most exquisite pleasure, and expect on earth to receive no equivalent, until I can, Sabbath after Sabbath, look over a throng of those now dreaming out existence in the darkness of heathenism, and hear from their lips songs dictated by hearts warm with a new redemp-

tion. Oh how I long to stand, like Richmond, on some eminence, and view the crowded avenues of the multitudes flocking to hear the Word of Life ! Perhaps this goodly sight will never be granted me. I may be doomed always to go out into the wilderness, leveling the mountains and raising the valleys, and *preparing* a way. If the Lord chooses so to employ me, his will be done. But there is one consolation. Glory, glory to God in the highest ! Let us rejoice and triumph in it ! There is a consolation ! There is an organ—there is a choir ! But human hands play not the keys, and human voices raise not the sound. Now and then we catch a gentle whisper of the symphony, as it comes wafted on some gentle breeze. But soon, O Mary ! soon we shall swell our voices as never yet they have poured forth notes. Higher and higher yet shall they rise, and the soul with all its powers join, till all enwrapped in the harmony, without fatigue, or dread of its close, we shall no more envy the choirs of earth, nor sigh for joys marred by cumbering flesh !”

These were the latest recorded aspirations of a faithful soul hard following after God. Speedily, indeed, were they rewarded and fulfilled in the heavenly world. But the same event that opened heaven to the missionaries seemed to annihilate the mission, and cover the isles with gloom. Nor has any successful work ever yet been accomplished there ; nothing has been done to answer the sanguine hopes in the vision of which these first missionaries ascended to glory. “Be assured,” were the closing words of Mr. Munson in his communication to the Churches, “I never felt more confident of the final and speedy success of the Gospel. The obstacles which the Church will have to encounter here are many. The enemies that oppose

themselves are numerous and formidable. Yet in the name of the Lord we shall conquer. If God should lift up the vail, and show us the whole train of moral means which he is about to employ for the conversion of the nations, we should be constrained to say, they that be for us are more than they that be against us. We should feel that the mountain of the Lord, on which we stand, is full of horses and chariots of fire round about us.

“But, dear brethren, what we do, let us do quickly. ‘Behold, I come quickly, says the great Lord of the harvest; and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be.’ Even so, come Lord Jesus, come quickly!”

The exploring mission in the Indian Archipelago could not easily be renewed, because the movements of the missionaries were so greatly restricted by the Dutch government. They were forbidden to establish themselves any where in Netherlands India, except in Borneo. Of the missionaries who were sent out by the American Board soon after the death of Munson and Lyman, one of them explored a part of Sumatra; and while in the Batta country, in the very region where his predecessors had been murdered, he was himself taken sick, and treated with great kindness, being carried by the Battas in a litter of split bamboos upon their shoulders six days, and then transported in a canoe to Tappanooly. We may be sure that those isles are yet to be a scene of the Divine glory. There will be displays of grace as wonderful as those in the Sandwich Islands, and mighty and extensive in their influence. But, even if the benefit of missions, there and every where, were restricted solely to the development of personal piety in those whom God consecrates, kindles, and inspires to an entire

self-consecration—even then, and stopping with the mere reality of such examples of self-denial and joy in God's work, the result to the Church would be worth all her expensive efforts. Were there no other benefit whatever from the great work of missions save only its reflex action for the piety and happiness of those who engage in it, that would be ample compensation for all the labor and wealth expended upon it. But no action of benevolence can ever be lost. And every character of active love is a perennial fountain of happiness, both to its possessor and to those who are permitted to drink its running streams. And how blissful a preparation for peace and joy in death is the life of such piety! Living or dying, laboring or resting, the Lord Jesus is with such a soul.



WALTER M LOWRIE.

FAC SIMILE FROM LETTER TO HIS MOTHER, DATED MACAO, MAY 14TH, 1843

I sometimes feel as if I did not
want to live any longer
surely "I would not live al-
ways" - but when I look
round and see these poor
heathen. I think that
perhaps I may do
something for them. I am
willing to stay.
W. M. Lowrie.

REV. WALTER MACON LOWRIE,

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. R. W. DICKINSON, D.D.,

NEW YORK.

IT is difficult to conceive of any sufficient motive, save that of Christian duty, which can influence a young man to forego the endearments of home, the pleasures of society, the prospect of honorable success in any secular business to which he might devote himself, and go out to spend his life in teaching the heathen the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. We may be mistaken in our judgment of the man, and he himself may

disappoint our expectations, but such is our primary impression of the youthful missionary. Other youth may be all that is desirable and promising, but he seems to be "the one among a thousand." Hence we sympathize with him in the trial of parting with friends; follow him, in imagination, as he wends his solitary way through the abodes of demon-worshippers; and when told that he has finished his work, we would ponder the incidents of his life and the circumstances of his death.

Other feelings, too, are apt to attract us to such a subject. We are curious to know how a youth of high endowments and tender sympathies could repress the promptings of ambition and withstand the attractions of home; and, in consecrating himself to the foreign missionary field, voluntarily lay his account with toil, and suffering, and an early death. It would be interesting to discover by what process of thought he came to a decision in a matter which but few ever consider, and then, in most instances, only to dismiss from their minds; to follow him through his mental and spiritual preparation for such an enterprise; to gather from the nature of his studies, the tenor of his conversation, and the strains of his letters, some picture of his mind and heart. It is worth inquiring, moreover, whether he who could part with home and country had no secret misgivings, no fond regrets, no unutterable longings to return? whether he who deemed himself prepared and willing to depart, never to return, did not discover, when too late, that he had mistaken his own feelings? or whether he held on the even tenor of his way, true to his beneficent object, amid all discouragements and dangers?

In relation, therefore, to the late WALTER MACON LOWRIE, it would be profitable, as well as interesting, to revert to his early

life, and recall the influences amid which his boyhood was reared, and the educational advantages his youth enjoyed ; to follow him from Butler, Pennsylvania, the place of his nativity, to Washington City, where he received the special care and tuition of his father, the Hon. Walter Lowrie ; thence to Jefferson College, at Canonsburgh, Pennsylvania, where, in the early part of his course, and in the fifteenth year of his age, he was arrested by God's Spirit, amid circumstances of peculiar solemnity, and led not only to join the communion of the Church, but to resolve on being a missionary of the Cross ; where, without neglecting any college duty, or failing in any required task, he was actively engaged in promoting religion in the hearts of others as well as in his own ; where he was graduated in the fall of 1837, having secured the approbation of all his instructors, and received the highest collegiate honors ; from whence, after an interval of rest at home, on account of his impaired health, he went to Princeton, New Jersey, where his spirit assumed a deeper tone of piety, and his heart beat with a more fervent zeal in his Master's cause, while he faithfully and successfully pursued his studies in preparation for the ministry of the Gospel. We might also advert to his influence in promoting a missionary spirit among his fellow-students ; to his devotion to the interests of the young, through the medium of the Sabbath-school which he superintended during his residence in Princeton ; to the exercises of his mind in relation to the field of his future labor ; to his examination and licensure, and final ordination by the Second Presbytery of New York ; and to his views and feelings when on the eve of departure from his native land. So might we, by means of his journal, trace his voyage in the *Huntress*, from New York to China ; from Ma-

cao, down the China Sea, in the Sea Queen, in which vessel his patience was so sorely tried ; and afterward in the Harmony, which was wrecked ; his subsequent return to Macao in December, 1842, where he remained, engaged in studying the Chinese language, and preaching to the English residents, until it was thought best that he should join the Ningpo Mission, whither he went in the early part of the year 1845, and where he remained in the prosecution of his appropriate work until May, 1847.

But the limits which have been assigned to us in this work will not admit of our entering into the particulars of Mr. Lowrie's life. Nor is it necessary in this relation, since we can refer our readers to his published journal and letters,* with which they are probably acquainted. We confess to a peculiar interest in these remains—not unlike that of the mourner who takes a melancholy pleasure in looking over the effects of the departed one ; *all dear*, because all that is left of him who is gone ! As we have glanced over these remains, we have detected in ourselves a sympathy with the friends of the departed—sympathy with the cause of missions—sympathy with the conditions of Christian duty ; even thoughts at variance with the integrity of Christian belief. We have said to ourselves, this is, indeed, a world of sore trial ; no Christian is exempt, even in his labors of love and mercy. A substitutionary work this of the Christian missionary ; so much self-denial, and toil, and pain, for any good proposed or accomplished ! And why should we forego every thing for Christ, and yet be permitted to effect so little ? Why prepare ourselves so assiduously, when in an unexpected moment we may be cut off ?

* See Memoirs of W. M. Lowrie. Edited by his Father. New York : Robert Carter and Brothers. 1849.

But whatever doubts may have embarrassed our mind have been removed as we calmly reflected on the tenor of Mr. Lowrie's remains. They have even alleviated the sorrow they had caused, and furnished the grounds of evidence that, though he has gone, the writer has not ceased to exist. Something beyond the physical and material here shines forth. Through these papers we can commune with him as really as if we saw his face and heard his voice. It can not be that the mind which dictated these thoughts and sentiments no longer thinks; that the heart which responded to the claims of duty, and beat with love to God, no longer feels!

But these journals and letters to which we have referred constitute an autobiography as complete as he himself could have prepared; and they are the more valuable because written, with but few exceptions, for the special eye of those to whom he felt free in laying bare his inmost thoughts and daily practice. They present him to us in different places and under a great variety of circumstances; on shipboard as well as on the land; in the tempest and in the calm; while laboring under every bodily discomfort, and when enjoying all needed refreshment and rest; in the trials of his faith and patience, and in the outpourings of his gratitude and love; in the enjoyment of Christian converse, and in the loneliness of his solitude; in his house, his study, his pulpit; by the bed of the dying; in the grave-yard of the heathen; in his intercourse with men, and in his walks for exercise and reflection.

The life of every man is made up of detail; and it is only from every-day life that one's character is to be accurately judged. We can not know what he is until we see him where there is no motive either to conceal or to display; where he acts

out himself according to the resources of his mind or the wonted promptings of his heart; and as man is in private, such is his true moral character. He may not know himself; but they who are around him from day to day may know him better than he knows himself; and, in like manner, as a man is in the judgment of the inmates of his own dwelling, such is he in the unrestrained familiarity of epistolary intercourse with bosom friends. Whatever may be one's attainments in personal piety, the strength of his self-denying purpose, or the diligence of his habits, there are times when, unless he has schooled himself into a morbid monotony of thought and feelings, the peculiarities of his temperament or the natural cast of his disposition will be strikingly seen; and we are free to say, in relation to Mr. Lowrie, that, in our view, his piety was not less fervent because it was occasionally mingled with a strain of native tenderness and innocent gayety—his devotement to his work not less real because, in his hours of intermitted application, he could enter with zest into cheerful converse or epistolary chat; his affection for his Master not less deep and abiding because he could interest his absent friends in the arrangement of his house and the regimen of his table: even his occasional moments of utter loneliness are not at variance with his sense of God's favor; nor those feelings which bordered on despondency inconsistent with a pure and holy zeal.

One of the most pleasing traits in Mr. Lowrie's character was his disposition to allay the natural anxiety of those who loved him most, by interesting them in all that appertained to his mode of living and daily employments; his tender thoughtfulness of them, even when he was most fatigued by the labors of the day. And in this connection, it is important as well

as gratifying to recall his unabated concern for the advancement of religion at home—his deference to his Presbytery in New York in giving them, of his own accord, an account of himself—his joy on receiving intelligence of his brother's conversion, and the liberal gift to the mission—his regard for truth-statements in relation to the missionary work—his advice to those who contemplated the work in China—his anxiety to welcome new laborers—his interest in the cause of Sabbath-school instruction, which led him, notwithstanding the pressure of his engagements, to write a series of letters to children—in the action of the General Assembly, as evinced by his appropriate reflections on receiving the "Minutes;" and especially his aim to rectify all false views of the missionary life, as appears in his masterly Essay on Missions.

That cause must have been dear to him which enabled him to control as affectionate a heart as ever beat in the human breast. That mind could not have been narrow in its range or in its devotion which enabled him to keep in practical view the vital connection between the prosperity of the Church in America and the Church in China—to do so much toward awakening in the bosoms of Christians at home a deeper interest in the cause of missions, while bending all his energies to the advancement of the cause abroad—even while pressed down by a sense of the magnitude of his own work, to realize the responsibilities of Christians in America—while surveying with a tearful eye the widespread desolations around him, still to feel for poor, benighted Africa!

His powers of observation were no less remarkable than the amplitude of his views and the depth of his sentiments—his power in recalling past scenes and faces, or in availing him-

self of any branch of knowledge, than his ability to apply himself with unremitting assiduity. That he could study so many hours a day, investigate different subjects, superintend the press, do most of the writing for the mission, prepare a sermon almost every week, and, in the mean time, turn off so many letters to different persons on a great variety of topics, with no material repetition, and with but little resemblance in their contents, was owing, we apprehend, to his method in study, his equanimity of temperament, and ability to turn from one subject to another without distraction—to the quickness of his perceptions and the vividness of his reminiscences—to his facility alike in learning and in writing, rather than to any extraordinary qualities of mind. He could not be idle. If not able to engage in any regular task, he penned a letter or added to his journal, noted some fact or classified a flower. Every thing on which his eye fell awakened some pleasing association or suggested some useful thought. The varied aspects of the country, its produce and commerce, as well as the manners and customs of the people—all in turn, and at suitable times, interested his attention, or furnished him with valuable information for future use.

He was no less fond of order than averse to interruptions. Wherever domesticated, each part of the day had its allotted task; and each thing, in turn, was to be done, and well done. At times applying himself with injudicious severity, but seldom loitering his time or listless in his studies. Now exercising with the buoyancy of youth, and then entering with equal zest into the pleasures of the social circle, or even the sports of childhood. Sometimes blending the advantages of conversation with healthful recreation, and then, again, avail-

ing himself of his knowledge of botany or his love of music, to relieve the solitariness of his walk or the loneliness of his abode. His mind, though not of the highest order of development, united qualities not usually found in just and equal exercise. He had too great facility in learning to be often original in his thoughts; yet, in addition to a susceptible and ready memory, he had so marked a power of reflection, that the thoughts of others could not pass through his mind without assuming new relations, receiving the impress of his own judgment, and the hues of his own emotions. He was fond of the pure mathematics, and yet proficient in the dead languages; vigorous in demonstration, thorough in his investigations, and yet alike susceptible to the beauties of nature, the images of poetry, and the strains of music. Uniting the diligence of a student with the accuracy of a critic and the sensibilities of a poet, he might have distinguished himself in almost any branch of science or of literature. He could adapt himself to the comprehension of a child, and again advance thoughts that would task the strongest intellect; and whether he investigated a knotty point, narrated an occurrence, described a fish or a flower, evolved a conclusion or canvassed some practical matter, it was seemingly done with equal facility. His conceptions almost equaling the force of actual perception; his susceptibility to all the deeper emotions, and, at the same time, his quick sense of the ludicrous; his playfulness of humor; his aptness in seizing the strong points of a character or a scene, and his facility in narration or description, all fitted him for a striking dramatic writer or a charming writer of travels. On the other hand, his habits of application, coupled with his general scholarship and great facility in the acquisition of lan-

guages, fitted him in an especial manner for either commenting on the Scriptures or translating them into the Chinese, even for compiling a dictionary of that tongue—a work which he had begun, and would have accomplished had his life been spared.

But, whatever his talents and acquirements, they all fade in comparison with his holy faith and self-denying zeal. It is his missionary spirit—his steady devotedness to his object amid all trials and difficulties, that impresses us with sentiments of unaffected regard for his character; and it is chiefly in this light that we love to contemplate his brief history. Though fond of the beauties of nature, and equally alive to the attractions of literature, he seems to have been only the more charmed by the richness and variety of the Scriptures. As the *Iliad* was to Alexander during his marches through the East, so was the Book of books to Lowrie in his journeyings and labors to prepare the way for the final subjugation of the heathen to the King of kings. It is refreshing to faith to contemplate such a spirit. Never forgetting his spiritual birth-day, yet remembering his constant need of Divine guidance and succor; realizing that “it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps,” yet exercising all due vigilance and forethought; lamenting his own deficiencies, yet ever hoping in the salvation of God; ever panting after the rest of heaven, yet neglecting none of the duties of life. As he knew not what a day would bring forth, it was his practical maxim “to live by the day”—to go on as if he were to see the fruits of his toils, and yet to die daily. Uniting diligence in action with dependence in feeling; prayerfulness of spirit with rectitude of life; grave without austerity, and cheerful without frivolity; resolute in purpose, yet

child-like in his sympathies; and though firm in his conclusions, modest in his utterances, and humble in his walk, he seems to us to have been pre-eminently fitted for influence and usefulness in his field.

“I am at present just like a man who has stopped at an inn to wait for letters to direct his future course, and often feel very deeply that ‘I am a stranger in the earth.’ Of one thing, however, I am truly glad—nothing has yet occurred that makes it necessary that I should leave China, or that makes it at all probable that I shall have to do so. There is scarcely any thing I dread more than the idea of leaving my missionary work.”—P. 183.

“How the time rolls on! It seems but a day since the ship left the wharf in my native land; yet more than a year has flown away, and I have passed through scenes that make me feel as if many years had been crowded into one. I have seen joy and sorrow since that time. I have felt my heart lifted as on eagle’s wings, and again it has sunk to the earth. I have looked on the ocean when calm as a sleeping infant’s slumbers; I have laid my hand upon its foam-crested waves, and felt that half an inch plank and slender cord alone preserved me from going down like lead in the mighty waters. I have seen plan after plan fail, and hope after hope disappointed. I have stood a solitary stranger amid thousands who spoke a different language, without being able to utter a word that they could understand. Again and again have I been taught to say, ‘I am a stranger in the earth.’ Yet withal light has arisen to me in darkness, joy has come to me in sorrow, and hope has sprung up after disappointments; for ‘tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope,

and hope maketh not ashamed.' The love of God is shed abroad upon me by the Holy Ghost, and the grace of Christ is sufficient for me. Would I go back? No! Do I regret that I came? No! Lonely as I am at times; sorrowful often; perplexed, but not in despair; cast down, but not destroyed."—P. 195.

"It is encouraging to think that *home* may be so near. We are like sailors, who have, indeed, a compass to direct our course, but no means of ascertaining when our voyage will end. All around is one wide waste, and sea and sky alone meet our gaze. We have sailed for many days over these troubled seas, and it may be many days yet before we make the land; and yet to-morrow morning may show it in full view. Our time can not be long. Let this, then, encourage us to bear cheerfully its toils and trials, and to labor diligently while it lasts."

"By God's grace I am preaching, though it may be with stammering lips, and my prospects of mastering the language are now so fair that I would be very unwilling to leave this mission. I am, therefore, satisfied, and anxious to remain; and my present feeling, which, indeed, has always been my feeling, is not to leave, unless the committee who took the responsibility of sending me to China will take the responsibility of sending me away. I am glad and happy to be here. It is true, I am lonely, sometimes very lonely, but this loneliness is appointed to me by Him who knows better than I do what is best for me. I have not sought it, nor run into it rashly; and in due season it will be diminished; or if not, then it is best that it be so; and I will, if not gladly, at least resignedly, or if not resignedly, at least praying to be resigned, '*confess myself a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth.*'"—P. 390.

Such are a few of the various passages which may be gathered from his letters, illustrative of his habitual views and feelings; and while they serve to enlist our sympathies, they furnish delightful evidence of his preparation for the closing scene of his life.

In May, 1847, Mr. Lowrie left Ningpo, where he had been a little more than two years, to attend the convention for the revision of the translation of the New Testament. As he was only *twenty-eight* years old, he knew "that he would be the youngest member," and, on this account, thought that "he would have nothing to do but sit still and listen;" or, if the sessions should be protracted, that he would continue his studies as usual. He looked forward, however, with more than ordinary interest to the principal question which would be discussed at Shanghai, and that was in reference to a proper term for *God* in the Chinese language. What so important as right views of the Divine nature and attributes—so essential to the spread of pure Christianity among the myriads of idolaters in China, as some term for the Divine Being which could not be misunderstood or confounded? In the consideration of this question, as is evident from his letters, dated Shanghai, July 23d, 29th, and August 8th, 1847, he was most anxiously engaged, when a messenger arrived from Ningpo with a request that he would immediately return, on account of certain occurrences at that station. Accompanied by his long-trying and faithful servant, and by another Chinaman, he left Shanghai on Monday, August 16th, by the canal to Chapoo; and thinking to expedite his return, there took passage in a boat which was to sail early on the morning of the 19th. The wind proved to be unfavorable, and the boatmen were obliged to take a

southeasterly direction, and had proceeded about twelve miles, when suddenly a piratical vessel was seen bearing down upon them rapidly. They, with most of the passengers, were for returning, but Mr. Lowrie endeavored to allay their fears; and as the vessel approached nearer, he uplifted a small American flag which he carried with him, but to no purpose. The pirates speedily boarded the boat with swords and spears, and, after beating all who stood in their way, began to plunder. The Chinamen were divested of their clothing, and Mr. Lowrie's servant was stripped and beaten; but he, having of his own accord given them the key of his trunk, was for the time unmolested; and not being able to endure the treatment of his servant, after requesting them to desist, as the poor man was sick, went on deck, and there, with his pocket Bible in his hand, seated himself on the windlass to await the issue.

It is not known by what motives the pirates were influenced in resolving on his death. It might have been from the impression that, as he was a man of influence, he would incite the authorities against them; or swayed, as such people usually are, by some ruthless superstition, they might have thought that the sacrifice of a foreigner would propitiate their idol-god. This seems the more probable reason, as all the rest on board were spared. But how shall we record the manner in which they executed their dark purpose? There is to our mind something most painfully affecting in the scene. But a few years since he was kneeling on consecrated ground, surrounded by Christian fathers and brethren, who laid their hands on his head, and set him apart to the work of the Gospel ministry in Pagan lands; now pirates come about him, and with merciless hands seize and overpower him, and cast him into the raging sea.

In his extremity, he naturally made for the vessel; but the threatening spears of his assailants caused him to breast the billows, and, after a few brief struggles, he sunk to rise no more until the sea shall give up its dead.

Thus ended the missionary career of Walter M. Lowrie, a man who left behind him few equals, no superior, in the field; who, though young in years, was old in experience; who had never made an enemy nor alienated a friend; who, by his judgment and fidelity, had won the esteem and confidence of all his compeers, and, by his assiduity, had mastered the most difficult of all the written languages, and prepared himself to act with efficiency in the work of evangelizing the Chinese.

We know not how he felt in that moment when, from the deep waters, he raised his eyes for the last time to the light of heaven; but it is pleasing to reflect that the last subject which had engaged his mind evinced his extreme solicitude for the Divine glory, especially when taken in connection with the circumstance mentioned by his servants on their return to the mission with his effects, that as his murderers were throwing him overboard, he threw his BIBLE on deck, as if to intimate by that act that, though he perished, the *Word of God* would live and abide forever; though he was to be slain by wicked hands, that he felt for their spiritual welfare, and bequeathed to China, as his legacy, that Bible, which had been the companion of his journeyings, the source of his consolations, and of his hope for eternity.

In the very slughtness of the second causes that resulted in his death, we may only the more clearly discern the Divine decree as to the time and manner of his death; and in the place of his burial—that sea, where his Christian graces had been

so severely tried ; where his dreary solitariness had brought him to a more intimate acquaintance with himself, his Bible, and his God ; where Christ was seen to be so precious, and heaven so near ; where, in his rescue from the wreck of the Harmony, he had had a foretaste of his rescue from death and hell—we may also discern the reasons why God so ordered his course.

Mr. Lowrie's practical sentiment was that "man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directs his steps;" and it is affecting, yet consoling, to reflect how often he alluded to this passage of Holy Writ: before he set out from home ; on the great deep ; on the China Sea ; on his return to Macao ; during his journey to Ningpo, and particularly when he thought of the way in which he had been led. He had directed all his thoughts and wishes toward Africa, and had mentally triumphed over every objection that had been raised against his going. Though the greater proportion of those who had gone to Africa had died, it mattered not ; there were few to go, and he was willing, anxious to go. His views were overruled by the Executive Committee ; and one thing that particularly influenced their minds was, that, if they sent him to Africa, they would be, in all probability, consigning him to an early grave. Here is what we call prudence, and so it was ; but what was the result ? He might have lived had he gone to Africa ; he met his death in China. Was this chance ? Oh no ! it was as the Lord meant it should be.

We are apt to say, "'Tis a pity that one so young, and good, and promising, should meet such an end." Ah ! how difficult it is to divest ourselves of earth-born sympathies and worldly associations ! To have all one's cherished hopes of worldly

success blasted by the hand of an untimely death, is enough to call forth sentiments of pity from those who know no higher ends of living than the possessions of avarice or the honors of ambition. But Lowrie had been offered to God on the altar of parental piety, set apart to the work of God by his blood-bought Church, and solemnly, unreservedly, had consecrated himself to God. He went forth, therefore, to do the work, and to await the bidding of his God; to do whatever he was called to do; bear whatever he was called to bear; live long, or die soon, as God pleased. The blessed reflection that he was *sent* sustained him amid trials, encouraged him amid difficulties, cheered him amid his hours of loneliness, and incited him to patient perseverance; and so he was—God sent him, and God took him, for God had need of him.

To our short-sighted vision, had he lived he might have accomplished a great work; but not greater than the good which may yet be accomplished by the time and manner of his death. It was a similar consideration that so powerfully arrested his own mind, when, in the beginning of his Christian life, he heard from the pulpit of the church at Canonsburgh an allusion to the deaths of Lyman and Munson. The horrible fate those men of God encountered awakened the Church from its slumber, and called forth new laborers into the foreign field; and, in like manner, the tragic end of Lowrie awakened attention to China, which perhaps could not in any other way have been so effectually secured; while it has occasioned the publication, and insured the circulation of his journals, letters, and sermons,* which can not be read without interest, and will,

* Sermons preached in China, by W. M. Lowrie. New York: Carter and Brothers. 1851.

we doubt not, in various ways, permanently subserve the cause of religion both at home and abroad. Already have several, full of promise, gone to tread in his steps ; and we can not but hope that they who read this sketch will seek a more intimate acquaintance with his life and character through the medium of his published writings, and thus will be incited to pray more, and do more, for those who are now, as Lowrie was, praying and laboring for "them that sit in darkness and in the regions of the shadow of death."



JANE I. WHITE.

until the day of her death she was emphatically a "burning and a shining light."

In the autumn of 1842, after her graduation at the Seminary, she went to reside in Rochester, and the next April connected herself with the Washington Street Presbyterian Church in that city. Her manner and spirit, in the various walks of Christian usefulness there, are yet held in grateful remembrance. Modest, retiring, unobtrusive, she literally "did good by stealth." Whatever sphere of activity demanded most self-denial and humility, there *she* was found, struggling with difficulties, patiently removing obstacles, cheering with her constant ardor, and charming by her lovely spirit, all who came into contact with her.

The field of her chief labor and solicitude in Rochester was the infant department of the Sabbath-school in the Washington Street Church. This was a laborious and responsible post. From thirty to sixty children were constantly under her care. The most of them had no other religious training than that which they received in that school. Over them all her large heart *yearned* with Christian tenderness; and her hands and feet were swift to perform every kind office for their temporal and eternal welfare. No one knew, not even her nearest relatives, *how much* labor and solicitude she bestowed upon that neglected class of children. In the judgment of her friends, she often overtaxed her strength; and to allay their anxiety in her behalf, she performed an untold amount of secret labor, in visiting from house to house, and praying with the objects of her compassion. In speaking of this school, after her connection with it had ceased, she said, "Though sometimes a sense of responsibility connected with it has been so great as

to affect my health, I have ever felt it to be a blessed work. My confidence in its efficacy is constantly increasing. It has enlarged my heart toward every little child I meet, with *strong desires* that they may be included in the kingdom of God, and become active laborers in his vineyard. May He forgive me, if I have loved the Sabbath-school cause too well or attached too much importance to it."

Her attention was turned to the subject of missions as early as 1841. In the autumn of that year, while enjoying a peculiar manifestation of the Savior's love, her mind was directed to the condition of the heathen by an incidental remark. The impression that it was her *duty*, together with the desire that it might be her *lot*, to labor personally and directly in their behalf, from that time began to take possession of her soul. These feelings deepened and strengthened, till she was led to consecrate herself, body, mind, and heart, to this great work. She solemnly resolved that, while life and health were spared, she would hold herself in readiness to engage in it, whenever and wherever the providence of God should direct.

This deliberate purpose of her soul, however, was subjected to a *severe trial*. For nearly four years she could see no way of its realization. But she never once faltered. In heart and life she was a missionary. She conscientiously adopted those habits of self-denial and endurance which she supposed would be necessary upon the foreign field. In her dress, intercourse, conversation, and whole style of living, she endeavored to exemplify the true missionary spirit. This became at length her master-passion. The society of friends, the ties of relationship, the dearest earthly love, were all made to bend sternly to this one controlling desire of her life.

Her acquaintance with Mr. White reached back to the days when they were pursuing their studies together at Cazenovia; but their marriage engagement was of very short duration. She had conditioned it resolutely on the question of his receiving an appointment to a foreign field. That question was for years in painful doubt. After he had offered his services to the Board, there was much hesitation and delay in his appointment.

At length the establishment of a new mission in the Chinese Empire was agreed upon by the Methodist Church, and Mr. White was strongly recommended as a suitable pioneer missionary to that vast and difficult field. But the decision finally settled upon an older man, and he supposed that his labors must necessarily be expended at home.

When this intelligence was communicated to Miss Atwater, it fell upon her like a thunder-bolt! The cherished object of her life seemed to be dashed to the earth—her only idolatry broken and rebuked! It was a heavy blow, and her sensitive soul struggled with it in silence. An informal note to a confidential friend reveals to us the working of her spirit under this sore disappointment. "I received a short letter yesterday, but long enough to tell me that I am *disappointed*! The question is *decided*, almost—scarcely a vestige of hope remains! * * * I did not look forward to the appointment with certainty; but my dearest hopes and wishes were centered there, more firmly than I had supposed. I feel as if set adrift, with regard to every plan or scheme for the future! * * * This event will be the signal for the renewal of mental conflict which has raged*for two years, and which only subsided while that question was still uncertain. A favorable decision would have ended that conflict forever! But if the

recommendation of the bishop is carried into effect, the pole-star of my existence for the last few years will be blotted from the sky! It is, indeed, a dark cloud that now intervenes."

These expressions indicate the deepest emotion. By far the most painful struggle of her life occurred at this time. Should she give up her cherished missionary longings, and settle down upon this decision as the expressed will of Providence? Most individuals would not have hesitated to do so. But she could not thus sever herself from the cherished purpose of her soul. While she bowed in silent submission to the dark dispensation, she did not relinquish the hope of spending her life as a missionary. Her fear on that point was her only bitterness. There were no groveling or selfish feelings in her experience. She could have become the wife of a promising young minister at home—for such Mr. White was acknowledged to be; and his regard for her did not originate in his missionary tastes and purposes. But the grand difficulty which weighed upon her spirits and enfeebled her health was, to give up the cherished passion of her life, and leave the heathen world to die without any personal agency in giving it the Gospel!

The singular train of providences which resulted in substituting Mr. White for the man who had been originally designated to that field need not be here explained. They were unanticipated, and, to human view, mysterious. The final appointment was made but a few weeks before the missionaries sailed. But they were weeks of high exultation to Mrs. White. She had been brought to submit cheerfully to the great Disposer of all events before she had any intimation of his will in the ultimate disposition of this matter. She herself recognized in her own unaccountable calmness, even when all was dark,

the *assurance* that her chief desire should be gratified. "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not," was to her not only a sweet promise, but a prophetic announcement. She trusted it, and found that her confidence was not misplaced. She entered upon the missionary work at last under circumstances more auspicious, perhaps, than she had ever pictured to her glowing fancy.

She was united in marriage to Rev. Moses C. White, in the Washington Street Church, Rochester, before a large concourse of sympathizing friends, March 13th, 1847, and sailed from Boston, in the ship "Heber," on the 15th of April following.

After a pleasant and prosperous voyage of one hundred and ten days, they came in sight of China, August 14th, and cast anchor off Macao the same evening. They remained several days in the vicinity of Canton, and reached Fuh-Chau, the place of their destination, September 7th, 1847.

Of the five consular cities or ports of China open to foreigners, this is the middle one, and, in point of population, the second. In all respects, perhaps, this is the most desirable place of residence for missionaries in China. It is situated thirty miles from the ocean, on the River Min, which for beauty, grandeur, and sublimity is said to surpass the noble Hudson. The city and suburbs are supposed to contain six hundred thousand inhabitants. It is built in a vast amphitheatre, mostly on the north side of the river. The city walls are seven or eight miles in circumference, while the suburbs contain nearly as many inhabitants as the city itself. A small island in the river, densely populated, constitutes one of these suburbs. Upon this island Mr. and Mrs. White took up their residence. Here, amid the most charming scenery in the world,

surrounded by six hundred thousand perishing heathen, whose earthly abodes could all be seen at a single glance, she entered upon her actual missionary life. Here all her evangelical sympathies were awakened, and she devoted herself to her preparatory labors with a zeal too fervent for her delicate constitution. She managed the domestic concerns of a considerable family, and spent several hours of each day in intense study, endeavoring to master the gigantic difficulties of the Chinese language. Whenever she went about the streets, she was thronged with benighted women and children, to whom she longed to communicate the knowledge of a Savior. But her tongue was tied! The gift of speech in that most difficult of all languages was, indeed, an acquisition highly to be prized. Mrs. White desired it earnestly, and sought it with a vigor and perseverance which broke her constitution, and probably cut short her days. She had contracted a slight cold in the autumn, soon after she arrived in the country, and her extraordinary labors in the exhausting atmosphere of an unusually warm, damp winter, brought on a disease of the lungs which carried her rapidly to the grave.

That remarkable exhilaration of spirits at the prospect of devoting her life to the missionary work, which to her friends was so wonderful and so distressing—swallowing up all the pain of parting with them and with her dear native land in one absorbing passion—*never once left her!* All who knew her feared the reaction of a toilsome missionary life upon such high excitement; *but it never came!*

When leaving the harbor of Boston, and the blue hills of her home and country were fast sinking behind her, she felt no misgivings—no gloom. “That blue line of native land,” she

wrote to a friend, "it is engraven indelibly upon my memory; I would not have it effaced; but I saw the last dim outline without any regret." The tedious and enervating monotony of sea-life never affected her spirits. For nearly four months the dull routine of ship-scenery and employments was entered upon with unimpaired relish. This triumphant devotion to her chosen work never abated, amid all the toils and trials of a new missionary field in the heart of the Chinese empire. Even withering consumption, as it advanced with remorseless steps, could not quench her enthusiasm.

When it became apparent that she must sink very quickly to the grave under that debilitating climate, her husband, in accordance with the advice of her physician, proposed to her to *return to America* as the only hope of saving her life. She burst into tears, and said "she could not bear the idea of leaving the field; she came to labor and to die there, whenever God saw fit to call her." That spirit of cheerful and even *joyous* resignation to the will of God continued till the close of life. Her last words to her brother were as calm and peaceful as if they concerned the most common matter. She writes: "I have no hope of recovery; but what of it? I know in whom I have believed, and there is no reason why I should be cast down. I can see the hand of God, plainer now than ever, in bringing me here, though for so short a time. I had much rather lay my bones here in China than in America."

As the spring advanced, the symptoms of her disease became alarmingly worse. Every effort in the power of the mission was put forth to arrest it, but all in vain. The little missionary band, to whom she had strongly attached herself, gathered around her dying couch, and zealously ministered to every

want. But they could not arrest the approach of the Destroyer. His very foot-prints began to be visible, and Mrs. White was told that she could live but a few hours. She manifested no surprise—no fear. She asked the privilege of being *alone* with her husband for a little season, before they parted to meet on earth no more.

The sacred privacies of that sweet and awful hour we may not invade. A single passage only of that high communion we are permitted to contemplate. When assured that no one else could hear what she said, the dying saint, drawing her earthly companion close to her bosom, delivered her dying charge. “My dear husband, live for *one* thing, and one *only*—only *one thing—just one thing—THE GLORY OF GOD!*—THE GLORY OF GOD!” When asked if she was afraid to die, she replied, in a slow, clear, and collected manner, “*No! I am not afraid to die—I am not afraid to stand before the judgment-seat. But it is because I trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. I felt myself perfectly helpless, and I renounced every other dependence, and cast myself entirely on Christ, and now I am not afraid to die.*”

It was late in the evening, and all the missionary brethren stood once more around her bed. She thanked them for their great kindness to her, especially during her last sickness. She gave each of them some solemn parting message, and in the presence of them all, and almost with the disinterestedness of an angel, said to her husband, “Mr. White, I beg of you, not for my sake, but for the sake of these poor heathen, that you control yourself, and avoid giving way to your feelings, when I am gone, for at least three months; and let them see how Jesus can support his people in times of trial.” Her attachment

to the cause of missions burned to the last. It was obviously her "ruling passion strong in death." It swallowed up the love of friends and of life. Amid the absorbing interests and mysteries of a dying moment, she would press even the anguish of parting, and the desolations of the mourner, into the means of its advancement!

She lingered through the night in a partially unconscious state, and at eighteen minutes before eight o'clock in the morning, May 24th, in China, but about seven o'clock in the evening, May 23d, American time, she fell asleep in Jesus, aged twenty-six years.

The next day, in the afternoon, a sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Collins, the colleague of Mr. White, and the body, in a rude coffin, suspended from bamboo poles, and borne on the shoulders of four Chinamen, was conveyed to the cemetery. The small and stricken procession moved through a curious crowd of stupid heathen, who mourned not, because they knew not their loss.

The missionary burying-ground, selected a few months before this event, is situated in a retired and romantic spot, some distance up the southern hills. There, under a wide-spreading olive-tree, deep in the soil of that land she loved so well, lie the mortal remains of our dear departed sister, peacefully awaiting the "resurrection of the just."

Such zeal and devotion, brief as may be their career, are the choicest legacies which can be left the cause of missions. They dignify our common humanity, and shed new value and beauty upon our Christian hopes. The reality and power of the grace of God are placed before us in new vividness. The worth of the soul and the nearness of eternity impress us with

extraordinary solemnity, in the light of such a life as that of Mrs. White. She trampled upon difficulties ; she courted self-sacrifice, and counted not her own life dear. No pleasure could fill her soul like the angelic luxury of doing good. No enjoyment could elevate and thrill her very being, like the privilege of devoting herself to the welfare of the dying heathen. This master-desire of her heart was gratified, and she rejoices, we can not doubt, with all an angel's emotion, that she was permitted to *die* for the cause of missions.

Although she did not survive her preparatory work—although she was not permitted to utter a single saving truth, nor unfold one Gospel promise to the perishing Chinese, over whom her heart yearned so intensely, yet she lived not in vain. Her martyr-spirit shall be a perpetual source of missionary power. She, “being dead, yet speaketh.” While her memory lives in that crowded valley of the Min, evangelical labors there shall be quickened with a holier devotion. Many a tired laborer may hereafter stir up his flagging energies by a visit to her grave. Many a chafed and weary brother, ready to sink under the burdens of missionary life in that dark empire, perchance shall be thrilled with loftier heroism, as he recalls the modest activity, the quiet enthusiasm, the quenchless ardor and triumphant end of *Jane Isabel White, of Fuh-Chau.*



MELVILLE B. COX.

Thy voice I hear - thy
voice I know, and thy voice
I will follow. I have
followed thus far, and
it has led me to Libinia.
I may ~~that~~ I may fol-
low it to the end.

REV. MELVILLE BEVERIDGE COX,
MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY REV. W. P. STRICKLAND, D.D.,
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THE life of man here constitutes the smallest part of his history. Though "death is life's last shore," beyond the dark sea there is another shore where, immeasurably transcending the farthest stretch of thought, extends the spirit's realm of being and action, and where, unfettered and free, it shall be left to work out in its allotted sphere the purposes of its Creator forever. All the designs of the great Author of existence have a wise and benevolent end; and though the wisdom of man may fail to fathom the purposes of God in the events connected with the lives of individuals in this world, yet the

mystery will be cleared up when "the perfect has come, and when that which is only in part shall be done away."

While to man objectively there is a present and a future life, corresponding to this subjectively there is an inner and an outer life. The inner life may always remain hidden and unknown, eluding the cognizance of the most inquisitive. The inner life of some is clear and transparent as the lake that reveals in the sunlight all that lies down its depths; while that of others resembles a dark, leaden stream, confined by frowning, rocky banks, and reflecting no light from its sullen waters. The language of the one is the outpouring of the heart, while that of the other affords a remarkable illustration of Talleyrand's doctrine, that "language was invented to enable man to conceal, instead of express his thoughts." Those in whom the inner life is revealed are "living epistles, known and read of all men," "children of the light and of the day," whose character stands out undisguised, and whose very thoughts can be seen in the transparency which surrounds them. The path of such is as "the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Of this class was MELVILLE B. Cox, the first missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church to Africa, and the first ever sent by that Church to a foreign land. Through all the stages of his brief and brilliant career the inner life was apparent, and all with whom he was acquainted unite in conceding that he was a "burning and a shining light."

Of a naturally amiable and truth-loving disposition, those traits of character which distinguished him in after-life were early developed under the training of pious parents. To those gifts of nature with which he was liberally endowed, and the

genial circumstances in which he was placed, may be added the gifts of grace, the bestowal of which have ever been regarded as constituting the ground of difference in character among men.

Though the subject of gracious influences in very early life, it was not until the age of nineteen, while engaged as a clerk in a book-store, in Hallowell, his native town, that he was fully awakened to a sense of his lost condition as a sinner, and a consciousness of his need of pardoning mercy in the blood of the Lamb. His convictions were of such a nature as to overwhelm him with the most distressing state of mind, bordering on despair, under the influence of which life lost its charms, and business its incentives to action. His thoughts could not be turned into any channel in which he could find comfort or relief. It was impossible for the world to impart the peace for which he so ardently longed. He fled to the woods, and alone, in the deep shade of that solitude, he wrestled in agonizing prayer for mercy. He had made the last resolve, and embraced the last alternative, either to pray and perish, or find mercy there. As it has always been manifested that man's extremity is God's opportunity, while he prayed the heaven of God's mercy was opened, the voice of God's love, soft and sweet as the "still small voice" that succeed the earthquake which rent the mountains, whispered peace to his troubled soul, and he was enabled to rise and go on his way rejoicing in the salvation of God.

Though he was a diligent student, and ambitious to excel in literary pursuits, the love of God shd abroad in his heart filled him with stronger impulses, and fired him with a holier zeal and loftier ambition than he was ever conscious of before.

Finding that the vows of God were upon him, he could not stop to pluck the flowers which bloomed in the gardens of earthly literature, but bent all his energies to the great work of preparation for the duties of the sacred office. In a few years, accordingly, he entered the field of the itinerancy, and labored with an untiring zeal to win souls to Christ. Determined to make all the sacrifices incident to the life of a Methodist preacher in encountering hard circuits and poor fare, he traveled from year to year, until he was obliged, under the pressure of the hardships which he endured, and which told fearfully on his delicate constitution, to retire from the field, worn and weary with itinerant toils.

For the purpose of recruiting his health (that he might again enter upon the work of his Master), he traveled south as far as Maryland, where he engaged in agricultural pursuits. In the mean time, he married a lady every way suited to him, and possessed of every accomplishment necessary to make her a most desirable companion. But in the providence of God he was called to pass through the deepest mental sufferings, and the bitterest cup he had to drink was that of seeing this loved wife fade away in death. He bowed beneath the rod, and came out of his afflictions with a subdued and chastened spirit, resigned to the will of Him "who doeth all things well."

We once saw in the title-page of a religious annual an engraving of a lighted lamp, with the following inscription below it: "*Aliis in serviendo consumor*;" the translation of which is, "In serving others, I am consumed." So it was with the youthful Cox. Impulsive and ardent, he resolved not to rust out, or even wear out, but to *burn* out in the service of his Lord and Master. When unable to preach, in conse-

quence of ill health, he received a commission from Dr. Fisk to travel as agent of the Wesleyan University, for the purpose of collecting funds in its behalf. He soon found, however, that the work was not congenial to his spirit, being too secular in its character ; and though his constitution was undermined, and his strength feeble, rendering it almost impossible for him to preach, he nevertheless, with a martyr spirit, gave himself up again to the regular work, and took his place in the itinerant ranks. To him there was light and comfort in but one direction, and that was in preaching Christ to his dying fellow-men. He took a most exalted view of the Christian ministry, and often trembled in view of the sacredness of the relation, and the fearfully solemn responsibilities connected with the vocation. With a firm belief that he was called of God, and that a woe would rest upon him if he did not preach the Gospel, he resolved to live, and labor, and die in the work, and no inducement could present itself which for a moment affected that decision. His language was :

“ Happy if, with my latest breath,
I may but gasp his name,
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold ! behold the Lamb !”

In his journal he says, “ *Life* is of no consequence ; nay, it is worse than useless, unless it be profitable to others and ourselves. I do not say a man may not accomplish even as much good by *suffering* as by *doing* the will of God ; but my impression is, that I was not only called to the ministry, but there to spend my life—there to die ; and I most devoutly pray to God, if it be his will, that there I may fall, crowned not with

gold, nor with a diadem of worldly honor, but with the honors of the cross of Christ."

At the Virginia Conference, which held its session in Newbern in 1831, he was stationed at Raleigh, North Carolina. Here his zeal knew no bounds, and anxious to do his utmost, he preached with unusual fervor and power. Those who heard him on a certain occasion, as he poured forth the treasures of a full soul with an earnestness and an eloquence indicating the possession of an unction from above, were impressed with the idea that he was delivering his last message. So great was his anxiety, and so heavily did the burden of souls press upon his heart, that he sank down in the desk from sheer exhaustion and faintness.

While manifesting so much zeal and solicitude in the behalf of others, he was not forgetful of his own spiritual state. He carried about with him a spirit of prayer, and the one great and all-absorbing desire of his soul was "to have a *holy heart*." The fires that burned in his heart, and were evidently consuming him, were not those of an earthly ambition; they were fires from off God's altar, and the flames were heavenward in their tendency. His language was, "*I want to know all that a man can know of God and live.*" Great as were his aspirations in this respect, they were in accordance with the Divine will. Though he aimed high, he did not place his mark higher than it was his privilege. While some Christians content themselves with calculations as to the probabilities of obtaining final salvation, and how little religion it will take to escape perdition and gain eternal life, he sought to explore "the lengths and depths, and breadths and heights, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." The exercises

of his mind at this time were peculiar. While he was engaged in the most arduous pulpit labors, and groaning after a holy heart, he says, in writing to a friend, "The tempest beat angrily. I felt afraid of God. Thought he did not love me; though now and anon I thought I could hear the voice of Christ echoing in the storm, 'Be not afraid, it is I.' This would give momentary comfort. But such feelings I *never* had; such views of myself, of the purity of the Divine Being, and of an unfaithful ministerial life, I never learned before. I felt, too, a *sense of guilt* that seemed insupportable. I groaned, being burdened; I loathed myself as a person does an unclean, fetid mass of corruption, and felt as if tied to it; nay, I knew not how to escape it." Soon after this, however, he experienced a great change in his views and feelings. The dark cloud passed away, and the bright sunlight of the upper glory, serene and pure, beamed upon his happy and enfranchised spirit.

Through his ministrations sinners were awakened and converted; and though he found in this work of saving souls the sum of all his desires, he says, "I must quit or die." Yielding to the advice of friends, he went to the Sulphur Springs, where he met with great attention from kind friends, who cheerfully ministered to his necessities, but returned without any permanent relief. He suffered for a period of six years, without one well hour, and at times his sufferings were intense; but in all he manifested great patience and resignation. During all his illness, he continued to preach when he was able to stand; and so necessary was preaching to his happiness, that he said, "Preach I must, or suffer spiritual loss." In all his afflictions, it was evident that he was passing through a discipline which,

in the providence of God, was designed to fit him for an enterprise requiring such training. It is remarkable that one who, to all human appearance, had finished his mission, should feel his heart stirred with unwonted desires to enter upon a foreign field, when he was totally unable to do efficient service at home. To use his own language, "I long to preach the Gospel to those who have never heard it. My soul burns with impatient desire to hold up the cross of Christ on missionary ground." It was a voice from the grave, the last flashings of a fire which God designed should not go out until it had kindled a light in benighted Africa.

An impression was made upon his mind which he believed to be of Divine origin, urging him to go to South America, and so wonderful an influence did it have over him, that he resolved to go whether the Church would send him or not, with or without purse or scrip. So clear was his belief in the Divine call, that all obstructions were removed, and all difficulties vanished whenever he thought of the mission. Though he did not go to South America, he presented the subject to the Missionary Board, and, subsequently, to the General Conference, in a memorial, in which he urged the following reasons for establishing a mission in that country: "1st. The providence of God in the most marked manner, for the past ten years, had been preparing the way of the Lord among that people. 2d. There is now among the South Americans the mightiest struggle of intellectual and moral principle that they have ever experienced. 3d. The standing which the Catholic religion now has among them calls loudly, I think, for immediate exertions. 4th. The unusually friendly relations which now exist between most of the South Americans and the United States.

5th. There is a responsibility resting on American Christians, to project and sustain this mission, that rests on no other Christians in the world."

Before he closed his earthly labors, he was permitted to see two missions established by the Methodist Church in that country, one at Rio de Janeiro, and the other at Monte Video.

Subsequently to this, while conversing with Bishop Hedding in regard to the South American Mission, the bishop proposed one to Liberia, in Western Africa, and the large heart of Cox immediately responded, "*I'll go*;" and from this time his mind was engrossed with the subject of a mission to Africa. To employ his own words, "Liberia swallows up all my thoughts. I thirst for the commission to go. The path looks pleasant, though filled with dangers. Death may be there. Oh that I may be holy! Surely I need it to dare the climate of Africa." When he received the appointment, he hailed it as the most joyful tidings that ever came to him. Africa took possession of his mind, and her sunny shores were dearer to his heart than all the loved objects of his native land. He could see in prospect, resting upon her mountains, "the dew of Zion and the light of God."

The heart of the devoted Cox was beating to be gone. As the first love and the first sacrifice of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he was ready to be offered. Before his departure, he visited that nursery, if not school of the prophets to the Church, the Wesleyan University. To one of its students, on leaving, he said, "If I die in Africa, you must come over and write my epitaph." "I will," replied the youth, whose heart glowed with the fire of missions; "but what shall I write?" "Write," said Cox, "*let a thousand fall before Africa be given up.*"

We have already alluded to God's wonderful providence in sparing the life of Cox. He was often brought to the verge of the grave, and regarded by his physicians and friends as beyond the hope of recovery ; still he was upheld by an invisible hand. Traveling, as he did, from place to place for months, surrounded by a cholera atmosphere, and exposed to its attack, while hundreds died daily all around him, "the plague was not suffered to come nigh him." We also see the providence of God in preserving his mind from discouragement at that time, when many of his ministerial brethren had no faith in his mission, and consequently could not sympathize with him in an undertaking which they considered highly presumptuous, if not suicidal ; some of whom told him, "God did not require murder for sacrifice," and that "if he went to Africa, he would be flying in the face of Providence itself." In addition to all this, the enterprise met with but little sympathy from the Church ; and had it not been for the Young Men's Missionary Society of New York city, it would not have been undertaken, at least at that time. Notwithstanding these discouragements, there was to be found here and there a kindred spirit. Among this number was the gifted and accomplished Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, who addressed the following note to the missionary, accompanied by some touching and beautiful verses alluding to his farewell at the grave of his wife : "I have seen your name announced in the public prints as a missionary elect to that suffering clime where my heart has so many years lingered in painful pity and in trembling hope. God be with you while you bear the message of his mercy to mourning Africa, bereft of her children, and too long sorrowing like those who have no hope. The Redeemer of souls grant you strength

to reap a full harvest in Liberia; and from thence may his Gospel go forth in brightness, until the whole of Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hands to God. That all your adversities and toils may be sanctified to your spiritual gain here, and made to enhance your durable reward hereafter, is the prayer of yours, in the faith and hope of the Gospel."

The time at length arrived when he should embark for his destined field, and bidding all his friends and acquaintances a final and affectionate farewell, on the 6th of November, 1832, he took passage in the *Jupiter*, bound for Africa. His journal during the voyage contains an affecting record of his aspirations, hopes, and fears. He had conceived large plans for the redemption of Africa, and his soul thirsted to carry them out. After being at sea nearly two months, the vessel entered the River Gambia, and proceeded up that noble stream until it reached the town of Bathurst, where it remained a short time. While tarrying here, the missionary made the acquaintance of the governor's chaplain, and the Rev. Mr. Moister, Wesleyan missionary. He preached to the natives through an interpreter, and thus, in part, had a realization of his most ardent wishes. So soon as the vessel set to sea again, he commenced the study of the Mandingo language, in the prosecution of which he subsequently received valuable aid from Rev. Mr. Raban, of Fourah Bay. At length, on the 8th of March, 1833, his eyes fell upon the much-loved and long-looked for Liberia. From the Rev. Mr. Pinney, and the Rev. Mr. Williams, acting governor of the colony, he received every attention which Christian kindness could prompt. Knowing that he would be attacked with the African fever before he could be acclimated, and that he might fall a victim to this dreadful scourge, he

lost no time in the arrangement of his plans, but at once directed all his energies to the work of laying a foundation broad, and deep, and strong for the Church in Africa. The first thing he did was to procure a mission-house at Monrovia. With this house was connected a considerable tract of land, left by the devoted Ashmun for missionary purposes. Missions had been established here long before, but from time to time were abandoned. The Moravians, who have yielded to no obstacles, either amid the snows of the poles or the burning sands of the equator, failed in Africa. With the heroism of martyrs, they attempted the establishment of missions at sixteen points, but were obliged to relinquish them. Africa, however, was not to be given up. God had written her redemption, and the youngest of all the sister Churches engaged in that work was destined to accomplish a most important part.

The next work of Cox was to collect together all the emigrants who had been connected with the Methodist Church, and, in a conference held by these members, he was recognized as superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Liberia. Soon after, the Church was in a solemn and religious manner organized, under the supervision and control of the Church in America. He then proceeded to visit many parts of the country, collecting information in regard to its resources, and the condition and wants of the people, which he transmitted in a series of letters to the Board at New York. He attended special appointments for public fasting, thanksgiving, and prayer; and set in motion, at Caldwell, the first *camp-meeting*, probably, that was ever known on the Continent, which commenced March 2d, 1834. The cause of Sunday-schools lay near his heart, and he convened a meeting which



AFRICAN CAMP-MEETING.

gave a fresh and vigorous impulse to the enterprise. He engaged personally in the instruction of seventy children with prospects of much success, but alas! his work was done.

The scourge of Africa, so peculiarly fatal to the white man at length smote him, and he fell a victim to its power. During his sickness he had great peace and resignation to the Divine will, being enabled submissively to say, "To God I commit all. His I am, and ever wish to be. Thy voice I hear, thy voice I know, and thy voice I will follow. I have followed thus far, and it has led me to Liberia. I pray that I may follow it to the end."

During his last sickness, the power of religion was seen wonderfully manifesting itself when all earthly comforts were withdrawn. The periodical rains had commenced, and the mission-house where he lay was exposed, and its interior drenched with water. There being no chimney for a fire, it was impossible to keep it dry. There was no one to attend him but a little boy, and he was four days without seeing a physician. In the midst of all this deprivation, alone in a distant land, with no kind friend to cheer his last hours, with the exception of the Rev. Mr. Pinney, who called upon him before leaving for America and administered religious comfort, his mind was kept in perfect peace, and he was enabled to sing the praises of God. A journal kept during this sickness, as long as he could hold a pen, in a hand failing constantly, until it becomes almost illegible, contains passages of the most thrilling interest.* Though he was frequently solicited to return home, he invariably responded, "I do not see the cloud arise, and dare not go. When it does, I will follow its leadings." God had ordered that his dust, with that of the sainted Ashmun and others, should consecrate the soil of Africa, and that his spirit might linger around her shores, and attract kindred spirits from across the mighty deep to labor for the redemption of her benighted sons.

Perfectly conscious that his end was nigh, and that he should soon cease to work and live, he commenced "setting his house in order."¹ His last request was that his successor, Rev. R. Spaulding, should preach a funeral discourse from the passage, "*Behold I die, but God shall be with you.*"

At last the day of his release came. He had fulfilled the

* See fac simile, p. 431.



LAUNCELOT B. MINOR.

FAC SIMILE FROM LETTER TO REV. J. A. VAUGHAN, D.D.

*In God do we trust.
Farewell.
Yours Bro. in Christ.
L. B. Minor*

REV. LAUNCELOT B. MINOR,

BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY REV. C. M. BUTLER, D.D.,

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

ALL men of equal holiness and zeal are not equally qualified for the work of missions in a foreign land. Peculiar traits of character, under the guidance of the grace of God, are needful for steady and successful labors in distant and heathen regions. A manly and robust mind, a native energy of character, a love of enterprise, an ability to dispense with accustomed comforts without repining, a habit of absorbed interest in the selected work of life, these are qualities which best fit a man for eminent usefulness in the work of foreign missions. It is true that the grace of God can transmute timidity into courage, and shrinking diffidence into aggressive zeal; but when grace grasps a character to which vigor, and fire, and boldness naturally belong, it impels it forward with a momentum which nothing can resist.

Such were the natural characteristics, invigorated, exalted, and chastened by the spirit of God, which enabled the devoted

Minor to spend and be spent, not in vain, in the cause of missions in Africa.

LAUNCELOT BYRD MINOR, the son of General John Minor, of Hazle Hill, near Fredericksburgh, Virginia, and Lucy Landon, daughter of Landon Carter, Esq., of King George county, Virginia, was born on the 9th of September, 1813, at Topping Castle, Caroline county, the country seat of his parents. The prayers of a devoted mother, who made his conversion the subject of the most intense and earnest solicitude, were at length answered; and on a bed of sickness, near to death, he found new life, and gave himself, with the characteristic earnestness of his nature, to the service of his Redeemer.

Almost immediately after this event he determined to devote himself to the work of the ministry, and entered the Theological Seminary of Virginia in the autumn of 1833. At that institution his religious character began to display that earnest and aggressive zeal, which was always its most marked peculiarity. He established a Sunday-school at a location seven miles distant from the Seminary, walked to and from it with unfailing regularity every Sunday, and became the instrument of great spiritual blessing to many who came under his influence. Being dead, he yet speaks, in that humble sphere, to those who enjoyed his instructions, and to those students of the Seminary who are occupied in similar tasks.

At the call of the Church, through the venerable Dr. Milnor, for missionaries to West Africa, he considered her claims, and, after a period of solemn reflection, determined to give himself to the work. After his ordination in 1836, he received his appointment from the Foreign Committee, and from that period commenced a series of devoted labors, from which he rested

not until he reached the blessed rest that remaineth for the people of God.

In connection with the Rev. John Payne, now missionary bishop in Africa, he employed some months in traveling through the country, and presenting the claims of his mission to the Churches. In the graphic pages of his gentle and devoted biographer,* we see him, now in bitterness of spirit at the indifference manifested toward his cause, and now grateful for the widow's mite, and strengthened by it in his faith and hope. In simple, direct, and earnest terms, and with the uncompromising spirit of one whose own course authorized him to speak freely and fearlessly, he presented the duty of the Churches to oppressed and benighted Africa.

On the 18th day of May, 1837, Mr. Minor sailed from Baltimore, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Payne, for Cape Palmas. His first words upon its shore were such as to show that his mission had been commenced in the right place—even in his own heart. “Our passage from the Cape de Verds,” he writes, “was long and tedious, but I do not regret it. It gave me an opportunity of examining my heart, whether it was prepared for eternity, should God see fit to call me from the world. Sometimes the thought would arise in my mind that I was rushing uncalled into the presence of my Maker; but generally the grace of God was with me. Indeed, I enjoyed religion during the voyage as much if not more than at any previous period.”

The acclimating fever brought Mr. Minor near the grave. Immediately after his recovery, he took charge of the school at Mount Vaughan, Cape Palmas. His letters at this period ex-

* Mrs. Hening. History of the West African Mission.

hibit a vivacious interest in his work which was productive of the happiest results upon the school. Early in April, 1839, he visited the Gold Coast, and gave a graphic account of its condition in a letter to the Board of Missions. He was surprised and gratified to find that the natives on this coast had reached a much higher position of civilization than those with whom he had been hitherto familiar in Africa.

At the close of this year, Mr. Minor visited the United States. His visit was stated to have been "in accordance with the advice of his brethren, for the benefit of his health, for obtaining priests' orders, and for other purposes connected with the interests of his mission." During this brief visit, he was married to Miss Mary Stuart, of Baltimore. His thorough consecration to his work was evident from his prompt refusal to linger longer than he had intended in America. To those who entreated him to delay and plead the cause of missions at home, he replied, "I can not tarry; it is the cause of my soul. In Africa is the portion of my Master's vineyard which he has committed to my care. How can I be content to tarry, lest God should say to me as he said to his prophet of old, 'What doest thou here, Elijah?' I was called to preach the Gospel in Africa, not to act as traveling agent in America."

And now again *at home* in Africa, we find him in charge of a small chapel at Mount Vaughan, erected chiefly for the benefit of the colonists. During the year his letters exhibit a prosperous and animated state of things in the mission-school. In February, 1841, we discover him, released from the confinement of the school, and bearing traces of the debilitating effects of too much labor, gun in hand, and accompanied by a single native boy, making an excursion of exploration and of

MISSOIN STATION, MOUNT VAUGHAN, CAPE PALMAS.



missionary service among the Grebo tribes of the interior. The impression which he made upon the natives—a mixture of reverence and admiration—appears from the fact that they subsequently flocked to the mission-house at Mount Vaughan to inquire for Minor, “that white man who came to their country to talk God-palaver to them.” He impressed them by his powers of endurance, and his ready adaptation to the customs of the country, no less than by his religious enthusiasm and zeal.

In 1841, the missionary brethren determined to open a station without the bounds of the Maryland colony. This resolution seemed to Mr. Minor to open the way for his long-cherished hope of devoting himself entirely to the natives. He therefore offered his services for an exploring expedition into the Taboo region. Here, under circumstances of great discouragement, he established a mission, and lived in a native hut, in native style, separate from his wife and friends, and engaged, with indomitable energy and faith, in his Master’s work. It was a year of solitary toil and privation, relieved only by monthly visits to his wife and friends at the mission-house. In April of 1842 he was placed in imminent peril, on account of the murder of the captain, mate, and some seamen of the schooner *Mary Carver*, of Boston, by the natives. The circumstances of this foul and unprovoked massacre are narrated by Mr. Minor in a letter to Mr. Upshur, Secretary of the Navy. In a letter to the Missionary Committee, under date of July 4th, he writes, “We have learned from more than one source that part of the original plan was to murder me; not that they had aught against me, or would gain any thing thereby, but to prevent the possibility of my giving information. Yet has not our

heavenly Father suffered a hair of our heads to be harmed, nor is our peace in any way marred, for we trust in him."

But at length the privations, and the long journeys, and the lonely toils of Taboo began to make their marks upon his frame. In January, 1843, he removed his family to Taboo. But alas! just as he was indulging his hope of a home on earth, God was preparing him for his home in heaven. For several months he was subject to repeated attacks of diarrhea, by which he was much reduced. The Rev. Dr. Savage and the Rev. Mr. Smith were with him during the closing days of his crowded and useful life. It was a death which became such a life. He was earnest to the last in the cause to which he had devoted himself. He was peaceful in his trust, he was happy in his hope. "Let the mission go forward more than it has done," was his reply to the question whether it should be continued. "Jesus, my Master, is *near*—he is *very near*; now he is *especially gracious*," was his answer to the inquiry if Christ was precious and near to him. His soul rested upon the promises, and on them put off cheerfully into the eternal world. Among his last expressions were the touching words of his Savior, when, like him, commending a beloved relative to the care of a faithful friend. Looking upon his wife, who stood near his bed, he turned his eyes upon Mr. Payne, and said, "Behold thy sister!"

Such is a rapid sketch of the brief earthly career of the lamented Minor. What was his inner life the while; what the alternating struggle and peace, despondency and joy, regret and anticipation; how he grew in grace and ripened for heaven, through the peculiar trials and toils of his missionary ministry, we shall be permitted to know from his own lips when the

children of the resurrection shall together look back upon their past probation, and find in its every incident new cause for wonder, love, and praise.

We see in the life of Minor such an instance of the constraining love of Christ, and of the power and sufficiency of his grace, as should lead us to covet a kindred spirit, and to rely with equal confidence on the promises and aids of the Holy Spirit. Oh! not alone to the benighted heathen does the foreign missionary preach. Often he preaches, with the demonstration of the Spirit and with power, to multitudes in his native land, who know him in person or hear his history. His example preaches not to the ear, but to the conscience and the heart, and presses home rebuking and searching questions to all who name the name of Christ. It shames them for their little zeal, and love, and self-denial. It leads them to inquire whether they, indeed, are in Christ, and have the Spirit of Christ, and love the work of Christ. It asks the minister of God, with loving solemnity of appeal, "My dear brother, have you given up *all* for the Savior? Why, then, are you indolent in the midst of every incitement to industry, while we are active under the pressure of manifold discouragements? Why are you depressed in the midst of clustering, providential blessings, and sweet human loves, while we are cheerful afar from our native land, our kindred, and all the sweet charities of Christianized civilization, in the midst of the ignorant and degraded?" It asks all the professed followers of the Savior, "Are you living above the world? Is your citizenship in heaven? Is your heart on the heavenly, and not on the earthly treasure? Do you give your prayers, and personal energies, and your means, to the cause of the Redeemer?" Oh! not in vain, beloved laborers for

Jesus in foreign lands—not in vain do you labor *for us*, though you may not see around you the work of the Lord prospering in your hand. You do quicken our zeal—you do shame our indolence and apathy—you do stir in many hearts, which will greet and bless you in heaven, aspirations and resolutions for a holier zeal and a more thorough consecration. You teach us how much higher attainments are possible in us, when we see what great triumphs of grace are wrought in you.

The brief history of Minor also teaches us that in the work of missions there is no qualification equal to that of holy earnestness. Mr. Minor was not distinguished for talents; but his thorough engagedness in his work gave a *momentum* to his mind which was real *power*. The aroused and sleepless energy which arises from love to God and a vivid realization of eternal things, is the most mighty agency, next to the direct agency of God, ever wielded in the world. It lays hold of, and puts in motion, all the instrumentalities of power. Going forth in prayer and faith, it obtains help from God. Going forth in love to man, it uses the gifts and graces obtained by prayer in the service of the perishing and condemned. Engaged for the Master's glory, it secures his blessing. It is true that this earnestness will not supply the want of other qualifications; but all other qualifications will be paralyzed without it.

The example of Minor teaches us, also, how wide-spread and far-reaching is the influence of one devoted child of God. In the school of the prophets, from which he went out, his name is a cherished and an honored word. Not a student passes from the Theological Seminary of Virginia without some influence having been exerted upon his character by the exemplary life of Minor. And this is a proof that there is no in-

fluence so potent as that of personal holiness, even where it is dissociated from many other gifts and traits which beautifully harmonize with it, and give it an added charm. The continued influence of Minor lies essentially in the consecration and the holy energy of his character. It did not depend upon his talents and attainments, for in that respect he was excelled by some who have left no such name of power behind them. It was not a winning charm of manner which, as in the case of some who have left that institution, seemed, in its every tone, and look, and little deed, to prove that Christ was in them of a truth—for he was reserved and cold in his ordinary demeanor. The power that lies in the name and memory of Minor is the undying power of holiness. It has entered the closet of many students, and bidden them to be earnest in study, fervent in prayer, diligent and faithful in duty. At the midnight hour of solemn meditation, when eternity present to the soul has shown how poor are the things of time and how glorious the things of heaven, the shade of the martyred Minor has stood before the student's soul, and has pointed to wretched Africa, and made her lost children pass in solemn procession through a life of wretchedness to a death of woe; and as the student saw those miserable multitudes, and heard their groans, he has started to his feet, and said, "Here am I, send me!"

On the grave of Minor are engraved his dying words, "Let the mission go on." They were uttered as a prayer and as a testimony; but they have proved a prophecy, and the words themselves, being, as it were, the embodiment of his feelings and his life, have ministered to their own fulfillment. Let every heart that dwells upon the memory of Minor echo his dying prayer, "*Let the work go on!*"



WILLIAM B. WILLIAMS.

FAC SIMILE EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO REV. DAVID TERRY, DATED AUGUST 21ST, 1845.

*It is therefore the love Christ, I trust,
if any thing, that impells me
to consent to go Africa.*

W. B. Williams.

REV. WILLIAM B. WILLIAMS,

MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY REV. GEORGE PECK, D.D.,

NEW YORK.

AS the opening bud is often nipped by the frost, or the half-formed fruit is blasted by the cold winds, so the fairest promises of usefulness are often cut short by early death. Those missionaries who have been called to their reward almost immediately upon entering their field of labor form a class by no means small. The history of their call to the missionary work, their course of preparation, and their early death, constitutes a problem somewhat difficult of solution. Why it is that the soul of a young man is stirred up to prepare himself for the foreign field—that he should be led on, by the evident openings of Providence, until he reaches the scene of his anticipated labors—and that, ere he has gathered a handful of the precious fruit, he is called away—human wisdom is too blind to discover. The subject of this sketch was one of the class in

whose history and premature death there is much to excite reflection, and fill the mind with wonder.

In the brief career of Mr. Williams, as might be expected, but few materials for a biography have accumulated. The following brief account of his early life is furnished by his brother :

“ William B. Williams was born at Hancock, New York, May 12th, 1818. His parents, Nathan W. and Esther Williams, like Zachariah and Elizabeth of old, ‘ were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.’ They early gave themselves to Christ, and strove to exert a religious influence upon their children. They took them early and constantly to church, and were assiduous in teaching them the Word of God. Hence William learned to respect religion, and was thoughtful and conscientious. In 1831, at the early age of thirteen, he sought and found the Savior, and soon after was baptized and received into the Methodist Episcopal Church. He early began to pray in public, and to speak in class-meetings and love-feasts, with a fluency and spirit that surprised the older members of the Church. His zeal for the missionary cause exhibited itself very early, and he often told his mother he should be a missionary. From the time of his conversion, he manifested great eagerness for knowledge, and while his playmates were engaged in their sports, he would retire to a grove and peruse some favorite book. He early formed those habits of industry, sobriety, and temperance for which he was afterward distinguished. So decided were his temperance principles, that he was never known to taste a drop of ardent spirits even when prescribed by a physician. In order to assist himself, he taught

school during the winter and pursued his studies in the summer. At the age of twenty-one, he entered the *Amenia Seminary*, then under the supervision of Rev. D. W. Clark, where he remained a year, gaining, by his diligence and amiability, the esteem of his teachers and all who knew him. After spending a short vacation at home, he entered the *Wesleyan University* at Middletown, Connecticut, where, as in other places, he proved himself worthy of the esteem of all. Here he manifested that indomitable perseverance that marked his whole life, and was twice brought to the very gates of death by over-exertion in his studies. After the lapse of four years, he graduated with honor, and immediately entered upon the work of the ministry. He pursued his labors with the greatest vigor for two years, when there was an earnest call for missionaries for Africa. He was among the first to apply for the appointment, and was soon after appointed to *Monrovia*, as preacher and principal of the *Academy*."

The writer seems not to be aware, or at the time to have forgotten, that his brother, during his preparation for college, spent some time at the *Cazenovia Seminary*. There it was that we first made his acquaintance. His deportment, while a student in that institution, was always perfectly unexceptionable, and his progress in his studies rapid. He belonged to the class of "religious students," and such were the gravity and purity of his manners and habits, that we never knew the least exception taken to his conduct either by saints or sinners.

As a student, young Williams was not remarkable for vigor or reach of thought. He, however, was second to none in application, and patient, persevering industry. His desire for

knowledge was a steady blaze, and his purposes as unconquerable as destiny. Back of his undying thirst for knowledge lay a zeal for the glory of God, and a desire for usefulness, which were the real stimulants under which he acted. He saw the world lying in wickedness—the poor heathen perishing for lack of vision, and the deep sympathies of his soul were stirred. It was that he might be an able minister of Christ—a missionary to the heathen—that he gave himself to the severe application to which he well-nigh fell a sacrifice. He early felt himself specially designated to the missionary field. In a letter to Rev. D. Terry, dated Port Deposit, August 21st, 1845, he says:

“My missionary feelings have grown up with me from the time I embraced the love of the Savior, which was when I was about twelve and a half years old. I have felt a steady increasing desire and willingness to spend and be spent for my dear Savior—to labor in his service to the extent of my ability, and in whatever part of his vineyard I could most contribute to his glory and the salvation of the world—‘not counting my life dear unto me, that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry I have received of the Lord Jesus.’ And that I may serve him, and be found of him at last, not doing my own will, but the will of him through whom I hope for eternal salvation. It is therefore the love of Christ, I trust, if any thing, that impels me to consent to go to Africa; it is this that makes me willing to suffer the loss of all things dear to the natural man in his service.”

In these few precious lines we have the key to the moral history of this devoted young man. Thus prepared, by a long process of prayer and anxious thought, which terminated in con-

victions and purposes, so far as he was individually concerned, he was ready to yield a prompt and hearty response to the call, and to peril his life upon the deadly shores of Africa. But, then, he was delicately related to a young lady, upon whom he had placed his affections. To gain her consent, and especially that of her parents and friends, to share with him the perils of the voyage and of an African climate, was a difficulty not so easily overcome. It is a trial which, we imagine, few can properly appreciate, to give up a tender and beloved daughter to such great exposures, and to consent to yield to a demand which brings after it so strong a doubt whether the *separation* from the loved one is not *for life*. That parental affections should recoil from such an issue is not strange.

The question was finally settled—all difficulties were removed, and the young couple took their departure for their distant field of labor, sacrifice, and suffering. The last echo of pious friendship coming from the warm heart of the devoted missionary is found in a letter to Mr. Terry, dated Norfolk, November 3d. Here he says: "The good Lord helped us yesterday. I spoke to the colored people of Portsmouth in the morning. About *fifty* came forward for prayers. I spoke in the Bethel Church in the afternoon. I trust the word was not altogether in vain."

On reaching Monrovia, Mr. Williams immediately entered upon the charge of the Academy, and commenced his labors. In the course of a very few days, he was seized by the fatal "fever" which terminated his earthly pilgrimage.

The following account of his sickness and death is taken from a letter written by Mrs. Williams to Mr. Terry, dated

Monrovia, February 12th, 1846: "During his sickness he was praising the Lord continually. We did not think him dangerous until the day before his death, at which time I asked him if he were willing to die, if it were the Lord's will; to which he replied, 'Yes, but think I shall not be called yet, as the Lord has a good work for me to do in Africa.' During an interval of reason, on the day of his death, I asked him what I should say to his friends for him. He with some difficulty whispered, 'Tell them to live near their dear Savior's side, to praise the Lord continually, and meet me in heaven.' On asking him what he had to say to me, he said, 'The Lord is all-sufficient for you, he will take care of you.'" His sickness continued for about two weeks, when he fell asleep in Jesus, as his companion says, "without a sigh or a groan."

Thus terminated the earthly history of William B. Williams, young in years but mature in Christian experience, and ripe for the heavenly rest. The Master saw proper to grant him an early discharge from the mortal strife, that he might the sooner enter upon his eternal career of blissful adoration of his great Redeemer.

The following account of the dying scene, with the reflections which accompany it, copied from "*Africa's Luminary*," constitute an appropriate conclusion to this brief sketch:

"About the dying bed of Brother Williams there were no ecstasies; but, during the intervals when reason maintained her predominance, there was clearly the calm triumph of the Christian faith. On being asked if he regretted his coming to Africa, in view of approaching death, he emphatically articulated '*No*.' Did he feel that Jesus supported him? He replied, '*Yes*.' We might add much more; but it would be

taking a license of which the author of a biographical notice we are expecting, at the instance of the Liberia Conference, would have occasion for complaint.

“He had kept school a part of eight days successively. Though anxious to be at his work, he nevertheless carefully avoided exposure, and seemed desirous, as far as he considered it consistent with the interests he had in charge, to observe a prudent course. He was devoted to his school—its prosperity and ultimate success forming a centre around which the affections of his heart gravitated with peculiar pleasure; and though his residence among us was one of short duration—though withering under disease like the flower cut down at high noon, yet we trust his coming to this country has not been without its impression. But how much or little good may have been accomplished, from first to last, by his connection with this mission, *Eternity* must tell.

“Man may reason and speculate on such questions; he may exhibit a high degree of discriminative and submissive piety in collecting the incidents and influences of individual life; he may determine with great accuracy the strength and bearing of such influences, and advance very plausible reasons for their being cut short by our Sovereign Creator; but the day when God shall call his servants to ‘reckon with them’ alone will disclose all the facts in the case. ‘Submissive awe,’ increased diligence and circumspection in the discharge of duty, and a quickened attention to the state of our hearts before God, are exercises obviously more in keeping with the responsibilities of the Church than protracted reasonings and speculations upon such subjects as are obscured by the unfathomable mysteries involving them. ‘*Clouds and darkness*’ are

round about Jehovah's throne, forbidding to all creatures, and especially to man encompassed with his infirmities, too near an approach. All God does is right. This truth he has thought proper to reveal. Upon it we may recline our aching heads and hearts, and to a 'throne of grace,' ever accessible, we may boldly 'draw near, to obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.'"



ELIZA P. SIMPSON.

REV. G. W. SIMPSON AND MRS. ELIZA P.
SIMPSON,

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. JAMES M. MACDONALD,
NEW YORK.

THAT discipline of God's providence, which consists in apparent defeats and disappointments, upon which He entered with His creatures six thousand years ago, that he might train them for a better world than this, and illustrate His own wisdom and grace, He still pursues. Events are constantly taking place which at present are entirely incomprehensible, and which might furnish ground to question the benevolence and justice of the Supreme Being, did we not expect the mystery to be solved in the light of another world. How often do we see the fondest hopes disappointed, and the fairest plans crossed! Sometimes the health, or the reason, of a faithful servant of God, or useful citizen, in the prime of life, fails. Sometimes the man of liberal soul, whose deeds of charity have made the widow's and the orphan's heart sing for joy, sees his riches take to themselves wings and fly away as an eagle toward heaven. Sometimes we see the parent, on whom a numerous family of young children are dependent, or a son, the only remaining staff of old age, carried suddenly to the grave. Sometimes the youthful missionary, who has spent years in preparation, and has been given up to his chosen work by par-

ents and friends, only after a prayerful and bitter struggle, falls at the very threshold of the missionary field. Where, I ask, shall we look to have the mystery of such providences cleared up? Blessed be God! we know that death does not interrupt the progress of a soul which, through Divine grace, has begun to glorify God by the proper use of its powers. Touching and impressive are the broken monumental columns we sometimes see in grave-yards, and, in one respect, they convey a true impression. The virtuous aspirations and purposes of those whom they commemorate, so far as this life is concerned, are broken off. But, in another respect, the impression is untrue; for there can be no defeat or failure, no breaking off in the lofty purposes of a soul consecrated to virtue and to God, through the blood of the Redeemer. The mortal sinks out of sight, but the immortal enters on a scene more favorable to its upward and onward career. God's hand is in our very reverses. If we see not the complete beauty of Providence, by reason of the vicissitudes and sorrows to which we are at present subject, it is because "we see but parts of one extended whole." Events must be contemplated in their relations, tendencies, and seasons, and by the light of Divine revelation, in order to understand how God "hath made every thing beautiful in its time." "The scheme of Providence may appear to us a maze of endless confusion, and even, at times, of jarring inconsistency—one part frequently crossing and counteracting another. But the sole cause of this is our ignorance—the very limited and partial views which we are able to take of it. Had we powers that enabled us to take a full, and comprehensive, and connected view of the whole, from the originally proposed design, through all the successive steps of its progressive devel-

opment, to its final and entire completion, we should see a perfect and delightful harmony, complicated, indeed, but, in proportion as it is complicated, the more astonishing, in all the affairs of worlds, and kingdoms, and families, and individuals. All is beautiful harmony,

“ ‘All chance direction which we can not see.’ ”

GEORGE W. SIMPSON was born near Churchtown, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, June 1st, 1821. His father, David Simpson, was from the county of Derry, Ireland; his mother, Mary Anderson, was from the county of Antrim and parish Bellamony, Ireland. An intimate acquaintance, who knew him in the days of his boyhood, thus wrote, soon after the intelligence of his death reached this country :

“ Mr. Simpson was the son of pious parents, who consecrated him in his infancy to the service of his Savior. His mother was truly an ‘Israelite indeed,’ a woman whose praises dwelt on the lips of many of God’s children, and who, though moving in an humble sphere in life, yet ‘did what she could’ for the glory of God. The mantle of the parents fell upon the child. In early life he learned to cherish the deepest reverence for our holy religion, and, ere youth had given place to manhood, he was found among the ranks of the open and active followers of the Lamb. It was the highest ambition of his devoted mother to have a son who should minister publicly at the altar of his Savior, and the desire of her heart was granted her of God. The teachings of the Divine Spirit unfolded to the mind of our sainted brother that he was called to preach the everlasting Gospel, and he hearkened and obeyed. And though difficulties lay in his way, he grappled with them all, that he

might be fully qualified for the work that was given him to do. He engaged for a season in teaching, that he might thereby acquire the means of prosecuting his studies preparatory to entering on the work of the ministry. He passed through his collegiate course in Easton College, and shortly after its completion he entered the Seminary at Princeton. There it was that his mind became deeply imbued with the spirit of missions. It was under the training of those venerated men who have so long taught in that school of the prophets, that the claims of the heathen came up vividly before his mind. He felt, indeed, that 'the field was the world,' and the question pressed itself on his heart whether it might not be his duty to labor in some of its far off moral wastes. And the more he pondered on the subject, the more fully did the conviction fasten itself upon him that he was called of God to tell the untaught heathen the way of life. It is a sacrifice which none can fully understand but those who have made it, to break away from kindred, friends, and native land, and live and die among a people who, as a mass, are strangers to God, and whose every taste and sympathy is foreign to your own. But our brother resolved to make it, for the glory of God and the good of souls. He might have labored in God's vineyard at home with great acceptance, and have filled one of our best pulpits, but 'he consulted not with flesh and blood.' He sought not 'the praise of men, but of God.' He wished to do his duty, whatever of ease and worldly comfort the performance might cost him. The task which lay heaviest upon him, preparatory to his great undertaking, was to communicate his views to his mother, and gain her free consent to a final separation. He was the Benjamin of his family, and his parents'



GEORGE W. SIMPSON.

idol, so far as they had an idol upon earth. He feared, therefore, to unfold to them the workings of his mind. He did it first by letter, and afterward unbosomed his every thought and feeling on the subject. With tears in his eyes, he told his mother that without her consent he could not enter on his work. She gave it—gave it, though it cost her sleepless nights and bitter tears. Who was she, she felt, that she should lift up her voice or hand against the bidding of the Lord.

“When all matters were arranged for his final departure, and he only awaited the sailing of the vessel to carry him off to his heathen home, Mr. Simpson spent the season that was left him in his native land in visiting the churches, and kindling up in the hearts of the people a deeper interest in the cause of missions. It was surprising to all who heard him to observe the amount of knowledge he had acquired respecting the religion, and customs, and peculiarities of the African people, among whom he was destined to labor. He spake like a missionary who had been long in the field, rather than as one who was just entering on his work.”

Mrs. SIMPSON, the daughter of James and Martha Ross, of Fagg’s Manor, Pennsylvania, was born on the 12th of February, 1823. Her father was a ruling elder in the church of Fagg’s Manor. The pastor of her youth, the Rev. Alfred Hamilton, has given this testimony respecting her :

“Her early training was of a carefully religious character. The Bible and the Catechism were her earliest books of study. Thence she learned those great principles which laid the foundation for that maturity of Christian character to which she afterward attained. Amiable and pleasant in private life, a regular and interesting attendant on public worship, yet delay-

FAC SIMILE FROM LETTER TO REV. A. HAMILTON, DATED CORISCO ISLAND, SEPTEMBER 24TH, 1850.

I am not at all disappointed in my anticipations of enjoyment in Missionary life. All the trials, and deprivations have dwindled on approach to them.

E. P. B. Simpson.

ing to make a profession of her faith in Christ, she excited much anxiety for her spiritual welfare. During the fall and winter of 1843, she became deeply concerned on the subject of personal religion, and, after much correspondence with her pastor (she being absent at school) as to what was evidence of Christian character, and the nature of 'a good hope through grace,' she was at last led to make an entire surrender to the Savior, and consecrate herself wholly to his service. He was to her an all-sufficient and an all-gracious Savior.

"On the 12th of April, 1844, she was admitted to the Church, and felt it a great privilege on the next day to unite with the people of God in celebrating the dying love of Christ. Thenceforward she aimed to be wholly a Christian. The Bible-class and the Sabbath-school were both highly prized by her; the one affording herself instruction, the other a field of usefulness to others.

“About this time the subject of missions engaged her attention, and she felt a desire to labor among the heathen, and especially in Africa. She lost much of her relish for ordinary duties and labors, and, though always doing cheerfully and industriously what was necessary, often said in playfulness, ‘I had rather be teaching the negroes in Africa.’

“Her thirst for knowledge was insatiable, and, to meet its demand as far as possible, she labored for the most enlarged education within her reach, and sought such works from her pastor’s library, and other sources, as would extend her mental vision, enrich her intellectual stores, and elevate or refine her taste. Teaching was with her a favorite employment. Several of our public schools enjoyed her labors, and both pupils and parents highly appreciated her instructions; and at the time she finally consented to become the wife of Mr. Simpson, and share his labors and trials as a missionary in Africa, she was one of the teachers in the Oakland Female Institute at Norristown, Pennsylvania.

“When the proposal was made to her to go to Africa, she felt it to be an opening, in the providence of God, to gratify a long-cherished desire, and took the subject into very serious and prayerful consideration. She did not arrive at a final conclusion without many anxieties, misgivings, and fears. Her wide circle of friends were nearly all opposed to her going, regarding missions to Africa by white people as a forlorn hope. Her parents, too, withheld a consent, without which she felt that she could not go. In her estimation, filial duty required obedience even in this matter. When, however, she obtained what she desired in this respect, she cheerfully consented to go, and immediately began to prepare for her departure.

"She went not rashly. She counted the cost, and felt that if the Lord should call for her death in that field, she was willing to meet it. The struggle between duty and affection was severe and constant; and yet there was no disposition to withdraw the pledge she had given to labor for the Savior in Africa. She looked forward to the time of their embarkation with a calmness which astonished all who knew her."

Having been accepted as missionaries by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, they were married on the 12th of August, 1849, and sailed in November following for the Gaboon; and, after spending a few days at Sierra Leone and Monrovia, arrived safely, and were cordially received by that excellent missionary and remarkable man, the Rev. J. L. Wilson, and the other missionaries of the American Board. The vessel arrived at the Gaboon about the last of January, and in about two weeks after, they were taken down with the African fever. The disease proved to be mild, and in a few days the entire company were relieved. But death was hovering about that little missionary band. In a short time, Mrs. Bushnell fell a victim to consumption; and soon after, Mrs. Mackey, wife of the Rev. J. L. Mackey, with whom Mr. and Mrs. Simpson had sailed, and were to be associated in labors, was called away. In communicating the intelligence, Mrs. Simpson wrote as follows: "God has followed us with his goodness ever since we left our homes. He is good to us; we can not doubt; although his ways are sometimes dark, still we are assured 'he does all things well.' He has visited our little band with the deepest affliction. Death has entered our company, and Mrs. Mackey is no more. Her life in Africa was a short one. Six weeks after we anchored in Gaboon

River she lay in the grave-yard in Baraka—her fond husband a lonely widower. Her funeral was precisely eight months after her marriage. She died on the 11th of March, and was buried on the 12th. You will doubtless hear the particulars from Mr. Mackey's letter home, but I must tell you *she died of no African disease*; so it is thought by all. Don't charge her death upon the climate. I FEEL JUST AS SAFE AS IF NO ONE HAD DIED WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES OF ME FOR TEN YEARS. Still, death may come to any of us, and we should have our lamps trimmed and burning, always ready for the summons." Under another date, September 25th, 1850, she writes in reference to the same subject: "Mr. Mackey bears the loss he has sustained in the death of his wife in a most Christian manner, manifesting a lovely and submissive spirit. We trust the loss was gain to her, and that her gentle spirit now rests in a sweeter home than she left for the debilitating climate on the coast of Africa. But Mrs. Mackey died of no African disease. Apoplexy would probably have ended her days, had she remained in the United States."

One of the first things that required the attention of the Rev. Messrs. Mackey and Simpson, after reaching the Gaboon, was the choice of a missionary station. They were visited, soon after their arrival, by native chiefs, who lived both north and south of the equator, and who requested them to settle in their respective districts. Referring to this, Mr. Simpson wrote:

"We early made up our minds to visit all the places that were thus presented to us as open for mission operations, and to learn for ourselves their condition. This is the only way of procuring correct knowledge in Africa. But a tour in this part of the world is a very different thing from what it would be

in a cultivated and civilized land. We would have our dear friends at home, who desire to have us give them information of the interior parts of Africa, to remember this. We can not here take our staff and knapsack, and travel even a few miles into the bush. Africa is a few years behind the age! The time for canals, and rail-roads, and coaches, has not arrived here yet. Even horses are useless in taking an inland trip, from the dense and impenetrable jungles which meet the traveler in every direction. A short distance along the coast may be accomplished in an open boat, with half a dozen natives to manage it, but for any considerable distance we must wait the opportunity of a trading or other vessel which will touch at the points we wish to see."

In the month of April, 1850, they had an opportunity of visiting several parts of the coast south of the Gaboon, and saw several places where a missionary would be favorably received, and where it is desirable that a mission should be located at an early period. [See Mr. Mackey's journal in the Foreign Missionary, October, 1850.] Returning from the southern coast, they remained with their friends at the Gaboon until the close of the wet season.

On the morning of the 24th of May, at the commencement of the dry or winter season, they set out in an open boat, accompanied by the Rev. J. L. Wilson, on a visit to the River Muni (Mooney). Reaching Cape Clara, fifteen miles below Baraka, they took their course along the coast to Cape Esterias, which is about eight miles from Clara. Mr. Simpson thus beautifully describes the scenery and some of the incidents of the tour:

"Between these two capes the coast presents a variety of beautiful scenery, little streams running down to the sea, gen-

the elevations, and lofty bluffs resting upon large and regular tiers of rock, and all crowned with perpetual vegetation. Near Cape Clara we were shown a small rock of very curious form. It is about two feet in width, and the same in height. It rises at the water's edge, and, winding its course like a snake up the beach, enters the bush, and, with uniform dimensions, extends for miles into the interior.

"In the vicinity of Cape Esterias is a cluster of towns, called Little Corisco. As we passed we saw some men on the beach, by whom we sent word to King Tambo that we were on our way to Muni, and would call to see him when we should return. Passing the Cape, we directed our course northwest, and entered the large and beautiful bay of Corisco. This bay is about forty miles across the mouth from Cape Esterias to Cape St. John on the northwest, and from twenty to twenty-five miles deep. It takes its name from the Portuguese word for lightning; the storms in this region, in the wet season, being accompanied by violent thunder and lightning. It embraces several small islands. The largest, which is twelve or fifteen miles in circumference, and called by the same name, is situated about twenty miles from the coast, and at about equal distances from Capes Esterias and St. John. Two fine rivers empty into this bay: the Mundah (Moondah), about twelve miles northeast of Esterias, and the Muni (Mooney), about twenty miles north of Mundah. In about four hours' sailing, we came from Esterias to a small island a few miles west of the entrance of the Muni, called Ilavi (Elavey). It is a beautiful little island, and contains two or three hundred inhabitants. It has several fine little bays, in which boats can run up to the beach, even when the sea is rough.

"Sailing west and north round Ilavi, in an hour we reached the entrance of the Muni, and brought our boat to the beach at King Quaka's Town. There was a small trading vessel lying in the river, which, while we were entering, appeared under American colors. We hailed the "stars and stripes" with pleasure, and a thrill of premature delight pervaded our hearts as we indulged the hope that we should now hear from our friends and native land. After unloading our baggage at Quaka's, we set out for the vessel. The flag was now lowered, and it proved to be Portuguese, and we had some doubts whether or not it was engaged in lawful trade. The captain and crew were evidently embarrassed as we went on board, having taken us, as they afterward said, for English cruisers. They expressed a great deal of pleasure to find that we were missionaries, and our disappointment was just as great to find that they were Portuguese.

"On returning to our lodgings, which consisted of a native house which the occupant had vacated solely for our use, we were surrounded by many of the neighboring townsmen, who had come to learn what was the nature of our visit. King Quaka, after spending some time in arranging his dress, also came to see us. His head was almost white with age. His appearance was rendered different from that of the other head men who were present only by a roundabout of blue cloth, which he wore over his other raiment wrong side up. He received us very kindly, and presented us, or, in African phraseology, *dashed* us with a fowl for our supper. On being informed that we were come to see his town and country, and that our object was to find a place where to establish a mission, such as that at Gaboon, he showed much pleasure, and

said he was glad we were not French. The French had treated the Africans badly, but the people from big America had ever been friends to them. 'But,' continued he, 'which way you no got rum for dash me?' We told him that we were not come to trade; we were ministers, and had come only to do the people of Africa good. Rum was bad, and therefore we did not bring any. With this he appeared satisfied, and, at our request, promised to call all the people together early in the morning to hear us preach. It was now night, and, as we were fatigued, we expressed a desire that the natives, who had gathered around us, should withdraw. This they at once did, leaving the house entirely to ourselves. Our beds were immediately arranged upon the bamboo frames on which the natives sleep, and, after some refreshment, we enjoyed a night of quiet rest. During the night there was a heavy rain.

"At an early hour in the morning the people came together into the king's house to hear us. The assemblage was small, as many were absent engaged upon their farms or in cutting red-wood. There were about forty or fifty men present, all of considerable age, some very old men. Many of them were chiefs of neighboring towns. Brother Mackey explained to them a second time the object of our visit and the nature of our work. As it is a matter they are slow to comprehend, some care was taken to show them the difference between a trader and a missionary. They were shown the Bible, and told some of the great things which it taught about God, about death, and eternity. They listened with great attention and profound respect, and were asked what they thought of these things, and whether they would like to have a missionary to live in their country who would teach them these things?

They answered, in language which struck us with no little surprise, ‘ We no sably (understand) these things. If missionary lived here we would know better. How can we say we no want missionary to live here? Suppose one man be far away for bush. Well, be dark night. Him be hungry and wet, and him no sably which way for go. Him heart burn him plenty, because he be alone, and plenty bad thing live for bush. But after a while one man look him with light, take him for him house, give him eat, give him drink, give him fire, then him heart be plenty glad. That be all the same as we. We live in the bush, in the dark. We no sably God’s book. Missionary come for do we good. We be glad very much. That be the good, for we be no fit for believe them thing. Suppose them time we look you come, then we believe;’ alluding to our coming to live among them.

“ After visiting some of the neighboring towns, we entered our boat and commenced ascending the river. The course of the river for ten or fifteen miles is nearly northeast. It is from two to three miles in width, has a deep channel, and is navigable for vessels of common size for perhaps thirty miles. The borders are clothed with mangrove, though in many places on both sides there are high banks, covered with tall trees. On these spots the natives have placed their towns, of which, in the space of fifteen miles, we counted about twenty on each side. We ascended about thirty miles. On an island in the middle of the river we found a town containing perhaps one hundred inhabitants, where we stopped and preached. An Albino was our interpreter here. We then returned a few miles to a cluster of towns, where we remained during the following day, which was the Sabbath.

"As we ascended the bank on which these towns were situated, the sun was just sinking in the western wave. The sky, which during the day had been covered with clouds, was now perfectly clear, and at once a prospect burst upon our view which gave us entirely new ideas of the country in which we stood. To the east and north, as far as the eye could reach, rose a lofty and unbroken chain of mountains, in some places forming a regular line upon the horizon, in others shooting to the clouds in broken and abrupt peaks.

"The river at our feet was really grand. Bordered with the luxuriant mangrove, in the rear of which arose a larger and nobler vegetation, it seemed to be imbedded in a valley of perpetual verdure.

"A desire to visit the head-waters of the river, and to penetrate further toward the mountains than we had done, filled our minds. Every inquiry answered by the natives where we were increased this desire. The region toward the mountain was said to be very populous and productive. The trees, and animals, and birds, &c., were very different from those found on the coast. There were to be seen droves of elephants, various tribes of monkeys, huge pelicans, and bush cats. We were told, also, that we could approach in our boat to the very base of the mountain, and row along it for a great distance. A growing belief that the interior regions of this country are not so unhealthy as the parts adjacent to the coast, caused us to wish still more to extend our journey to the mountains, but circumstances would not allow us to do so then. It was necessary for us to return to the Gaboon after Sabbath."

On their return they stopped at Little Corisco, where there is a Roman Catholic mission. It is not flourishing. "Every

thing around wears a dreary and ascetic look. The chapel, a huge bamboo building, is leaning almost to the ground. It is frequented, during service, by a few boys, who have learned to repeat Latin prayers and chants."

Anxious to penetrate further into the interior, Messrs. Simpson and Mackey left the Gaboon on a second journey to Corisco and the Muni. After making a thorough exploration of Corisco, they entered the Muni, and passed up about fifteen miles, to a point where a large branch (the Congo) empties in from the north; and by this branch they attempted to reach a lofty peak of the chain of mountains, which was already in sight, but the stream terminated in mangrove and swamp palm. Being unable to reach the mountains in this direction, they resolved upon trying the Muni. This was the course they had marked out for themselves at first; and, persevering through many difficulties, they were successful. Mr. Simpson's narrative continues:

"*Monday, 19th June.* The further we ascended the more wonder we excited among the natives. Passing a town at one place, the natives wished us very much to stop, but, on our refusing, they launched a couple of canoes and came after us, both men and women, hallooing and rowing as if for their lives

"After running up about seven hours, we found ourselves in fresh water. The mangrove had disappeared, and the change, in many respects, was so great, that we felt ourselves to be in a new country. The water was sweet and clear, the best we had drunk since we left our native land. Instead of low marsh and mangrove, the banks were now high, and rocks appeared along the sides of the stream, from which little streamlets of fresh water trickled down. The banks, too, were crowned

with large, tall trees. As we advanced, and the stream narrowed, and approached nearer to the mountain, which was now but a few miles before us, it grew more and more beautiful. The cool and refreshing breeze which blew upon us from the mountain was delightful; not less so the cool water, which we could now drink from the stream. The tall trees of a century which bordered the water were in some places hung with a drapery of vines, and dotted with beautiful flowers, presenting to the eye a profusion of beauty which baffles all description. No marks of the hand of man were to be seen in these beautiful solitudes, except that here and there some trees had been felled to procure a monkey. At length the sound of waterfalls was heard, and little brooks were seen pouring over the rocks along the hillside which extended up to the right. A few minutes further, and the white foam of the mountain stream, as it broke over a bed of rock some fifteen or twenty feet in height, burst upon our eyes. The main fall was about ten feet, but the whole stream bounded over a bed of rock for two or three hundred yards.

“We were now at the very base of the mountain, which rose upon our right quite abruptly, and to a considerable height. We possessed no means of measuring it, but we would suppose its height about sixteen hundred feet. Leaving our boat, we walked along the rocks and the mountain side about half a mile up the stream. It was bordered here and there with natural grass, like the mountain streams of Pennsylvania, and in every respect the scenery wore a more natural and healthful appearance than what we were accustomed to see on the coast. We had not the means of ascending further, and, at any rate, exploration any further was not necessary to our object. We

satisfied ourselves of two or three very important facts: That the mountains are accessible, by means of a boat, in about ten hours from the mouth of the river; that the mangrove and swamp cease at about fifty miles from the coast on this river; and that the water is good and the air pure. From the appearance of the land and the vegetation, one could not help supposing it as healthy a country as any in the world. With a canoe or on foot we might have ascended further. In about two hours' walk, our men thought we might 'be fit to catch [come to] half a dozen towns.' A great deal of trade, they say, is brought down here from the country beyond the towns.

"In returning, we again took the advantage of a tide. The canoes which had followed us from the towns below had continued with us all the way. The men were told that we were missionaries, but our object in coming to look at the mountain and the fall was to them perfectly incomprehensible. As they seemed to paddle their light canoes pretty rapidly over the water, our men proposed to them a race. A scene the most lively and exciting ensued. Every one exerted his strength to the utmost. The canoes, though they had quite the largest number of men, yet could not keep pace with the boat. The forest around rang again with their shouts. At last a very old woman, who had followed to see the white men, and could not with pleasure see her sons beaten, seated herself flat in the bottom of the canoe, and dashed her paddle into the water with might and main. Soon we passed the stream on which their town was situated, and thither they turned, shouting, as they left us, 'Emen tangoui!'—wonderful white man!"

Continuing their journey, they reached Gandi about midnight. Preaching at Mbini to a large audience, they proceeded



BOAT RACE.

on their voyage, spent the night at Ilavi, and arrived again at their temporary home on the Gaboon.

From these surveys the brethren were led to select Corisco, in preference to any place on the western coast, for their station. "This island lies in the mouth of Corisco Bay. It is fifty-five miles north of the equator, and from fifteen to twenty from the main land of the west coast of Africa. The population of the island is about fifteen hundred. Some of the reasons for selecting Corisco for their station were the following: The slave-trade had been discontinued, and the inhabitants, at

least of the islands, were in a higher state of preparation for missionary operations ; it was at a sufficient distance from the station of the American Board at the Gaboon ; the fine sea-breezes, it was judged, would be favorable to health ; in addition to its own population, it was in the vicinity of a populous coast, and the two rivers, the Muni and the Moondah, would afford them facilities for extending their labors into the interior. On the 3d of July, 1850, they took up their residence as missionaries on the island. Under date of September 16th, Mr. Simpson wrote :

“ The Corisco people have been advancing toward civilization, perhaps, for a long time. In some respects they are behind, and in many respects they are in advance of the Mpongwe neighbors. Formerly, the slave-trade was carried on here extensively by the Portuguese. The islanders were employed as factors in the trade. Not long ago, the establishment of the Portuguese was burned by an English cruiser, and a treaty was then made with England by which the trade was abolished forever. Since then the natives have been brought in contact more with English and American traders, and about three fourths of them have learned to speak the English language intelligibly.

“ By means of an interpreter, taken from the most experienced of them, we can preach the Gospel to them ; but as their ideas, and their knowledge of our language, are confined to trade, our work in preaching is very restricted. Yet we are rejoiced to say that it is not without interest ; they already begin to receive the Gospel of Life. In understanding, they are children, and it is but the first and simplest truths that they are able to receive. The substance of our discourses is, that

there is a God, and that he is good, holy, and just. He is the Maker of all things, and the Father of men. He loves men. Men have bad hearts. God wishes men to become good; and promises to give them a new heart, if they ask him. Christ, the Son of God, has become our Savior; and every man that believes his word, and follows him, will become good in this world, and will be saved, &c. These are great truths; truths without which no man can be saved, and with which we believe the Holy Ghost may raise dead souls to life; and we feel that it is no mean privilege to preach these sublime truths to those whose souls are in darkness.

“The king and the chiefs are very favorable to the Gospel, and frequently tell us that they want to hear about God. ‘Them thing what live for God book be very good. Which way man no come for tell me them thing long ago.’ Talongo, a chief, said last Sabbath evening after preachings, ‘Me want for hear them thing every Sabbath day. Me want to sabby all about God. Me think when me die, me go for God,’ &c. The people, for the most part, live in great dread of death and of the devil. Their natural or acquired knowledge of God does not lead them to trust in him, because they have no idea of salvation by the blood of Christ. They suppose that Ekuki, the devil, has great power over their houses. and their persons. Hence the truths, that the devil is a creature of God, and completely under his control; that, though stronger than man, yet he has no power to injure them, unless God permits it on account of a man’s sins, are received with delight.

“In every place we have preached we have been struck with the seriousness the people manifest during prayer. We tell them first that God is great, and is in every place, and knows

all things. That he is pleased to have us ask him for good things, especially for his Holy Spirit, and that now we will ask him to do them good, &c. They are at once serious, bow their heads in silence and reverence, as if they felt the presence of God.

“In every place the desire for the missionary is the same. ‘When more missionary come from big America? Give me one book for let me know when him come.’ These books are kept with great care, and regarded as almost sacred. Many, I believe, suppose that they will actually bring them a missionary after a time. You will not be deceived by supposing that their desire for a missionary arises from any proper notion of what a missionary is, or what is the exalted nature of his work. They conceive of a missionary as a very good man. They repose great confidence in him, and can trust him when they can not trust one another. They regard him as a far superior being, one that has the true religion, and loves them. He does not come to buy ivory and ebony, but he comes to do them good. He will preach every Sunday about God. They expect, too, that he will be of no small temporal advantage to them. Ships will come and anchor where he lives, and thus they will get trade. He will also have houses to build, and will have plenty of cloth to buy bamboo, and mpabo, and poles; he will have some tobacco to buy fowls and eggs with; and he will also have plenty of plates, and cups, and wash-bowls to give them for plantains and fish. And more than all, a missionary living among them will give them a name in their own country; for all esteem it a great honor to have a missionary residing in their town or vicinity. Hence the strong desire which they often manifest on this subject. The greatest at-

tention, kindness, and ingenious flatteries will be resorted to to induce newly-arrived missionaries to settle in a particular place.

“Thus has God opened a wide door for the Church to do good to the sons of Africa. The African’s regard for the white man—his great desire to obtain his knowledge and his religion, his kind and friendly disposition toward the missionary, his growing disregard for his own worthless Fetishism—all unite in urging us speedily to give him the light of the Gospel. And who can tell how rapidly this Gospel may spread? At present it is but the handful of corn upon the tops of the mountains; but the time is approaching when the fruit of it shall shake like Lebanon, and the numbers of the city of God in Africa shall be as the grass of the field.

“Brethren in Christ, the work is too great for us. Ours is but a drop to the vast ocean of influence which ought to be exerted in giving the Gospel to Africa.”

Under date of September 25th, 1850, Mrs. Simpson wrote as follows: “Our health has been, we think, better since our removal to this island, which is now our home. The attacks of fever have been lighter, and recovery of former strength from these attacks more rapid. For my part, I have had no fever since the middle of July, more than two months ago. Now we feel as vigorous as when at home, yet, I suppose, we could not endure fatigue or exertion here as at home.” To another friend she writes, “If any of my friends find it necessary to make a voyage for health, we can recommend our station to the invalid; here we have constant sea-breezes, and all the advantages of ocean air.”

On one of her visits to Baraka, she had a severe attack of

sickness, and was thought to be dying. She had constant hemorrhage from the lungs for eighteen hours. The physician, a skillful French surgeon, said, "If this remedy does not relieve her, she can not last many hours." She heard him, and, though too weak to speak, yet calmly, and without the least agitation, resigned herself into the hands of her Savior. She felt no alarm at the prospect of death. As she recovered, the doctor told her she could not live in that climate—she must return home or die. This was sad news to her, but, after consultation with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, she determined that she would *not* leave. She would extend the experiment, and see what the sea-bathing and ocean air of Corisco would do for her. She was not willing so soon to abandon her chosen field of labor. Her health did improve, and she flattered herself with the hope of many days for Africa.

The following extract of one of her letters shows the great satisfaction and comfort which missionaries derive from the prayers of Christian friends at home: "Mr. H. says, 'If the assurance that many prayers are offered for us will be any encouragement to us, we can have such.' Oh! this is indeed an encouragement. We have had our tenderest feelings stirred by the mention of so many praying friends. One of Mr. Simpson's correspondents mentions some remarks on the subject of missions made in La Fayette College by Dr. Junkin. He spoke of some relation he sustained to the first missionary who had gone to a certain place, and then of that he had also sustained to one of the last bound to Western Africa. Then this friend, says the doctor, raised his hands, and, with tears streaming from his eyes, said, 'Let us pray for George W. Simpson and his company.' Such friends we prize highly; and Mr.

Simpson prays that the prayers of our friends for us may be returned into their own bosoms an hundred-fold." While laboring with so much cheerfulness and earnestness for the heathen, her chief regret was that the consent of her mother had not been as full and cordial as she could wish. Writing to her, June 8th, 1850, she says, "I hope, mother, you now feel quite willing to have me here. You will please tell me how you think of it since we have come. It often makes me sad to think of your unwillingness to have me come to Africa. Still, I think my duty was plain. My conscience fully approves my course. Oh! I think you are a favored mother, to have a daughter called to the heathen. You would feel so in the case of another. I am sure I feel myself a privileged one, though I am altogether unworthy the calling." Again she writes, "I am not at all disappointed in my anticipations of enjoyment in missionary life. All the trials and deprivations have dwindled on approach to them."

These extracts from the letters of Mrs. Simpson possess the deepest interest, as revealing the heart of an African missionary. We are most happily furnished with an equally full exhibition of the missionary struggles and consecration of Mr. Simpson. In a letter to the Rev. A. Hamilton, dated December 25th, 1850, he says, "We have already been absent more than a year from our native land. We have been borne across the bosom of the great deep, far from our Christian friends and brethren. We have wandered up and down several thousand miles along the coast of Africa, traveling sometimes in a large vessel, but oftener in an open boat. We have at length settled upon the island of Corisco, have our houses built, and our mission work is fairly commenced. To God is due all the

praise; we trust we can say this from our hearts. You and all our dear Christian friends of the Manor will surely be glad to hear that we are all now in good health. When I first left home for Africa, I must confess it was with some trembling. The sultry, feverish climate—the privations and annoyances we were to be subject to in a heathen land—were often then present to my mind. But few could say to us heartily and cheerfully, ‘Go!’ We asked the counsel of the good and the wise, but the best advice they could give us was to pray. When conversing with Dr. Miller on the subject of going to Africa, he said, after a long pause, ‘It is a question hard to decide;’ and then, in a most fervent manner, addressed the throne of grace, submitting the whole decision of it to the Head of the Church. I shall never forget that solemn hour. Many dear friends, not for want of love to the cause of Christ, nor from any want of feeling for the heathen, but from disinterested regard for our own welfare, would hardly allow us to go. Still we feel assured that, though reluctant to let us depart, they have not been slow to follow us with their prayers. But all these, together with the tendencies of a heart not free from earth, were hard to overcome. Besides the suggestions of friendship, we had many fears and surmises of our own. We trust, however, that we counted the cost, and that we laid our plans not in any human wisdom, but in faith in the word of Christ; and from him has, thus far, come success. Where are now our fears? A year has rolled round; God has provided for us every day. Where are the great lions that were in the way? We have seen them afar off, and trembled; but when we approached and looked them in the face, we found them chained! Here we are in this land of darkness, preaching the

word of God. Here we are in this land, formerly described to us as a land of drought, and burning suns, and sickly moons, and where death lives in the very atmosphere—in short, the ‘white man’s grave’—and yet we are alive and well this day. We have had, indeed, *African fever*; but it has been for the most part light, and now seems to be passing away from us. We know that you and our Christian friends of the Manor have often borne us on your hearts at the throne of grace, both in the sanctuary and in the closet. We wish to tell you and them that we feel deeply grateful to you all, and do not cease daily to remember your lovely Zion. God has doubtless heard your prayers on our behalf, and blessed us in our ways.

“One of our little band has been removed from us, and taken to her reward on high; but, even in this instance, justice was mingled with mercy, and the goodness of God was manifest. We now request you and all our friends in the Manor to unite with us in sincere thanksgiving to God for his past favor toward us, and for the prospect of future usefulness which he now opens for us in this dark land. Dear brethren in Christ, allow me to say to you again, as I did when with you, This is not my work; this is not my cause. It is our common work. It is the work which the great Head of the Church, our Lord Jesus Christ, hath put into our hands, and commanded us to do if we love him. Let us, therefore, pray and labor, weep and rejoice together, until it be accomplished.”

In Mrs. Simpson’s last letter to her mother she wrote as follows: “I trust, dear mother, you do not feel unduly anxious about us. Earth is pleasant, oh! how pleasant; still we can not enjoy the happiness here which in heavenly mansions awaits those who love God. We know this, although we can

not understand it. Then why are we loth to make so blessed an exchange, or to have our beloved ones make it? You must not be anxious for my safety. We have your God in Africa. His care is as constant here as in Pennsylvania. The death of Christ is as meritorious here, and the Holy Spirit's influence as free and as powerful. The Christian's hope as firm, and I can humbly say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' When in a fever lately, I felt it an unspeakable comfort to know that I had not my peace now to make with God. I hope we shall all meet as a family in heaven. Pray for us, but don't be anxious."

But that great Being whose "ways are in the seas, and his paths in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known," the God of missions, had assigned to these promising missionaries a short work. In a letter, dated June 12th, 1851, Mr. Mackey writes :

"Very painful intelligence has just reached me, which I hasten to communicate to you. Our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, have been suddenly called away from their labors here into their eternal rest. On the 25th of March, they went on board an English vessel to take a short excursion to Fernando Po. They expected to be absent about two weeks. I heard no certain intelligence from them or about the vessel for two months and a half. I felt great anxiety for their safety, especially as rumors had reached me, by the natives from the coast above, of the loss of the vessel. Captain Newlands, a kind English trader residing on the island, dispatched a cutter up the coast to learn the truth about the vessel. The cutter has not yet returned, but a letter from another English captain, trading on the coast above, which has just reached me, con-

firms my worst fears. The vessel on which they were, while proceeding up the coast to Fernando Po, took on a heavy deck-load of ebony—a tornado came up, and the vessel was capsized. All on board perished but one Krooman, who escaped on an oar, and, after three days' swimming, reached Fernando Po. These are all the particulars that have reached me. This is a very mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence; in the very infancy of our mission here, those who promised so much usefulness have been suddenly called away. I have scarcely time to add a single sentence to this very brief account."

In another letter, dated Evanjasimba, Corisco, September 22d, 1851, he writes: "When I wrote last to you, I think I had not then learned the exact date of the accident by which our dear friends were so suddenly taken away. The vessel on which they embarked for Fernando Po was called the "Englishman," Captain Harris. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson went on board on Tuesday evening, March 25th; the vessel sailed the next morning. It touched at Batonga, one hundred miles above Corisco, and took on a deck-load of ebony, and then sailed direct for Fernando Po. On Saturday evening, April 5th, about six P.M., a heavy tornado came up; the vessel, in consequence of the deck-load of ebony, was top-heavy, and when the storm struck it, it immediately capsized. It appears, from the account which the Krooman gives, that the captain and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, were all in the cabin below when the storm came on. The captain rushed up, Mr. Simpson following him. Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Simpson were soon on the deck also, but the vessel was beginning to sink. The last that was seen of our dear friends, when the deck was covered with water, Mr. Simpson was kneeling in prayer, and Mrs.

Simpson by him. The probability is, they were almost immediately drowned."

The "bamboo cottage," occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, is now under the charge of a trustworthy native, waiting the arrival of another missionary family. At Evangasimba a small church has been completed. A bell is hung in a tree near the church, which is rung every Saturday evening, to remind the people of the approach of the Sabbath day. At the last accounts, the service was well attended in the church on the Sabbath, and forty-eight boys were in regular attendance on the school.

Africa has peculiar claims upon us. Other lands of Pagan darkness send up to us a plea for mercy; she sends up that plea, backed by a demand for justice. She bares her wounded and still bleeding bosom to the gaze of Christendom, and cries for justice. Here are a hundred millions of immortal beings shrouded in heathen darkness, who for three hundred years have been a miserable prey to the civilized world, during which time millions of her helpless children have been dragged into slavery. And shall she be denied both mercy and justice?

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